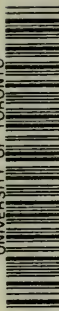


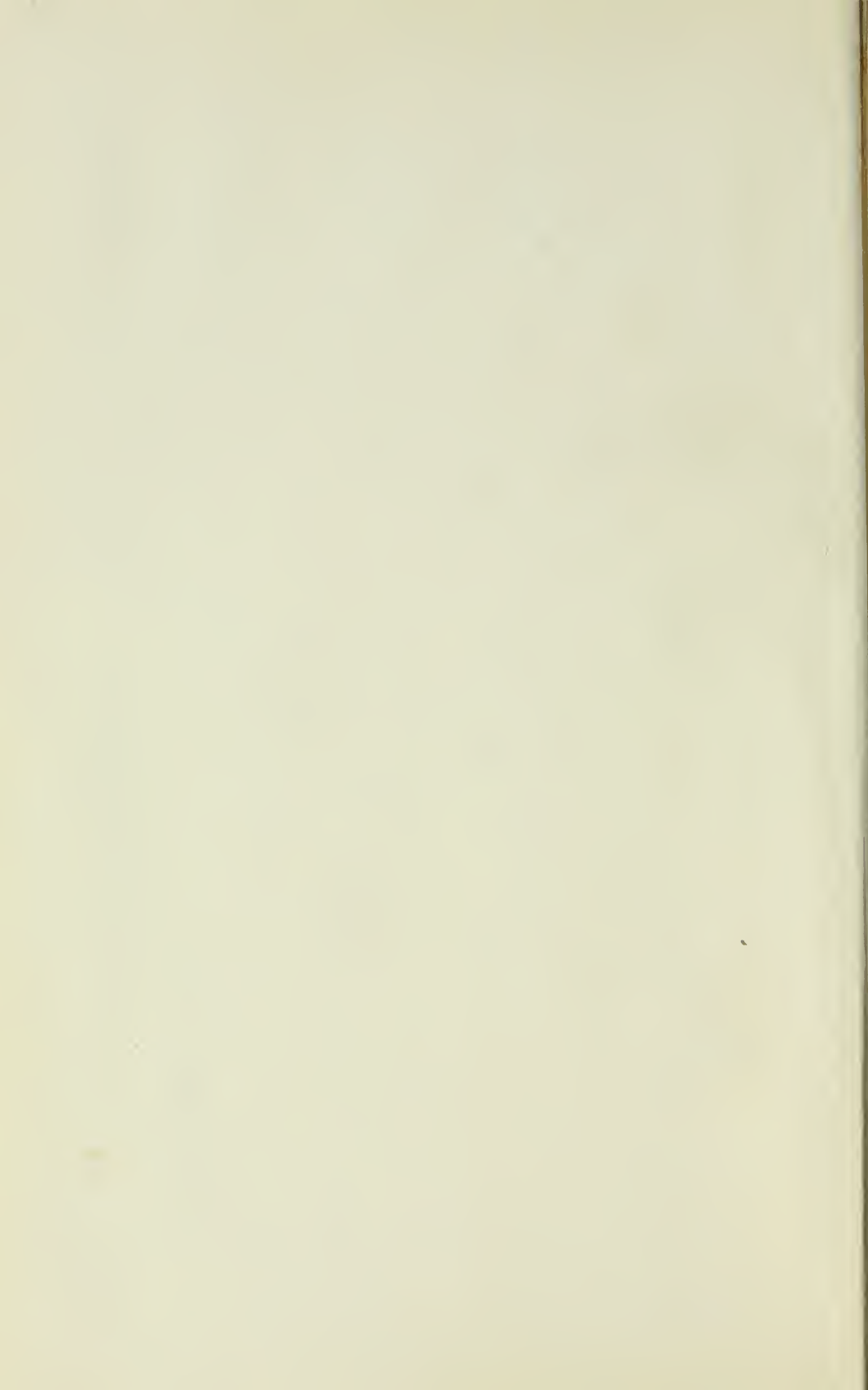
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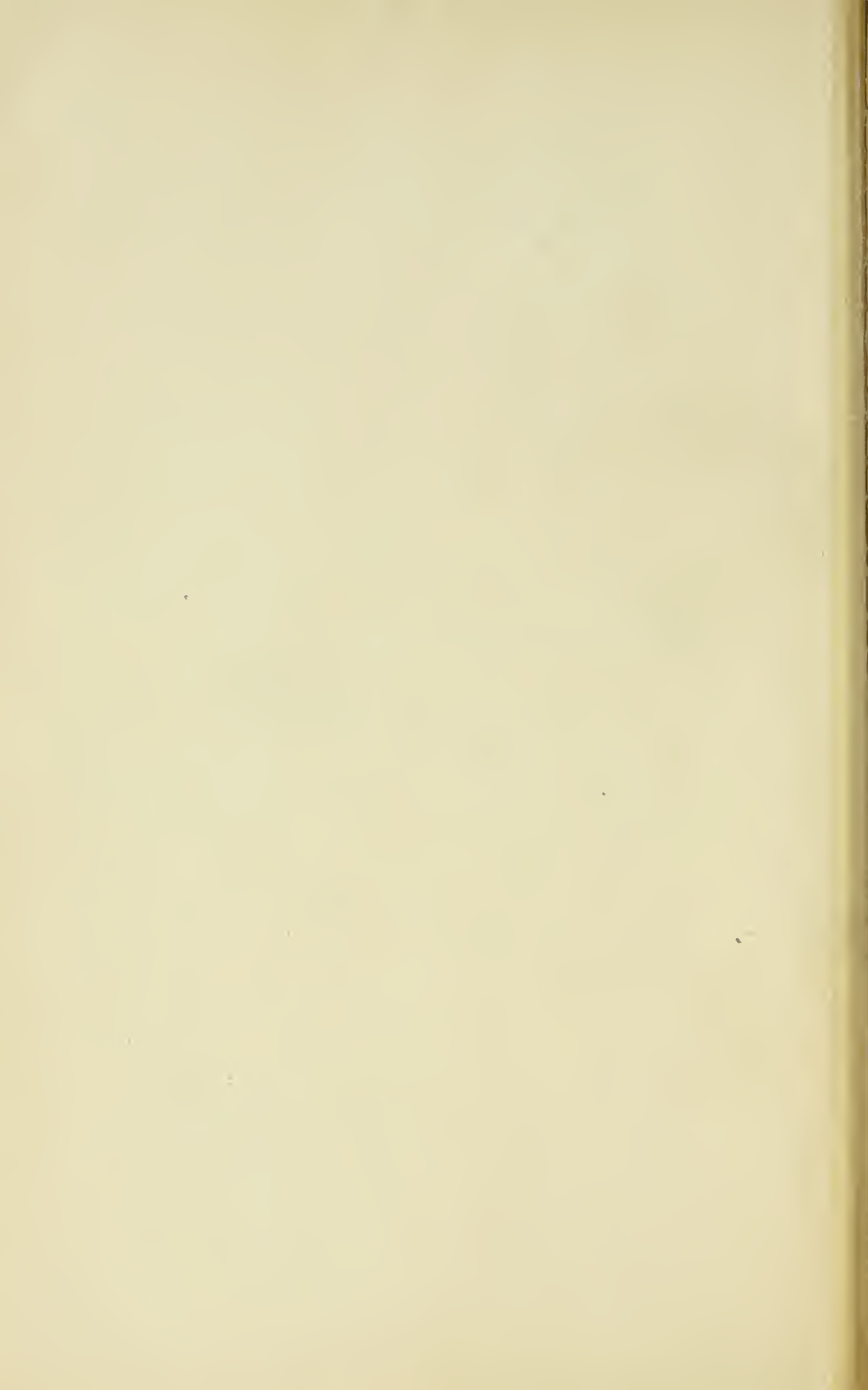
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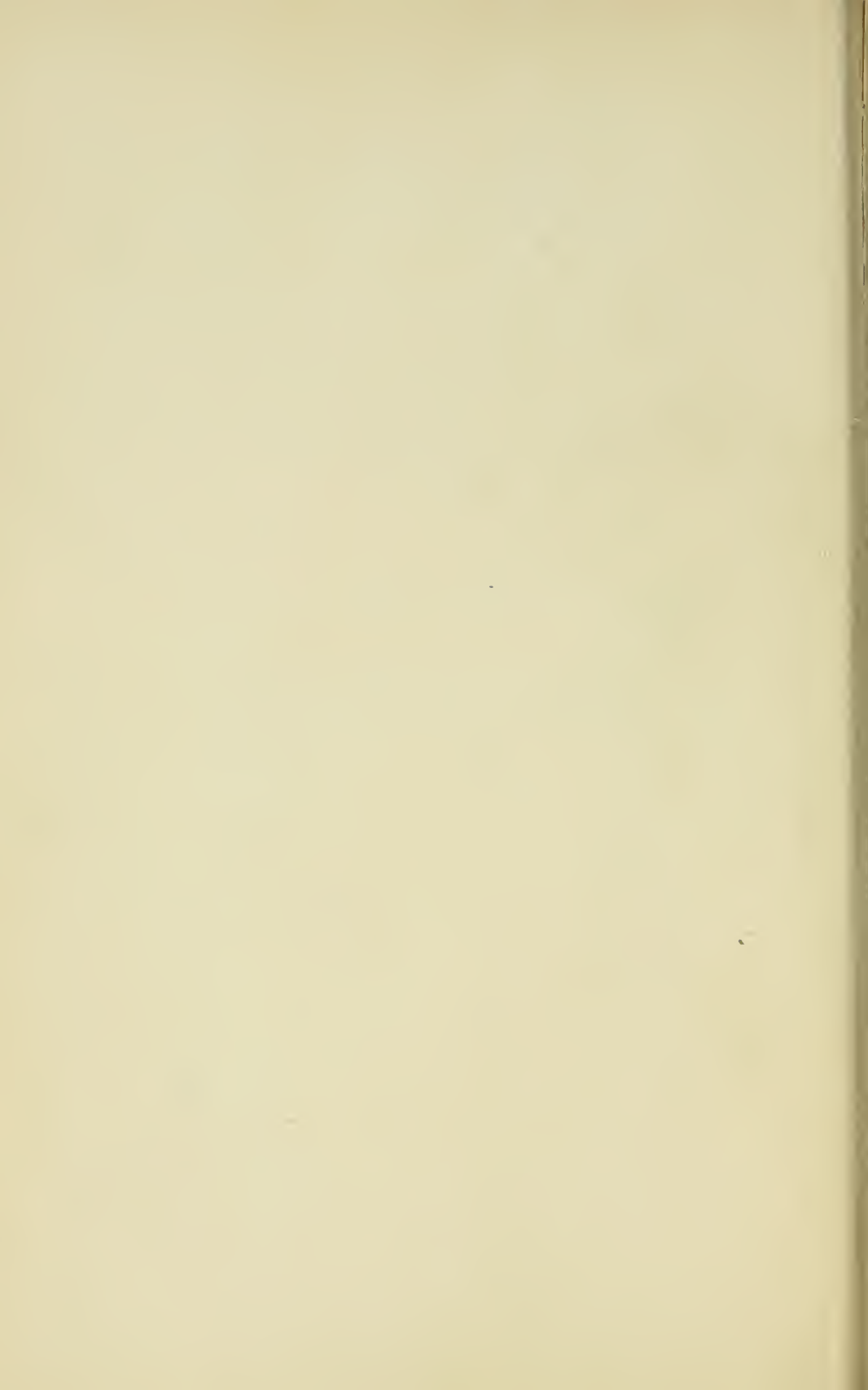
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THE WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq.



THE WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

EDITED
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY
BY
LESLIE STEPHEN

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. IX

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE
1882

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DRAMATIC WORKS

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE

1882

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
BREAD STREET HILL.

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THE GRUB STREET OPERA

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

BY

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

Sing.	NOM.	<i>Hic, hæc, hoc.</i>
	GEN.	<i>Hujus.</i>
	DAT.	<i>Huius.</i>
	ACCUS.	<i>Hunc, hanc, hoc.</i>
	VOC.	<i>Caret.</i> —LILLY'S <i>Grammar, quod vide.</i>

INTRODUCTION

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER. I very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welsh to the Grub Street Opera.

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. I hope, sir, it will recommend me to that learned society: for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

PLAYER. I assure you, it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour: besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from; no, no, the rules of Grub Street are as extensive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in ribands, than to see them in rags.

PLAYER. May the whole society unite in your favour!

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. Nay, sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success.—It was the favour which the town hath already shown to the Welsh Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former.—You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, entirely new.

PLAYER. You have made additions, indeed, to the

altercative or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. Oh! sir! they cannot be heightened; too much altercation is the particular property of Grub Street: with what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie—Ah! Ah! the whole wit of Grub Street consists in these two little words—you lie.

PLAYER. That is esteemed so unanswerable a repartee, that it is, among gentlemen, generally the last word that is spoken.

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. Ay, sir, and it is the first and last among ours.—I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that flourishes among them.

PLAYER. And you may get as much by it as they do.—But, pray, sir, what is the plot or design of this Opera? For I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS. As for plot, sir—I had written an admirable one; but having observed that the plots of our English Operas have had no good effect on our audiences—so I have e'en left it out—For the design, it is deep—very deep.—This Opera was writ, sir, with a design to instruct the world in economy.—It is a sort of family Opera. The husband's vade-mecum; and it is very necessary for all married men to have it in their houses.—So if you please I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

PLAYER. I shall expect you there, sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce
 Examples fitted to your private use.
 Teaches each man to regulate his life,
 To govern well his servants and his wife.
 Teaches that servants well their masters choose;

That wives will ride their husbands round the house.
Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,
Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes.
Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue
More women than they well know how to—woo;
Teaches that parsons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they say.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For sake of their religion—when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco	<i>Mr. Furnival.</i>
MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN, his son, in love with womankind	<i>Mr. Stople.</i>
MR. APSHONES, his tenant	<i>Mr. Wathan.</i>
PUZZLETEXT, his chaplain, in love with women, } tobacco, drink, and backgammon	<i>Mr. Reynolds.</i>
ROBIN, his butler, in love with Sweetissa	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
WILLIAM, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
JOHN, his groom, in love with Margery	<i>Mr. Dove.</i>
THOMAS, the gardener	<i>Mr. Hicks.</i>

WOMEN.

LADY APSHINKEN, wife to Sir Owen, a great housewife, governante to her husband, a zealous advocate for the Church	<i>Mrs. Furnival.</i>		
MOLLY APSHONES, daughter to Mr. Apshones, a woman of strict virtue	<i>Miss Patty Vaughan.</i>		
SWEETISSA, waiting-woman } SUSAN, cook } MARGERY, housemaid }	Women of { strict virtue { in love with {	{ Robin } { Will } { John }	<i>Mrs. Nokes.</i> <i>Mrs. Mullart.</i> <i>Mrs. Lacy.</i>

SCENE.—WALES, NORTH OR SOUTH.

THE GRUB STREET OPERA

ACT I.

SCENE I.—SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S *House. Table and chairs.*

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT *smoking.*

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. Come, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glass.—Let us make an end of our breakfast before madam is up.—Oh, Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as—once a day, without being called to an account for it.

PUZZLETEXT. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed.—But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,
While for each small fault he 's corrected ;
One bottle makes a sot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.

But though nothing can be worse
Than this fell domestic curse,
Some comfort this may do you,

So vast are the henpecked bands,
That each neighbour may shake hands,
With my humble service to you.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturbed, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure but in tobacco.

PUZZLETEXT. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

LADY APSHINKEN. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

PUZZLETEXT. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drunk your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the cheering of the spirits, is not forbidden us.—I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable—and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth.

LADY APSHINKEN. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no excess?

PUZZLETEXT. To some it may, to others it may not.—Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drunk, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

LADY APSHINKEN. I do not understand this sophistry—though I think I have some skill in divinity.

PUZZLETEXT. Oh, madam! no one more. Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed "The great Welsh lamp of divinity."

LADY APSHINKEN. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish—and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess—but at

present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids——

PUZZLETEXT. Which of the maids, madam?—Not one of my mistresses, I hope. [*Aside.*]

LADY APSHINKEN. Truly, with all of them—and unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage not much to our liking—and you know Mr. Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

PUZZLETEXT. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

LADY APSHINKEN. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger.—Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnished.

PUZZLETEXT. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed. ✓

AIR II. *Lads of Dunce.*

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
 He puts off his helmet, his bow and his dart.
 Achilles, charmed with a nymph's fair eye,
 A distaff took, and his arms laid by.
 The gay gods of old their heaven would quit,
 And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;
 The first of their tribe, that whore-master Jove,
 Preferred to all heavens, the heaven of love.

LADY APSHINKEN. I think you have already asked them all in the church, so that you have only to hasten the match——this I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

PUZZLETEXT. Well, sir, you heard what my lady says—
what shall I do?

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. E'en what she commands.—If she
interferes not with my pipe, I am resolved not to interfere
with her family.—Let her govern, while I smoke.

✓ PUZZLETEXT. Upon my word, Sir Owen is a thorough
epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young squire,
who is a philosopher of another kind.

SCENE III.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *solus* [*with two letters*]. This
is the day wherein Robin and Sweetissa propose to be
married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my hopes
of her; for when once a woman knows what's what, she
knows too much for me.—Sure never man was so put to
it in his amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman
after another, nor does any woman care for me twice. ✓

AIR III. *Let the drawer bring clean glasses.*

How curst the puny lover!
How exquisite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's disdain!

But oh! how vast the blessing!
Whom to her bosom pressing,
She whispers, while caressing
Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from
Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa:
these must be dropped where they may be found by the
improper parties, and will create a jealousy, whereof I
may reap the fruit, and Sweetissa's maidenhead may be ✓
yet my own.

SCENE IV.

PUZZLETEXT AND MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN.

PUZZLETEXT. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions.—I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family by a marriage inferior to your birth.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson.—When I marry, 'twill be to please myself not you.

PUZZLETEXT. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding.—Consider, sir,—consider who you are.

AIR IV. *March in Scipio.*

Think, mighty sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshinken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then disgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apshinken's son be buried in his wife.

PUZZLETEXT. You must govern your passions, master Owen.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

PUZZLETEXT. It is like a young fellow's railing at age.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Or a courtier out of place at court.

AIR V. *Sir Thomas I cannot.*

The worn-out rake at pleasure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whose interest fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating.
But would you know
Whence both these flow?

Though so much they pretend to abhor 'em
 That rails at court,
 This at love's sport,
 Because they are neither fit for 'em,
 fit for 'em,
 Because they are neither fit for 'em.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not always governed your own passions, though you are so fond of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the nonsense of others, while he writes greater nonsense himself—

PUZZLETEXT. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Or as a parson preaches against drinking, and then goes to the alehouse.

PUZZLETEXT. Very true—if you mean a Presbyterian parson.

AIR VI. *One evening having lost my way.*

I 've heard a Noncon. parson preach
 'Gainst whoring with just disdain;
 Whilst he himself to be naught did teach
 Of females as large a train
 As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
 Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
 Or as—or as—or as,
 Or as the whores in Drury Lane.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Thy similes are all froth,
 like bottled ale—and it is as difficult to get thee out
 X of a simile, as out of an alehouse.

AIR VII. *Dutch skipper.*

PUZ. The gaudy sun adorning
 With brightest rays the morning,
 the morning,
 Shines o'er the eastern hill;
 And I will go a sporting,

OWEN. And I will go a courting,
 a courting,
 There lies my pleasure still.

PUZ. In Gaffer Woodford's ground
 A brushing hare is found,
 A course which even kings themselves might see ;

OWEN. And in another place
 There lies a brushing lass,
 Which will give one ten times more sport than she.

Second Part.

PUZ. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are
 running,

Poor puss's cunning, and shifting and shunning!
 To see with what art she plays still her part,

And leaves her pursuers afar :
 First this way, then that ;
 First a stretch, and then squat,
 Till quite out of breath,
 She yields her to death.

What joy, with the sportsman's compare ?

OWEN. How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass,
 With blushing face, clasped close in embrace!

To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes,
 And glut on her heaven of charms!

While sighing and whining,
 And twisting and twining,
 With kissing and pressing,
 And fondest caressing,

With raptures she dies in your arms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

SWEETISSA. If ever you had known what it was to love,
 Margery, you would not have wondered how I could prefer
 a man to his master.

MARGERY. I should not have wondered indeed, if our young squire had been like most young country squires—But he is a fine gentleman, Sweetissa.

SWEETISSA. From such fine gentlemen, may my stars deliver me, Margery.

MARGERY. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women.

SWEETISSA. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and yet, I believe, scarce knows what a woman is,—Either he has more affectation than desire, or more desire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in London with madam, I have seen several such sparks as these; some of them would attempt making love too—Nay, I have had such lovers!—But I could never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR VIII. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
 Our beaus set out a-wooing;
 Ye widows, never show them grace,
 But laugh at their pursuing.
 But let the daw, that shines so bright,
 Of borrowed plumes bereft be,
 Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
 You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger than in a beau's whole body.

MARGERY. Yes, and more roguery in him than—

SWEETISSA. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says; but be assured that is all malice; he is desirous of getting his place.

MARGERY. I rather think that a prejudice of yours against William.

SWEETISSA. O Margery, Margery! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous, as when he is abused by the under-servants.—They must rail at some one, and if they

abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

MARGERY. Well, I would not have such a sweetheart.

SWEETISSA. Pugh! if all you say were true, what is it to me? If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. *Mad Moll.*

Why should not I love Robin?
 And why should not Bob love me?
 While every one else he is fobbing,
 He still may be honest to me.

For though his master he cheats,
 His mistress shares what he gains;
 And whilst I am tasting the sweets,
 The devil take her who complains.

MARG. But should he be taken indeed;
 Ah! think what a shame it would be
 To have your love dragged out of bed,
 And thence in a cart to the tree.

SWEET. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
 Who only deserves to be banged;
 The wit who can get an estate,
 Hath still too much wit to be hanged.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account; for if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he hath now.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN AND SWEETISSA.

AIR X. *Masquerade minuet.*

ROBIN. Oh my Sweetissa!
 Give me a kiss-a,
 Oh what a bliss-a
 To behold your charms!
 My eyes with gazing
 Are set a blazing,

SWEET. Come then and quench them within my arms.

ROBIN. Oh my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as white as snow, and as cold.—Thou art, to sum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliss which my soul delights to walk in.—Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty strides—

SWEETISSA. Oh Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee how much I love thee, as it is to tell—how much water there is in the sea.

ROBIN. My dear Sweetissa! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a simile to my love.

SWEETISSA. Be assured there shall be no love lost between us.

AIR XI. *Young Damon once the happiest swain.*

When mutual passion hath possessed,
 With equal flame, each amorous breast,
 How sweet's the rapt'rous kiss?
 While each with soft contention strive,
 Which highest ecstasies shall give,
 Or be more mad with bliss!

ROBIN. Oh my Sweetissa! how impatient am I till the parson hath stitched us together; then, my dear, nothing but the scissors of the fates should ever cut us asunder.

SWEETISSA. How charming is thy voice! sweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

ROBIN. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. O could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

SWEETISSA. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plastered on her face, I never stole a bit to plaster on my own.

ROBIN. Adieu, my dear, I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be returned from coursing, and we will be married this morning.—Oh Sweetissa! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea than my love.

SWEETISSA. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience than to tell thee mine.

ROBIN. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

SWEETISSA. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

ROBIN. Mine as the virtue of whores.

SWEETISSA. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

ROBIN. Mine as the piety of priests.

SWEETISSA. Mine as—I know not what. ✕

ROBIN. Mine as—as—as—I'gad I don't know what. ✕ *rather*

AIR XII. *All in the Downs.*

Would you my love in words displayed,
 A language must be coined to tell;
 No word for such a passion's made,
 For no one ever loved so well.
 Nothing, oh! nothing's like my love for you,
 And so my dearest, and so my dearest, and my
 dear, adieu.

SCENE VII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

SWEETISSA. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

MARGERY. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you, during the honeymoon.

SWEETISSA. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh, Margery! sure never woman loved as I do!—though I am to be married this morning, still it seems long to me. To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

MARGERY. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally wish ourselves into it, and wish ourselves out of it.

SWEETISSA. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, love is like the wind.

MARGERY. Another, that it is like the sea.

SWEETISSA. A third, a weathercock.

MARGERY. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

SWEETISSA. In short, it is like everything.

MARGERY. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. *Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.*

How odd a thing is love,
 Which the poets fain would prove
 To be this and that,
 And the Lord knows what,
 Like all things below and above
 But believe a maid,
 Skilled enough in the trade
 Its mysteries to explain;
 'Tis a gentle dart,
 That tickles the heart,
 And though it gives us smart,
 Does joys impart,
 Which largely requite all the pain.

MARGERY. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been singing, see what I have discovered!

SWEETISSA. It is a woman's hand, and not my own. [*Reads.*] Oh, my Margery! now I am undone indeed.—Robin is false, he has lain with, and left our Susan.

MARGERY. How!

SWEETISSA. This letter comes from her, to upbraid him with it.

MARGERY. Then you have reason to thank fate for this timely discovery.—What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him?—When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

SWEETISSA. True, true, Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to discover faults. ✓

AIR XIV. *Red house.*

Ye virgins who would marry,
 Ere you choose, be wary,
 If you 'd not miscarry,
 Be inclined to doubting:
 Examine well your lover,
 His vices to discover,
 With caution con him over,
 And turn quite inside out him;
 But wedding past,
 The stocking cast,
 The guests all gone,
 The curtain drawn,
 Be henceforth blind,
 Be very kind,
 And find no faults about him.

SWEETISSA. Oh Margery! I am resolved never to see Robin more.

MARGERY. Keep that resolution, and you will be happy.

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN. How truly does the book say—hours to men in love are like years. Oh for a shower of rain to send the parson home from coursing, before the canonical hours are over!—Ha! what paper is this?—The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To MRS. SWEETISSA.

“MADAM,—Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-i-n-e-ed, determined to marry our Robin, this comes for to let you know”—[I’ll read no more: can there be such falsehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their masters; and henceforth I’ll look for no more honesty under a livery, than an embroidered coat—but let me see again!—] “to let you know I am ready to fulfil my promise to you.”

Ha! she too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

AIR XV. *Black Joke.*

The more we know of human kind,
 The more deceits and tricks we find
 In every land as well as Wales;
 For would you see no roguery thrive,
 Upon the mountains you must live,
 For rogues abound in all the vales.

The master and the man will nick,
 The mistress and the maid will trick;
 For rich and poor
 Are rogue and whore,
 There’s not one honest man in a score,
 Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.

ROBIN *and* JOHN.

ROBIN. Oh John! thou best of friends! come to my arms—For thy sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest man in the world.

JOHN. What means our Robin?

ROBIN. O my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I'm undone—let this letter explain the rest.

JOHN. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all?—Our William who used to rail against women and matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parson says, there's no belief in man.

ROBIN. Nor woman neither.—John, art thou my friend?

JOHN. When did Robin ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horses undrest, to whet thy knives?—Have I not left my stable uncleaned, to clean thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse unwatered, to wash thy glasses!

ROBIN. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to William.

JOHN. Oh Robin! consider what our parson says—We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

ROBIN. Let our parson say what he will.—When did he himself forgive? Did he forgive Gaffer Jobson having wronged him of two cocks of hay in five load?—Did he forgive Gammer Sowgrunt for having wronged him of a tythe-pig?—Did he forgive Susan Foulmouth, for telling him he loved the cellar better than his pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveness, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.—Had he hit me a slap in the face, I could have put up with it.—Had he stole a silver spoon, and laid the blame on me, though I had been turned away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. *Tippling John.*

The dog his bit
 Will often quit,
 A battle to eschew ;
 The cock his corn,
 Will leave in barn,
 Another cock in view.
 One man will eat
 Another's meat, ^{bird}
 And no contention seen ;
 Since all agree
 'Tis best to be,
 Though hungry, in a whole skin.
 But should each spy,
 His mistress by,
 A rival move his suit,
 He quits his fears,
 And by the ears
 They fall together to't.
 A rival shocks,
 Men, dogs, and cocks,
 And makes the gentlest froward ;
 He who won't fight
 For mistress bright,
 Is something worse than coward.

JOHN. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on thy side. Fare thee well.—I'll go deliver thy message, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a Welshman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

ROBIN. Now were it not for the sin of self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next tree.—Yes, Sweetissa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love?—No man is sure of his mistress, till he has gotten her with child.—A lover

should act like a boy at school, who spits in his porridge that no one may take it from him.—Should William have been beforehand with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

SWEETISSA. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last night, that I saw our Robin married to another.

[*A long silence, and walking by one another, she takes out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.*]

ROBIN. Your crying won't do, madam; I can tell you that.—I have been fool long enough—I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

SWEETISSA. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch!—Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!

ROBIN. No, no, your heart is like a green stick, you may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twist round any one.

SWEETISSA. Monster! monster!

ROBIN. Better language would show better breeding. ✓

AIR XVII. *Hedge Lane.*

ROBIN. Indeed, my dear,
With sigh and tear,
Your point you will not carry;
I'd rather eat
The offal meat,
Than others' leavings marry.

SWEETISSA. Villain, well
You would conceal
Your falsehood by such catches;
Alas! too true
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of wretches.

Well you know
 What I might do,
 Would I but with young master.
 ROBIN. Pray be still,
 Since by our Will,
 You're now with child of bastard.
 SWEETISSA. I with child?
 ROBIN. Yes, you with child.
 SWEETISSA. I with child, you villain?
 ROBIN. Yes, you,
 Madam, you,
 Are now with child by William. /

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks ; and I'd as lieve be my master's cuckold as my fellow-servant's—Nay, I had rather, for I could make him pay for it.

SWEETISSA. Oh, most inhuman! dost thou not expect the ceiling to fall down on thy head, for so notorious a lie? Dost thou believe in the Bible? Dost thou believe there is such a thing as the Devil? Dost thou believe there is such a place as Hell?

ROBIN. Yes, I do, madam ; and you will find there is such a place to your cost.—Oh, Sweetissa, Sweetissa! that a woman could hear herself asked in church to one man, when she knew she had to do with another?

SWEETISSA. I had to do with another?

ROBIN. You, madam, you.

SWEETISSA. I had to do with Will?

ROBIN. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. *Lord Biron's Maggot.*

SWEET. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befall,
 As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
 Had William but pleased me,
 It never had teased me
 To hear a forsaken man bawl.

But from you this abuse,
 For whose sake and whose use
 I have safe corked my maidenhead up ;
 How must it shock my ear !
 For what woman can bear
 To be called a vile drunkard,
 And told of the tankard,
 Before she has swallowed a cup ?

ROBIN. O Sweetissa, Sweetissa ! well thou knowest that, wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only false, but triumphs in her falsehood ; her falsehood to one who hath been too true to her. Since you can be so base, I shall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London, I might have had an affair with a lady, and slighted her for you.

SWEETISSA. A lady ! I might have had three lords in one afternoon ; nay, more than that, I refused a man with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a burying for you ; and these men, they say, are the greatest men in the kingdom.

ROBIN. O Sweetissa ! the very hand-irons thou didst rub, before thou wast preferred to wait on thy lady, have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

SWEETISSA. O Robin, Robin ! the great silver candlesticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou art.

ROBIN. O Sweetissa ! the paint, nay, the eyebrows that thou puttest on thy mistress are not more false than thou.

SWEETISSA. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are glasses on thy sideboard.

ROBIN. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

SWEETISSA. If I have, you will have but a small share.

ROBIN. The better my fortune.—To lose a wife when you have had her is to get out of misfortune—to lose one before you get her is to escape it ; especially if it be one that somebody has had before you.—He that marries pays the price of virtue.—Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX. *Do not ask me.*

A woman's ware like china,
 Once flawed is good for nought ;
 When whole, though worth a guinea,
 When broke's not worth a groat.
 A woman at St. James's
 With guineas you obtain,
 But stay till lost her fame is,
 She'll be cheap in Drury Lane.

SCENE XII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

SWEETISSA. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch

MARGERY. What is the matter ?

SWEETISSA. Oh, Margery ! Robin——

MARGERY. What more of him ?

SWEETISSA. O ! worse than you can imagine—worse than
 I could have dreaded : Oh, he has sullied my virtue ! ✓

MARGERY. How ! your virtue ?

SWEETISSA. Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept
 locked up as in a cupboard ; that very virtue he has abused
 —he has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all.—
 Oh, I could have borne any fate but this ;—I that would
 have carried a knapsack through the world, so that my virtue
 had been safe within it—I that would have rather been
 the poorest man's wife than the richest man's whore—To
 be called the miss of a footman that would not be the miss
 of a king !

MARGERY. It is a melancholy thing indeed.

SWEETISSA. O Margery ! men do not sufficiently understand
 the value of virtue.—Even footmen learn to go a whoring
 of their masters—and virtue will shortly be of no use
 but to stop bottles.

AIR XX. *Tweed-side.*

What woman her virtue would keep,
 When nought by her virtue she gains?
 While she lulls her soft passions asleep,
 She's thought but a fool for her pains.
 Since valets, who learn their lords' wit,
 Our virtue a bauble can call,
 Why should we our ladies' steps quit,
 Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Fields.*MR. APSHONES *and* MOLLY.

MR. APSHONES. I tell you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable: there is no trusting these fluttering fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

MOLLY. Do not, dear sir, suspect my Owen: he is made of a gentler nature.

MR. APSHONES. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the play-houses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish; did he not seduce the fiddler's daughter?

MOLLY. That was the fiddler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

MR. APSHONES. Hath he not made mischief between

several men and their wives? And do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet?

MOLLY. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in their looks than he.

MR. APSHONES. Angels! baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaus the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaus among us; in that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more I will acquaint his mother.

MOLLY. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

MR. APSHONES. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will show them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter, let them preserve their son.

MOLLY. O, sir, would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart,
 Her Owen's image lies,
 That if with Owen she must part,
 Your wretched daughter dies.
 Thus when unto the soldier's breast
 The arrow flies too sure,
 When thence its fatal point you wrest,
 Death is his only cure.

MR. APSHONES. Pugh, pugh, you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you—and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain—which, I can tell you, is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

MOLLY. Nothing can recompense the loss of my Owen ; and as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

MR. APSHONES. Poor girl! how ignorant she is of the world ; but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes a sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

MOLLY. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

AIR XXII. *Let ambition fire the mind.*

Happy with the man I love,
 I'll obsequious watch his will ;
 Hottest pleasures I shall prove,
 While his pleasures I fulfil.
 Dames, by proudest titles known,
 Shall desire what we possess ;
 And while they'd less happy own
 Grandeur is not happiness.

MR. APSHONES. I will hear no more—remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful—or you are no child of mine.

MOLLY. Oh ! unhappy wretch that I am : I must have no husband, or no father—What shall I do—or whither shall I turn ? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a husband too ; but then what is one who is already so ?—Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false—and when I've lost my father, should I lose my husband too, that is impossible—falsehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. *Sweet are the charms.*

Beauties shall quit their darling town,
 Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
 Doctors upon the fee shall frown,
 Parsons shall hate the masquerades ;
 Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
 Women shall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE II.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN, MOLLY.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness; be assured I have long been tired with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes—a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

AIR XXIV. *Under the greenwood-tree.*

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
 I bid a long adieu,
 While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
 I find enough in you.
 By houses this, by horses that,
 By clothes a third's undone,
 While this abides—the second rides,
 The third can wear but one.

MOLLY. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolved from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee.—Let thy rich parents or my poor parents say what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another parents.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. With all my heart, my dear; and the sooner we begin to love—the sooner we shall be so.

MOLLY. Begin to love!—Alas, my dear, is it now to begin?—

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

MOLLY. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Why the parson, my dear?—

MOLLY. We can't be married without him.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love?—Marriage is but a dirty road to love—and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling through it.

AIR XXV. *Dearest charmer.*

Will you still bid me tell,

What you discern so well

By my expiring sighs,

My doating eyes?

Look through th' instructive grove,

Each object prompts to love,

Hear how the turtles coo,

All nature tells you what to do.

MOLLY. Too well I understand you now—No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way—Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—None travel through it without sullyng their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean?—And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours?

MOLLY. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admired in both—but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. You judge too severely.—Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allowed to every beast but man—but why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently

certain? Why should I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it?

AIR XXVI. *Canny Boatman.*

How can I trust your words precise,
 My soft desires denying,
 When, Oh! I read within your eyes,
 Your tender heart complying.
 Your tongue may cheat,
 And with deceit,
 Your softer wishes cover;
 But Oh! your eyes
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

MOLLY. Away, false perjured barbarous wretch—is this the love you have for me, to undo me—to ruin me?

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly—I would sooner ruin myself than thee.

MOLLY. Ay, so it appears.—Oh! fool that I was to think thou couldst be constant who hast ruined so many women—to think that thou ever didst intend to marry me, who hast long been practised in the arts of seducing our sex—Henceforth I will sooner think it possible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry orchard to be free from blackbirds—or for a churchyard to be free from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from falsehood.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Be not enraged, my sweetest dear.—Let me kiss away thy passion.

MOLLY. Avaunt—a blight is in thy kiss—thy breath is the wind of wantonness—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. *I'll range around.*

Since you so base and faithless be,
 And would—without marrying me,

A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
Nor think of men or—marriage more.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. You'll repent that resolution before you get half-way—She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness, and be all my own.

AIR XXVIII. *Chloe is false.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose ;
Reason a while may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows ;
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her,
Down she goes.

SCENE III.—*A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

WILLIAM. Here's as proper a place as can be for our business.

ROBIN. The sooner the better.

JOHN. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

THOMAS. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. *Britons strike home.*

WILLIAM. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As soon as you please.

ROBIN. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the,
Slap in the, slap in the face.

WILLIAM. Would, would I could see it,
I would with both feet
Give thee such a kick by the by.

ROBIN. If you dare, sir, do.
 WILLIAM. Why do not, sir, you?
 ROBIN. I'm ready, I'm ready,
 WILLIAM. And so am I too.

THOMAS. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE IV.

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

SUSAN. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals?—Do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours, and find nothing ready for his supper?

WILLIAM. Let master come when he will——If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin and I will not live in one house together.

SUSAN. Why, what's the matter?

ROBIN. He wanted to get my mistress from me, that's all.

WILLIAM. You lie, sirrah, you lie.

ROBIN. Who do you call liar, you blockhead?——I say, you lie.

WILLIAM. And I say you lie.

ROBIN. And you lie.

WILLIAM. And I say you lie again.

ROBIN. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

AIR XXX. *Mother, quoth Hodge.*

SUSAN. Oh fie upon't, Robin, Oh fie upon't, Will,
 What language like this, what scullion defames?
 'Twere better your tongues should ever be still,
 Than always be scolding and calling vile
 names.

WILLIAM. 'Twas he that lies
 Did first devise,
 The first words were his, and the last shall be
 mine.

ROBIN. You kiss my dog.

WILLIAM. You're a sly dog.

ROBIN. Loggerhead.

WILLIAM. Blockhead.

ROBIN. Fool.

WILLIAM. Fox.

ROBIN. Swine. *Swine-dog*

WILLIAM. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quarrelled with me.—I will tell my master of two silver spoons you stole—I'll discover your tricks—your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them—making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swollen belly of that fat-gutted brother of yours—who gets drunk twice a day at master's expense.

ROBIN. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

WILLIAM. No, sirrah, it is not all—then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretended that it wasted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten-stone, when you used nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue, that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoiled the rest.

SUSAN. Fie upon't, William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it.—Don't let us quarrel among ourselves—let us stand by one another—for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all—Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plums in a pudding that's overwetted, says Susan the cook.

JOHN. Or horse in a stable that's on fire—says John the groom.

THOMAS. Or grapes upon a wall—says Thomas the gardener.

SUSAN. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant—as sauce disguises the faults of a dish—so should he theirs.—O William, were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed.

AIR XXXI. *Dame of Honour.*

A wise man others' faults conceals
 His own to get more clear of ;
 While folly all she knows reveals,
 Sure what she does to hear of.
 The parson and the lawyer's blind,
 Each to his brother's erring—
 For should you search, he knows you'd find
 No barrel the better herring.

AIR XXXII. *We have cheated the Parson.*

ROBIN. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
 Was known to be guilty of faction and strife.
 But oh what can
 Appease the man,
 Who would rob me of both my place and my
 wife.

WILLIAM. If you prove it, I will be hanged, and that's
 fair.

ROBIN. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

WILLIAM. Pry'thee what?

ROBIN. Ask you that,
 When you know you have written against me
 so flat?

Here is your hand, though there is not your name to it—
 is not this your hand, sir?

WILLIAM. I don't think it worth my while to tell you
 whether it is or no.

ROBIN. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my
 place, but you must try to get my mistress?

WILLIAM. Your mistress—any man may have your mis-
 tress that can outbid you, for it is very well known you
 never had a mistress without paying for her.

ROBIN. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for
 you, and while you are attempting my place, you may lose
 your own.

AIR XXXIII. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

WILLIAM. When master thinks fit,
 I am ready to quit
 A place I so little regard, sir ;
 For while thou art here,
 No merit must e'er
 Expect to find any reward, sir.
 The groom that is able
 To manage his stable,
 Of places enough need not doubt, sir ;
 But you, my good brother,
 Will scarce find another,
 If master should e'er turn you out, sir.

SUSAN. If you can't be friends without it, you had best fight it out once for all.

WILLIAM. Ay—so say I.

ROBIN. No, no, I am for no fighting ; it is but a word and a blow with William ; he would set the whole parish together by the ears, if he could ; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to to keep peace in it.

WILLIAM. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master—for they are such secrets, that your friend the devil can hardly discover—and whence does your peace-making arise, but from your fears of getting a black eye, or bloody nose, in the squabble?—for if you could set the whole parish a boxing, without boxing yourself, it is well known you would do it, sirrah, sirrah—had your love for the tenants been the occasion of your peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court ; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas, on pretence of good husbandry.

ROBIN. Yours you have a great love for, master, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, sirrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day

or other, and break both master and mistress's necks; it is always neck or nothing with you.

SUSAN. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

ROBIN. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator, I'll refer my cause to any one—it is equal to me.

WILLIAM. No, no, I shall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is so concerned, to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. *Of a noble race was Shinken.*

Good madam Cook, the greasy,
Pray leave your saucy bawling,
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

With men as wise as Robin,
A female judge may pass, sir;
For where the grey mare
Is the better horse, there
The horse is but an ass, sir.

SCENE V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

SUSAN. Saucy fellow.

THOMAS. I suppose he is gone to inform master against you.

ROBIN. Let him go, I am too well with madam to fear any mischief he can make with master.—And harkye, between you and I, madam won't suffer me to be turned out—you heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish—

SUSAN. Don't speak against madam, Robin—she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

ROBIN. Ay, ay, to us upper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough—and for the rest, let them starve for Robin.—It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive, while the others starve.

AIR XXXV. *Pierot's Tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
 While small ones fear the gaol,
 Great parsons riot in champagne,
 Small parsons sot on ale;
 Great whores in coaches gang,
 Smaller misses,
 For their kisses,
 Are in Bridewell banged;
 While in vogue
 Lives the great rogue,
 Small rogues are by dozens hanged.

SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

SWEETISSA. Oh, brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. *Country Garden.*

Virtue within a woman's heart,
 By nature's hand is rammed in,
 There must be kept by steady art,
 Like water when it's dammed in;
 But the dam once broken,
 Past all revoking,
 Virtue flies off in a minute;
 Like a river left,
 Of waters bereft,
 Each man may venture in it.

SUSAN. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, madam, but I don't know what you mean.

SWEETISSA. Your capacity is too capacious——madam.

SUSAN. Your method of talking, madam, is something dark.

SWEETISSA. Your method of acting is darker, madam.

SUSAN. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates, madam.

SWEETISSA. Your pots you mean——madam: if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

SUSAN. Me, madam?

SWEETISSA. You, madam.

AIR XXXVII. *Dainty Davy.*

SUSAN. What the devil mean you thus
 Scandal scattering,
 Me bespattering,
 Dirty slut, and ugly puss,
 What can be your meaning?

SWEET. Had you, madam, not forgot,
 When with Bob you——you know what,
 Surely, madam, you would not,
 Twice inquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you have been to a woman, to whom you have professed a friendship.

SUSAN. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read? when you know——

SWEETISSA. When I know you writ it, madam.

SUSAN. When you know I can neither write nor read, madam.—It was my parents' fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—though you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

SWEETISSA. How?—and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

SUSAN. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write—when so many gentlemen can't spell—

SWEETISSA. Here is your name to a love-letter, which is directed to Robin—wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoyed you.—

SUSAN. Enjoyed me!

SWEETISSA. It is so, I assure you.—

SUSAN. If ever I had any thing to say to Robin—but as one fellow servant might, say not to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again!

SWEETISSA. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say, that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.—

SUSAN. I think I have said enough to satisfy you,—and as much as is consistent with my honour.

SWEETISSA. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconsistent with my honour to assure you I am sorry I said what I said—I do, and humbly ask your pardon, madam.

SUSAN. Dear madam, this acknowledgment from you is sufficient—Oh! Sweetissa, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young master.

SWEETISSA. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence—but this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all—you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. *Valentine's day.*

A woman must her honour save,
 While she's a virgin found;
 And he can hardly be a knave
 Who is not worth a pound.

On horseback he who cannot ride,
 On horseback did not rob;
 And since a pen you cannot guide,
 You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MR. APSHONES.

MR. APSHONES. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree.—I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats—that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones, these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them—and had rather see them walk a foot at home than ride in a coach abroad.

MR. APSHONES. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an hearse the next.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. You may never arrive to that honour, good sir.

MR. APSHONES. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us—that may not be so safe as you imagine.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. So safe!

MR. APSHONES. No, not so safe, sir.—I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave.—Though you have ruined many poor girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so—for, let me tell you, sir, whoever brings dishonour on me, shall bring ruin on himself.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Ha—ha—ha!

MR. APSHONES. I believe both Sir Owen and her lady-

ship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them—Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf to his flock; but one would have thought you imagined we lived under that barbarous custom—I have read of—when the landlord was entitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants' daughters.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

MR. APSHONES. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another.—Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plastering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Your daughter likes our dress, if you don't.

MR. APSHONES. I desire you would spare my daughter, sir,—I shall take as much care of her as I can,—and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge.—You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha!—thou art not the first father, or husband, that hath blustered in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.—He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopt in the pursuit of his mistress by the threatenings of her relations.—Not that I should care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. *My Chloe, why do you slight me?*

The whore of fame is jealous,
The coward would seem brave;
For we are still most zealous
What most we want to have.

The madman boasts his senses,
 And he, whose chief pretence is
 To liberty's defence, is
 Too oft the greatest slave.

SCENE VIII.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MOLLY.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. She here!

MOLLY. Cruel, dost thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy sight?—are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for sure if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in shunning you? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

MOLLY. Alas! you know too well that I am as insincere in every repulse to you as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill, when we are no sooner in his power than he uses us so?

AIR XL. *Sylvia, my dearest.*

Cruellest creature, why have you wooed me,
 Why thus pursued me,
 Into love's snare?
 While I was cruel
 I was your jewel;
 Now I am kind, you bid me despair.

Nature's sweet flowers warm seasons nourish,
 In summer flourish,
 Winter's their bane:
 Love, against nature
 Checked, grows the greater;
 And best is nourished with cold disdain.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly? Your father hath been here, and insulted me in the rudest manner; but notwithstanding that I am resolved—

MOLLY. To fulfil your promise, and marry me?

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Why dost thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou shouldst ask, that I would not grant.

MOLLY. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing else.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. It is for your sake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined ✓
to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy 's the swain,
Whom beauty firing,
 All admiring,
 All desiring,
Never desiring in vain.
How happy to rove
Through sweetest bowers,
And cull the flowers
In the delicious garden of love.
How wretched the soul,
Under control.
To one poor choice confined a while,
Wanton it exerts the lass,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
 Like the years in circles roll,
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my service is so hateful,
 Willing I my place forsake.

MOLLY. He's gone! he's lost for ever! irrevocably lost:
Oh! virtue! where's thy force? where are those thousand

charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XLII. *Midsummer wish.*

When love is lodged within the heart
 Poor virtue to the outworks flies,
 The tongue in thunder takes its part,
 And darts in lightning from the eyes.
 From lips and eyes with gested grace,
 In vain she keeps out charming him,
 For love will find some weaker place
 To let the dear invader in.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S *House.*

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. [*Smoking.*] What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco!—the industrious retires from business—the voluptuous from pleasure—the lover from a cruel mistress—the husband from a cursed wife—and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. *Freemason's Tune.*

Let the learned talk of books,
 The glutton of cooks,
 The lover of Celia's soft smack-o;
 No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the soldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o ;
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the roast,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dullest old cit,
And makes him of politics crack-o ;
The lawyers i' th' hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whese chief glory
Is telling a story,
Had never arrived at the knack-o,
Between every heying,
And as I was saying,
Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much skill in grimaces,
And feels your pulse running tick-tack-o ;
Would you know his chief skill ?
It is only to fill,
And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone ;
Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack-o !
'Twas because it inclined
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banished tobacco.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN *and* LADY APSHINKEN.

LADY APSHINKEN. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family; that the moment my back is turned every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. My wife is a very good wife, only a little inclined to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

LADY APSHINKEN. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refused when I married you.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough in conscience.—But of this I am confident—if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own interest too well to have refused it.

LADY APSHINKEN. Ungrateful man!—If I have shown that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine; and let me tell you, sir, whenever my conscience hath struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. Why possibly it may be so—for I am sure whichever side your tongue is of, will get the better.—And harkye, my dear, I fancy your conscience and your tongue lie very near together.—As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

LADY APSHINKEN. Methinks, Sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. So I would, if you would not scold at me.—Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

LADY APSHINKEN. Sir, sir, a drunken husband is a bad

fiddle-stick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddle-stick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. *Tenant of my own.*

Of all bad sorts of wives
 The scolds are sure the worst,
 With a hum drum, scum, hurry scurry scum,
 Would I'd a cuckold been,
 Ere I had been accurst
 With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curst mankind
 (If Juno's drawn to life)
 When Jupiter Pandora sent,
 He should have sent his wife,
 With her hum drum, &c.

SCENE III.

LADY APSHINKEN *and* SUSAN.

LADY APSHINKEN. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what bring you?

SUSAN. The bill of fare, madam.

LADY APSHINKEN. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

SUSAN. Master hath invited several of the tenants to-day, madam.

LADY APSHINKEN. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent.—On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

SUSAN. Heaven bless him for such goodness!

LADY APSHINKEN. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow—it is too big for one dish.

SUSAN. O dear madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

LADY APSHINKEN. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table.—I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of beef.

SUSAN. The devil take such politeness, I say.

LADY APSHINKEN. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pie with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear?—There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a day, till it is out.

SUSAN. Why, madam, half the provision will stink at that rate.

LADY APSHINKEN. Then they will eat the less of it.—I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

SUSAN. So, as the smell of the old English hospitality used to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

LADY APSHINKEN. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it, I am sick at the sound.

SUSAN. Would I had lived in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one! before we had learnt this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress.

AIR XLV. *The King's old Courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
Oh the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

LADY APSHINKEN. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

SCENE IV.

LADY APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. *Oh Jenny, oh Jenny.*

LADY AP. Oh doctor, oh doctor, where hast thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplex!

I have been chiding:

PUZ. I have been riding,
And meditating upon my text.

LADY APSHINKEN. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

PUZZLETEXT. There is, madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity.—Now the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the belly of our friend, than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

LADY APSHINKEN. I wish, doctor, when you go next to London, you would buy me up, at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been published.

PUZZLETEXT. I have a treatise, madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

LADY APSHINKEN. Any thing for the encouragement of religion.—I am a great admirer of the Latin language.—I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English.—But oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked people in our parish.—One of the tenants, the other day, abused his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

- LADY AP. Ah, doctor! I long, much as misers for pelf,
To see the whole parish as good as myself.
- PUZ. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to doubt,
But that by my sermons will be soon brought
about.
- LADY AP. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the
right way,
When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?
- PUZ. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to fear,
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

To them, ROBIN.

AIR XLVIII. *In Porus.*

- ROBIN. Some confounded planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defiled,
Sense awry led
To mistake:
I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.
But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

LADY APSHINKEN. What's the meaning of this?

ROBIN. Is your ladyship a stranger to it then?—Madam,
don't you know that I am to be turned away, and William
made butler?

LADY APSHINKEN. How!

ROBIN. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I just

now received a message from master, to give an account of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

LADY APSHINKEN. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir Owen this moment—I will see whether I am a cipher in this house or no.

PUZZLETEXT. Harkye, Mr. Robin, you are safe enough—her ladyship is your friend.—So go you and send me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of yours.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN. [*Solus.*] It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turned away.—I would give warning myself, and if this storm blows over, I will.—Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days.—I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetissa's false?—What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness?

AIR XLIX. *Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.*

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE VII.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

ROBIN. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was locked up in is broke open and plundered?

SWEETISSA. He's here!—love would blow me like a

whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

ROBIN. See where she stands! the false, the perjured she.—Yet, guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light—did not my honour interpose—My honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore. I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour is a wretch indeed!—How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour, do what they will?—Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

AIR L. *Dame of honour.*

Nice honour by a private man
 With zeal must be maintained!
 For soon 'tis lost, and never can
 By any be regained.
 But once right honourable grown,
 He's then its rightful owner;
 For though the worst of rogues he's known,
 He's still a man of honour.

SWEETISSA. I wish I could impute this blindness of yours to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults.—You see my faults, not me.

ROBIN. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but alas! you are so hemmed in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

SWEETISSA. I know of none, but loving you too well.

ROBIN. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

SWEETISSA. Oh Robin! if thou art resolved to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

ROBIN. There, madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—though women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it; for virtue, like gun-

powder, never makes any noise till it goes off — when you hear the report, you may be sure it's gone.

SWEETISSA. This is some conspiracy against me; for may the devil fetch me this instant, if ever I saw this letter before.

ROBIN. What! and drop it from your pocket?

SWEETISSA. Oh base man!—If ever I suffered William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never — be kissed while I live again. — And if I am not a maid now — may I die as good a maid as I am now.—But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters and drop them from their pockets too.——There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee—while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. *Why will Florella.*

When guilt within the bosom lies,
A thousand ways it speaks.
It stares affrighted through the eyes
And blushes through the cheeks.

But innocence, disdainng fear,
Adorns the injured face,
And, while the black accuser's near,
Shines forth with brighter grace.

ROBIN. Surprising!—sure some little writing devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot through my brain. Sweetissa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question. Did the parson ever make love to you?

SWEETISSA. Why do you ask me that?

ROBIN. These two letters are writ by the same hand; and if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

SWEETISSA. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not. Once he told me that if I was worth a hundred pounds he'd marry me.

ROBIN. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an aversion to marriage as any priest in Rome hath.

SWEETISSA. O fie! what, beat the parson?

ROBIN. Never tell me of the parson — if he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

SWEETISSA. Consider, good Robin; for though thou hast been a base man to me, I would not have thee damned.

ROBIN. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him.—I'd rather be damned than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. Sbud! I'll souse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse flesh.

AIR LII. *Hunt the squirrel.*

SWEET. Oh, for goodness sake forbear!

Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

ROBIN. Cease your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,
As jockeys do a colt.

SWEETISSA. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson on the head. What can he then expect to be but hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hanged once safe about my neck. Ye powers preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's.

SCENE VIII.

SWEETISSA *and* JOHN.

SWEETISSA. Oh, John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend — fly up into the parson's closet.

JOHN. What's the matter?

SWEETISSA. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost.—He

is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson ; run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson, he will be hanged.

JOHN. Kill him ! If he lifts up his hand against him, he will be put in the spiritual court, and that's worse than hanging.

SWEETISSA. Fly, fly, dear John.—What torments attend a mind in love.

AIR LIII. *The play of love.*

What vast delights must virgins prove,
 Who taste the dear excess of love !
 Since, while so many ways undone,
 And all our joys must fly from one,
 Eager to love's embrace we run.
 So when in some small island lies
 The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
 That dear, that darling spot to gain,
 He views black tempests with disdain,
 And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* SWEETISSA.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Sweetissa in tears !—so looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

AIR LIV. *Si cari.*

Smile, smile, Sweetissa smile ;
 Repining banish,
 Let sorrow vanish,
 Grief does the complexion spoil.
 Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile ;
 Lift up your charming, cha—a—arming,
 Charming, charming eyes,
 As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetissa ?

SWEETISSA. Whatever be the matter—it is no matter of yours, master Owen.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou wouldst let me. Give me a buss—do.

AIR LV. *Sleepy body.*

SWEETISSA. Little master,
 Pretty master,
 Your pursuit give over ;
 Surely nature
 Such a creature
 Never meant for a lover.
 A beau, and baboon,
 In a dull afternoon,
 May ladies divert by their capers ;
 But weak is her head
 Who takes to her bed
 Such a remedy for the vapours.
 Little master, &c.

SCENE X.

AIR LVI.

OWEN. [*Solus.*] Go, and like a slub'ring Bess howl,
 Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
 For the more you cry, the less you'll—
 Tol, lol, de rol.
 Be inclined to laughing.

SCENE XI.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* SUSAN.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?

SUSAN. Going!—why, I am going to find madam out

— if she will have no victuals, she shall have no cook for Susan. If I cut the sirloin of beef, may the devil cut me.

AIR LVII. *South-sea Tune.*

An Irishman loves potatoes ;
 A Frenchman chews
 Salads and ragouts ;
 A Dutchman, waterzuche ;
 The Italian, macaroons ;
 The Scotchman loves sheeps' heads, sir ;
 The Welsh with cheese are fed, sir ;
 An Englishman's chief
 Delight is roast beef ;
 And if I divide the ox' sirloin
 May the devil cut off mine.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Oh ! do not spoil thy pretty face with passion. Give me a kiss, my dear pretty little cook.

SUSAN. Give you a kiss!—give you a slap in the face, or a rod for your backside. When I am kissed, it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you. Sbud ! your head looks like the scrag end of a neck of mutton just floured for basting. A kiss!—a fart! [~]

SCENE XII.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MARGERY.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Go thy ways, greasy face. Oh, here 's my little Margery now.

MARGERY. Not so little neither, Master Owen. I am big enough for you still.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. And so thou art, my dear, and my dove—Come, let us—let us—let us—

MARGERY. Let us what ?

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what—Let us kiss like any thing.

MARGERV. Not so fast, squire—your mamma must give you a larger allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Look'ee, sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promised me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to. But I am resolved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something to show for it, besides a great belly.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Pox on 'em all!—I shall not compass one out of the whole family.—I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make sure of her, if possible—or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet; for the devil take me, if I ha'n't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was. I fancy it often happens so among us fine gentlemen.

AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleasure
 Oft boasts a false amour,
 As breaking cit his treasure,
 Most gaudy, when most poor;
 But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
 And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

SCENE XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, and JOHN.

PUZZLETEXT. I will have satisfaction.—Speak not to me, Master John, of any thing but satisfaction.—I will box him.—I will show him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.—Splutter! I will show him my head is good for something else besides preaching. *[Butts at him.*

ROBIN. You would have armed my head better for butting, I thank you.

PUZZLETEXT. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your teeth.

ROBIN. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worse.

PUZZLETEXT. The lie to me, sirrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John—let me go.

ROBIN. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faster than he came.

PUZZLETEXT. Sbud! sbud! sbud!

JOHN. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion; consider who you are—you must forgive.

PUZZLETEXT. I will not forgive.—Forgiveness is sometimes a sin, ay, and a damned sin.—No, I will not forgive him.—Sirrah, I will make such an example of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the future how they affront the Church.

AIR LIX. *Buff-coat.*

In spiritual court
 I'll show you such sport,
 Shall make you your own folly curse, sir.
 ROB. But you shall be bit,
 For I'll stand in the sheet,
 And keep you from handling my purse, sir.
 PUZ. In this you'll be shamed,
 In the other world damned,
 Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, sir.
 ROB. I shall know then if priest
 Or devil be best
 At the art of tormenting mankind, sir.
 PUZ. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!

SCENE XIV.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT,
 ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

LADY APSHINKEN. Heyday! what's the meaning of this?
 Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad I hope?

PUZZLETEXT. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abused—I have been beaten.

LADY APSHINKEN. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's peaceably enough inclined.

WILLIAM. He'll not strike a blow, unless he's forced to it, I warrant him.

PUZZLETEX. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abused me for writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen in my hand, save for half a sermon, these six months.

WILLIAM. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—he hath quarrelled with me once to-day, and now he hath quarrelled with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to his mistress—He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

ROBIN. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own merits.

LADY APSHINKEN. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray.—I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with the Church. [*Aside to Robin.*

WILLIAM. Master may keep you, if he pleases—when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your stealing the two silver spoons.

SWEETISSA. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William—I'll swear to your having robbed one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stolen a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

SUSAN. If you come to that, madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

JOHN. Not so fast, good Susan saucebox—Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need, that she may sell the grease?—Who brings in false bills of fare, and puts the forged articles in her own pocket?—Who wants wine and brandy for saucers and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself?

WILLIAM. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself?

MARGERV. I think you should forget that, lest you

should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach-horses.

SUSAN. I suppose when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make the bed.

LADY APSHINKEN. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

SUSAN. But I suppose your ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

LADY APSHINKEN. Very fine, indeed!

PUZZLETEXT. Verily, I am concerned to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be hanged most; and if Robin, the butler, hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it, but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

ROBIN. Well said, parson!—once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

WILLIAM. We are none of us so bad as Robin, though—there's cheating in his very name.—Robin, is as much as to say, robbing.

PUZZLETEXT. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

ROBIN. Well said, parson, again!

AIR LX. *Ye madcaps of England.*

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where down from the beggar, up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be such a husband of pelf,
To be served by no cheats you must e'en serve yourself;
The world is so cramm'd brimful of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

LADY APSHINKEN. And have I been raking, and rending, and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plundered by my servants?

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. Why, truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had some excuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger children.—But as we have but one son to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the servants keep what they have stole, and much good may it do them.

LADY APSHINKEN. This is such notorious extravagance!

OMNES. Heavens bless your good honour.

AIR LXI. *My name is old Hewson.*

ROBIN. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

SWEETISSA. I once did your ladyship chouse,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house,
I promise to cheat you no more.

WILLIAM. Your lining I own, like a blockhead.
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you will sell off your horses and coach.

SUSAN. My rogueries are all confest,
And for a new maid you may look;
For where there's no meat to be drest,
There is little need of a cook.

CHORUS. And so we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off to-morrow morning,
And may better servants ensue.

SCENE XV.

To them, MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MOLLY.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MOLLY. Your blessing, sir.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN *and* LADY APSHINKEN. How!

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN *and* MOLLY. We are your son and daughter.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. My son married to the daughter of a tenant!

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Oh, sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. *Fond Echo.*

MOLLY. Oh, think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can be!
 Had I a great Princess been born
 My Owen had dear been to me!
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Owen alone to these arms;
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 But in love there is nothing but charms.

OWEN. In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost,
 Well purchased may be the poor maid.
 While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
 We pleasure will equally prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage may love.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. She sings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. T'other song,—t'other song—ply him with songs till he forgives us.

AIR LXIII. *Lass of Patie's Mill.*

MOLLY. If I too high aspire,
 'Tis Love that plumes my wings,
 Love makes a clown a squire,
 Would make a squire a king.
 What maid that Owen spies,
 From Love can e'er be free?
 Love in his laced coat lies,
 And peeps from his toupee.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN. I can hold out no longer.

LADY APSHINKEN. Nor I: let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. *Caro vien.*

MOLLY. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:
 OWEN. With joy my heart's jolly.
 MOLLY. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!
 OWEN. O, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—These letters, Robin, which caused all the jealousy between you and Sweetissa, I wrote out of a frolic.

ROBIN. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetissa falsely?

SWEETISSA. And did I suspect my Robin?

ROBIN. Oh, my Sweetissa! my sweet.

SWEETISSA. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

ROBIN. This hour shall make us one.—Doctor, lead to church.

WILLIAM. What sayst thou, Susan? Shall we follow our leaders?

SUSAN. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and speak my mind.—I say, yes.

JOHN. And thou, Margery?

MARGERY. I do not say no.

PUZZLETEXT. I am ready to do your business whenever you please.

MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. Lookye, as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance; for which I have prepared the fiddles.

PUZZLETEXT. And for which I have prepared my fiddle too; for I am always in utrumque paratus.

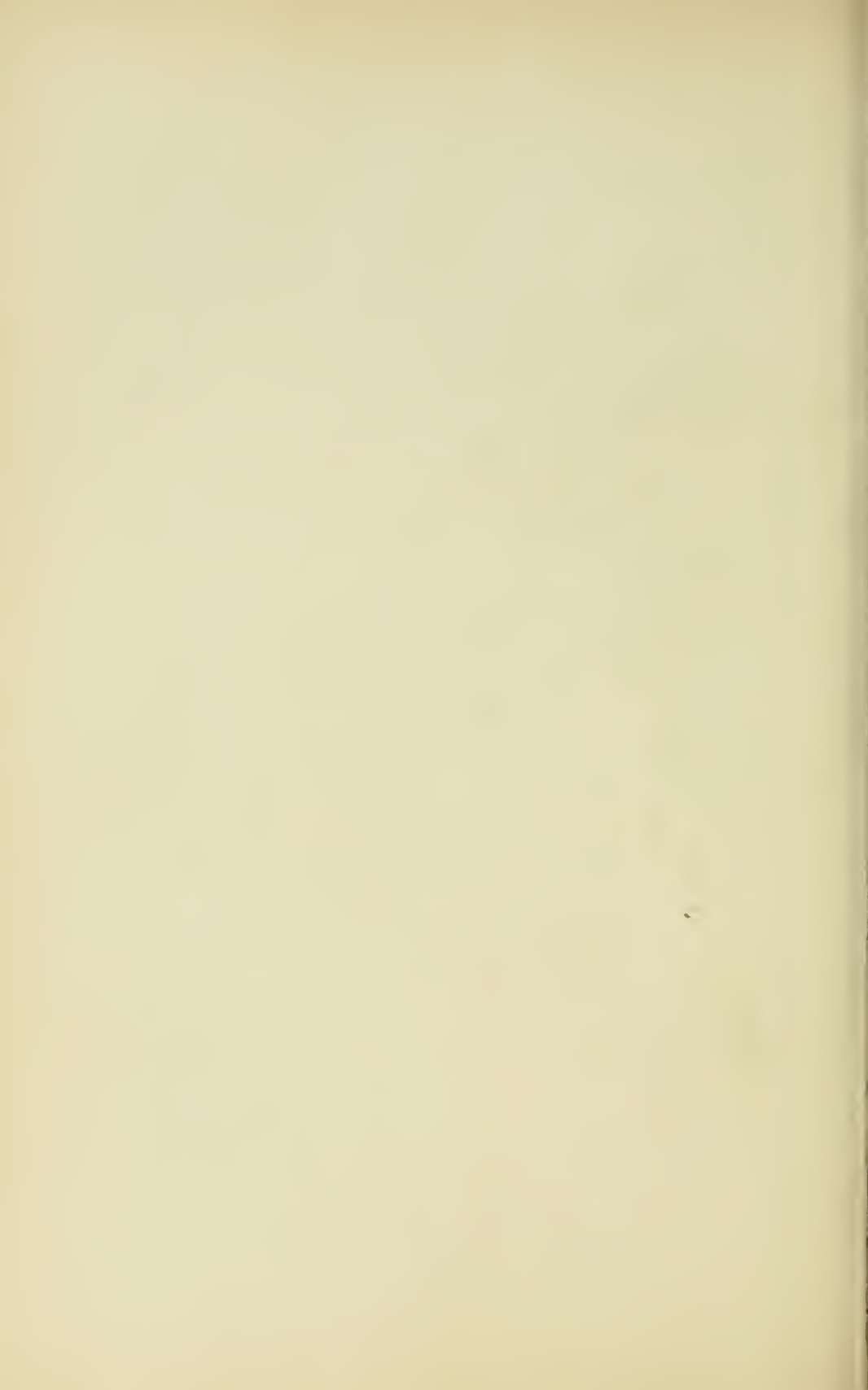
MASTER OWEN APSHINKEN. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolved.

LADY APSHINKEN. And I am resolved not to see it; and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

A dance here.

AIR LXV. *Little Jack Horner.*

PUZZLETEXT.	Couples united, Ever delighted, May they ne'er disagree!
WOMEN.	First we will wed,
MEN.	Then we'll to bed;
OMNES.	What happy rogues are we!
CHORUS.	Couples united, Ever delighted, May we ne'er disagree! First we will wed, Then we'll to bed; What happy rogues are we



THE MODERN HUSBAND

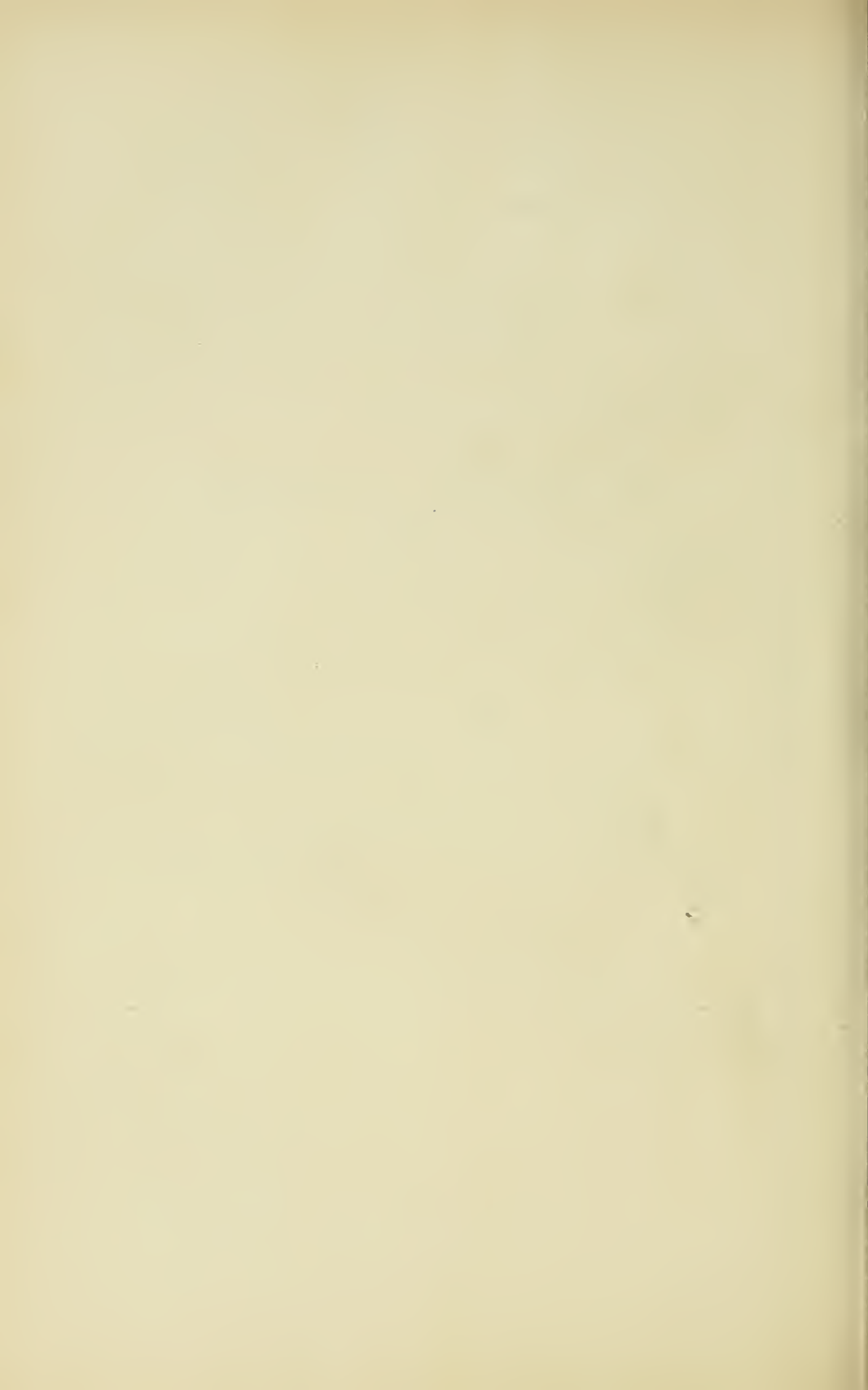
A COMEDY,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, 1731.

*“ Hæc ego non credam Venusina digna Lucerna ?
Hæc ego non agitem?—————
Cum leno accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
Doctus et ad calicem vigilantanti stertere maso.”*

JUVENAL, *Satire* 1.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

SIR,—While the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of so great a part of mankind depend on your counsels, it may be thought an offence against the public good to divert by trifles of this nature any of those moments which are so sacred to the welfare of our country.

But however ridiculed or exploded the muses may be, in an age when their greatest favourites are liable to the censure and correction of every boy or idiot, who shall have it in his power to satisfy the wantonness of an evil heart at the expense of the reputation and interest of the best poet, yet has this science been esteemed, honoured, protected, and often professed by the greatest persons of antiquity. Nations and the Muses have generally enjoyed the same protectors.

The reason of this is obvious: as the best poets have owed their reward to the greatest heroes and statesmen of their times, so those heroes have owed to the poet that posthumous reputation, which is generally the only reward that attends the greatest actions. By them the great and good blaze out to posterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once pursued them.

Protect therefore, sir, an art for which you may promise yourself such notable advantages ; when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have surmounted, shall be forgotten ; when envy shall cease to misrepresent your actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them. The Muses shall remember their protector, and the wise statesman, the generous patron, the steadfast friend, and the true patriot ; but above all, that humanity and sweetness of temper, which shine through all your actions, shall render the name of SIR ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

That success may attend all your counsels, that you may continue to preserve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

IN early youth our author first begun
To combat with the follies of the town ;
Her want of art his unskilled muse bewailed,
And, where his fancy pleased, his judgment failed.
Hence your nice tastes he strove to entertain
With unshaped monsters of a wanton brain!

He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then—killed a ghost!

To rules, or reason, scorned the dull pretence,
And fought, your champion 'gainst the cause of sense!

At length, repenting frolic flights of youth,
Once more he flies to nature and to truth :
In virtue's just defence aspires to fame,
And courts applause without the applauders' shame!

Impartial let your praise or censure flow,
For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muse in schools too unpolite was bred,
To apprehend each critic—that can read :
For, sure no man's capacity 's less ample
Because he 's been at Oxford or the Temple!
He shows but little judgment, or discerning,
Who thinks taste banished from the seats of learning.

Nor is less false, or scandalous th' aspersion,
That such will ever damn their own diversion,
But poets damned, like thieves convicted, act,
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact!

To-night (yet strangers to the scene) you'll view
A pair of monsters most entirely new!
Two characters scarce ever found in life,
A willing cuckold—sells his willing wife!
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not—because not found at home.
If then true nature in his scenes you trace,
Not scenes that Comedy to Farce debase;
If modern vice detestable be shown,
(And, vicious as it is, he draws the town;)
Though no loud laugh applaud the serious page,
Restore the sinking honour of the stage:
The stage, which was not for low farce designed,
But to divert, instruct, and mend mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LORD RICHLY		<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
MR. BELLAMANT		<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
CAPTAIN BELLAMANT		<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>
MR. GAYWIT		<i>Mr. Mills, Jun.</i>
MR. MODERN		<i>Mr. Bridgewater.</i>
LORD LAZY	} Persons who at- tend Lord Richly's levee.	{ <i>Mr. Bowman.</i> <i>Mr. Hallam, Jun.</i> <i>Mr. Harper.</i> <i>Mr. Paget.</i> <i>Mr. Watson.</i>
COLONEL COURTLY		
MR. WOODALL		
CAPTAIN MERIT		
CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE		
JOHN, servant to Modern		<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
PORTER to Lord Richly		<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>

WOMEN.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT	<i>Mrs. Cibber.</i>
MRS. BELLAMANT	<i>Mrs. Horton.</i>
MRS. MODERN	<i>Mrs. Heron.</i>
EMILIA	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
LATELY	<i>Mrs. Charke.</i>

SCENE.--LONDON.

THE MODERN HUSBAND

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MRS. MODERN'S *House*.

MRS. MODERN *at her toilet*; LATELY *attending*.

MRS. MODERN. Lud! this creature is longer in sticking a pin, than some people are in dressing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

LATELY. There, ma'am, your ladyship is drest.

MRS. MODERN. Drest! ay, most frightfully drest, I am sure—If it were not too late, I would begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me.—When was Tricksy here?

LATELY. Yesterday, ma'am, with her bill.

MRS. MODERN. How! her bill already?

LATELY. She says, ma'am, your ladyship bid her bring it.

MRS. MODERN. Ay, to be sure, she'll not fail to remember that.

LATELY. She says too, ma'am, that she's in great distress for her money.

MRS. MODERN. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know any one who is not.

LATELY. What shall I do, ma'am, when she comes again?

MRS. MODERN. You must—you must send her away again, I think.

LATELY. Yes, ma'am, but—

MRS. MODERN. But—but what? Don't trouble me with your impertinence: I have other things to think on—Bills! bills! bills! I wonder in a civilized nation there are no laws against duns. [*Knocking at the door.*] Come in.

SCENE II.

To them, FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN. My Lady Ever-play, madam, gives her humble service to you, and desires your ladyship's company tomorrow se'ennight, to make a party at Quadrille with my Lady Loseall and Mrs. Banespouse.

MRS. MODERN. Lately, bring the Quadrille-book hither; see whether I am engaged.

LATELY. Here it is, ma'am.

MRS. MODERN. Run over the engagements.

LATELY. Monday, February 5, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tuesday, at Mrs. Witless's; Wednesday, at Lady Matadore's; Thursday, at Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at Lady Trifle's; Sunday, at Lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

MRS. MODERN. What is the wench doing? See for how long I am engaged.—At this rate you will not have done this hour.

LATELY. Ma'am, your ladyship is engaged every night till Thursday three weeks.

MRS. MODERN. My service to Lady Ever-play; I have parties every night till Thursday three weeks, and then I shall be very glad if she will get two more at my house—and—Tom—take the roll of visits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worthy's.

SCENE III.

MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

MRS. MODERN. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never see any people of fashion at her house, which, indeed, I do not wonder at; for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her husband. And truly, I think, she is not fit company for any other. Did you ever see any one dress like her, Lately?

LATELY. Oh, frightful! I have wondered how your ladyship could endure her so long.

MRS. MODERN. Why she plays at Quadrille worse than she dresses, and one would endure a great deal in a person who loses her money.

LATELY. Nay, now I wonder that your la'ship has left her off at all.

MRS. MODERN. Truly, because she has left off play; and now she rails at cards, for the same reason as some women do at gallantry—from ill success.—Poor creatures! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have lost their money, or a lover.

LATELY. They may rail as long as they please, ma'am; they will never be able to expel those two pleasures out of the world.

MRS. MODERN. Ah, Lately! I hope I shall be expelled out of the world first. Those Quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the best brilliants.—There is more conjuration in these dear circles—[Shows a ring.] These spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds. Hark, I hear my husband coming; go you down stairs. [Exit Lately.] Husband did I say? Sure, the wretch, who sells his wife, deserves another name. But I must be civil to him while I despise him.

SCENE IV.

MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN. My dear, good-morrow.

MR. MODERN. I hope you slept well last night, madam ; that is, I hope you had good success at cards.

MRS. MODERN. Very indifferent. I had won a considerable sum, if it had not been for a cursed Sans-prendre-vole, that swept the whole table. That Lady Weldon has such luck, if I were superstitious, I should forswear playing with her—for I never played with her, but I cheated, nor ever played with her, but I lost.

MR. MODERN. Then, without being very superstitious, I think you may suspect that she cheats too.

MRS. MODERN. Did I not know the other company—For the very worst of Quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The division of a booty gives one more pain, than the winning it can pleasure—I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharpring—but where to get the money I know not, unless you have it, child.

MR. MODERN. I have it! I wanted to borrow some of you; unless you can raise me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I shall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning.

MRS. MODERN. If the whole happiness of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

MR. MODERN. You do not manage Lord Richly right. Men will give any thing to a woman they are fond of.

MRS. MODERN. But not to a woman whom they were fond of. The decay of Lord Richly's passion is too apparent for you not to have observed it. He visits me seldom; and I am afraid, should I ask a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

MR. MODERN. Then I see no reason for your acquaintance; he dances no longer at my house, if he will not pay the music—But hold, I have a thought come into my head

may oblige him to it, and make better music for us than you imagine.

MRS. MODERN. What is it?

MR. MODERN. Suppose I procured witnesses of his familiarity with you—I should recover swinging damages.

MRS. MODERN. But then my reputation—

MR. MODERN. Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich—for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both. Besides, in this case all the scandal falls on the husband.

MRS. MODERN. Oh no! I shall be no more visited—Farewell, dear Quadrille, dear, dear Sans-prendre-vole, and matadores.

MR. MODERN. You will be forced to quit these pleasures otherwise; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our sinking fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

MRS. MODERN. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

MR. MODERN. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue, should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

MRS. MODERN. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable—Reputation is the soul of virtue.

MR. MODERN. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead. Though to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas, than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments: as I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you should let me show 'em for my profit.

MRS. MODERN. If my pleasures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you would have acted another part. How have you maintained your figure in the world since

your losses in the South Sea, and others? And do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licensed—have lived by?

MR. MODERN. Had I followed my own inclinations, I had retired; and instead of supporting these extravagances by such methods, had reduced my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, madam, who by your unbridled pride and vanity run me into debt; and then—I gave up your person to secure my own.

MRS. MODERN. Ha! have I secured thy worthless person at the expense of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame, I have purchased pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the grovelling animal, whom any fear could force to render up the honour of his wife must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemished to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame, till at thy base intreaties I gave up my innocence?—Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will, ere thou shalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

MR. MODERN. Nay, but, my dear.

MRS. MODERN. Despicable monster.

MR. MODERN. But, child, hearken to reason.

MRS. MODERN. Never, never.

MR. MODERN. I own myself in the wrong. I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

MRS. MODERN. To upbraid me with—

MR. MODERN. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say. I never will be guilty of the like again.

MRS. MODERN. Leave me a while: perhaps I may come to myself.

MR. MODERN. My dear, I am obedient.—Sure, the grand seignior has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.

MRS. MODERN. [*Alone.*] What shall I do? Money must be raised—but how? Is there on earth a person that would lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect any thing there; nor would my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it: he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however.—What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of, who would support the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI.—*The Street before LORD RICHLY'S door.*

CAPTAIN MERIT. That is the door I must attack; and I have attacked a city with less reluctance. There is more hardship in one hour's base solicitation at a levee, than in a whole campaign.

SCENE VII.

CAPTAIN MERIT, PORTER.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Does my Lord Richly see company this morning?

PORTER. Sir, I cannot tell yet whether he does or no.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Nay, I have seen several gentlemen go in.

PORTER. I know not whom you may see go in. I suppose they have business with his lordship. I hope you will give my lord leave to be at home to whom he pleases.

CAPTAIN MERIT. If business be a passport to his lordship, I have business with him of consequence.

PORTER. Sir, I shall tell him of it.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Sir, I shall be obliged to you to tell him now.

PORTER. I cannot carry any message now, unless I know you.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Why, don't you know me? that my name is Merit.

PORTER. Sir, here are so many gentlemen come every day, that unless I have often new tokens to remember 'em by, it is impossible.—Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy. [Lord Lazy crosses in a chair.]

SCENE VIII.

CAPTAIN MERIT, CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE, *from the House.*

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have sent you hither, whom I know to shun the houses of the great as much as virtue does?

CAPTAIN MERIT. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you see me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach against an armed file of the enemy, and yet a single porter has denied me entrance at that door. You, I see, have speeded better.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war—Harkye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houses in town.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we must do the same to the servants of power?

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. Sir, the servants of a great man are all great men. Would you get within their doors, you must bow to the porter, and fee him too. Then, to go farther, you must pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and, after you have bowed for about half an hour to his whole family, at last you may get a bow from himself.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Damnation! I'd sooner be a galley-slave. Shall I, who have spent my youth and health in my country's service, be forced by such mean vassalage to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while every painted butterfly wantons in the sunshine? [Colonel Courtly crosses.]

'Sdeath, there's a fellow now—That fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, she turned bawd; and his sister turned whore: you see the consequence. How happy is that country, where pimping and whoring are esteemed public services, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the same road!

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. But, leaving off railing, what is your business with his lordship?

CAPTAIN MERIT. There is a company vacant in Colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordship's interest, I hope to gain.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. But pray, by what do you hope to gain his lordship's interest?

CAPTAIN MERIT. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclined to boasting; but I think my services may speak something for me.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. Faith, I'm afraid you will find 'em dumb; or, if they do speak, it will be a language not understood by the great. Suppose you apply to his nephew, Mr. Gaywit; his interest with my lord may be of service to you.

CAPTAIN MERIT. I have often seen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he would do any thing to serve me.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. But the levee is begun by this. If you please, I'll introduce you to't.

CAPTAIN MERIT. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan—one great rogue.

SCENE IX.

LORD RICHLY *at his House.*

LORD RICHLY. Ha, ha, ha!—agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greatest droll upon earth—you'll dine with me—Lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

LORD LAZY. I'll make myself so, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. Mr. Woodall, your servant; how long have you been in town?

MR. WOODALL. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps: too much time to lose at this season, when a man should be driving the foxes out of his country.

COLONEL COURTLY. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man should always bring his wife with him, that, if he does not serve the public, she may.

LORD RICHLY. Now I think familiarity with the wife of a senator should be made a breach of privilege.

COLONEL COURTLY. Your lordship is in the right—the person of his wife should be made as sacred as his own.

MR. WOODALL. Ay, the women would thank us damnable for such a vote—and the Colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

COLONEL COURTLY. Not I; for the women then would be as backward to be our wives as the tradesmen are now to be our creditors.

MR. WOODALL. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their small fortunes in extravagance, and their slender stock of love on their wenches. I remember the time when I was a young fellow, that men used to dress like men: but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaster up their brains upon their periwigs.

LORD RICHLY. I protest thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

COLONEL COURTLY. Oh, he's one of the greatest wits of his county.

MR. WOODALL. I have one of the greatest estates of my county, and, by what I can see, that entitles a man to wit here as well as there.

CAPTAIN MERIT. Methinks, this rough spark is very free with his lordship.

[To Bravemore.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. You must know this is a sort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of these sort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your business.

LORD RICHLY. I shall see him this morning; you may depend on my speaking about it.—[*To a gentleman.*] Captain Bravemore, I am glad to see you.

CAPTAIN BRAVEMORE. My lord, here is a gentleman of distinguished services; if your lordship would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

LORD RICHLY. Sir, I shall certainly do it.

CAPTAIN MERIT. There being a company vacant, my lord—My name is Merit.

LORD RICHLY. Mr. Merit, I shall be extremely glad to serve you—Sir John, your most obedient humble servant.—Lazy, what were you saying about Mr. Bellamant?

LORD LAZY. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our house yesterday.

LORD RICHLY. I am sorry I was not there. It went against him, I think.

LORD LAZY. Yes, my lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

COLONEL COURTLY. Undone, sir; quite undone.

LORD RICHLY. Upon my soul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine woman.

MR. WOODALL. Then, I suppose, if her husband's undone, you'll have her among you.

LORD RICHLY. Woodall, thou'rt a liquorish dog. Thou wouldst have the first snap.

MR. WOODALL. Not I; none of your town ladies for me; I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again.

LORD LAZY. Women! Pox on him! he means foxes again.

COLONEL COURTLY. He knows no difference.

MR. WOODALL. Nor you either. But harkye, I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

COLONEL COURTLY. Thy ideas are as gross as thy person.

LORD RICHLY. Hang him, sly rogue—you never knew a foxhunter that did not love a wench.

MR. WOODALL. No, nor a wench of any sense that did not love a fox-hunter.

LORD RICHLY. Modern, your servant.

MR. MODERN. I would presume only to remind your lordship—

LORD RICHLY. Depend upon it, I will remember you—I hope your lady is well.

MR. MODERN. Entirely at your service, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. I have a particular affair to communicate to her: a secret that I cannot send by you; you know all secrets are not proper to trust a husband with.

MR. MODERN. You do her too much honour, my lord: I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

LORD RICHLY. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper, or in thy wife.

MR. MODERN. Um—, my lord, as for my wife, I believe she is as good as most wives; I believe she is a virtuous woman; that, I think, I may affirm of her.

LORD RICHLY. That thou mayst, I dare swear; and that I as firmly believe as thou dost thyself: and let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age.—But prithee, hast thou heard any thing of Mr. Bellamant's affairs?

MR. MODERN. No more than that he has lost his cause, which he seemed to expect the other night, when he was at my house.

LORD RICHLY. Then you are intimate.

MR. MODERN. He visits my wife pretty often, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. Modern, you know I am your friend—and now we are alone, let me advise you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—He is prudent enough in his amours to pass upon the world for a constant husband; but I know him—I know him—He is a dangerous man.

MR. MODERN. My lord, you surprise me so, that—

LORD RICHLY. I know you will excuse this freedom my friendship takes: but beware of Bellamant as you love your honour.

SERVANT. My lord, the coach is at the door.

LORD RICHLY. My dear Modern, I see the great surprise you are in: but you'll excuse my freedom.

MR. MODERN. I am eternally obliged to your lordship—

LORD RICHLY. Your humble servant.

MR. MODERN. I hope your lordship will pardon my freedom, if after all these obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

LORD RICHLY. Depend upon it, I'll take care of you.—What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levee draw together? All gaping for favours, without the least capacity of making a return for them.

But great men, justly, act by wiser rules;
A levee is the paradise of fools.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House*.

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Bid John put up the coach.

[*To a Servant.*]

What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a surfeit of the town? After all the nonsense and ill-nature we have heard to-day, would it grieve one to part with the place one is sure to hear 'em over again in?

EMILIA. I am far from thinking any of its pleasures worth too eager a wish—and the woman, who has with her in the country the man she loves, must be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

MRS. BELLAMANT. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are such ridiculous creatures.

EMILIA. I rather imagine they retire with the man they should love, than him they do: for a heart, that is

passionately fond of the pleasures here, has rarely room for any other fondness. The town itself is the passion of the greater part of our sex; but such I can never allow a just notion of love to.—A woman that sincerely loves, can know no happiness without, nor misery with, her beloved object.

MRS. BELLAMANT. You talk feelingly, I protest, I wish you don't leave your heart behind you. Come, confess: I hope I have deserved rather to be esteemed your confidante than your mother-in-law.

EMILIA. Would it be a crime if it were so? But if love be a crime, I am sure you cannot upbraid me with it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Though if it be a crime, I am sure you are guilty.—Well, I approve your choice, child.

EMILIA. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I suppose?

MRS. BELLAMANT. As sure as in your heart, my dear.

EMILIA. Nay, but dear madam, tell me whom you guess.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Hush, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

MR. BELLAMANT. So soon returned, my dear? Sure you found nobody at home.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Oh, my dear! I have been in such an assembly of company, and so pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature.—Welcome, welcome! the country! for sure the world is so very bad, those places are best where one has the least of it.

MR. BELLAMANT. What's the matter?

MRS. BELLAMANT. In short, I have been downright affronted.

MR. BELLAMANT. Who durst affront you?

MRS. BELLAMANT. A set of women that dare do every thing, but what they should do.—In the first place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the last masquerade—with dulness, for not entering into the taste of the

town in some of its diversions—Then had my whole dress run over, and disliked; and to finish all, Mrs. Termagant told me I looked frightful.

MR. BELLAMANT. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

MRS. BELLAMANT. You are certainly the most complaisant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home to be put in a good humour. Most husbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glass, which sullies all the compliments we have received abroad by assuring us we do not deserve 'em. [*During this speech a servant delivers a letter to Bellamant; which he reads.*]

EMILIA. I believe, though, madam, that generally happens when they are not deserved: for a woman of true beauty can never feel any dissatisfaction from the justice of her glass; nor she, who has your worth, from the sincerity of her husband.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Your father seems discomposed.—I wish there be no ill news in his letter.

MR. BELLAMANT. My dear, I have a favour to ask of you.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Say to command me.

MR. BELLAMANT. I gave you a bank-note of a hundred yesterday, you must let me have it again.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I am the luckiest creature in the world, that I did not pay away some of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. [*Exit with Emilia.*]

MR. BELLAMANT. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little doth she guess she fetches this money for a rival? That is all the little merit I can boast towards her.—To have contended, by the utmost civility and compliance with all her desires, and the utmost caution in the management of my amour, to disguise from her a secret, that must have made her miserable. Let me read once more.

“SIR,—If you have, or ever had, any value for me, send me a hundred pounds this morning, or to make 'em more welcome than the last of necessities can, bring them yourself to—Yours—more than her own, HILLARIA MODERN.”

Why, what a farce is human life! How ridiculous is the pursuit of our desires, when the enjoyment of them is sure to beget new ones!

SCENE II.

MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Good-morrow, sir.

MR. BELLAMANT. I suppose, sir, by the gaiety of your dress, and your countenance, I may wish you joy of something besides your father's misfortunes.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Would you have me go into mourning for your losses, sir?

MR. BELLAMANT. You may mourn, sir——I am now unable to support your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands have had no effect upon you, but necessity must; and your extravagance must fall of course, when it has nothing to support it.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. I am surprised you should call the expenses of a gentleman extravagance.

MR. BELLAMANT. I am sorry you think the expenses of a fool, or fop, the expenses of a gentleman: and that race-horses, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are necessary ingredients in that amiable composition.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Faith, and they are so with most gentlemen of my acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, sir, these are the qualifications which recommend a man to the best sort of people. Suppose I had stayed at the university, and followed Greek and Latin as you advised me; what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I received at an assembly, or the opera?

MR. BELLAMANT. And will you please to tell me, sir, what advantage you have received from these? Are you the wiser, or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better dressed—Where else had been that smart toupet, that elegant sword-knot, that coat covered with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heaven should make me

father to such a dressed-up daw! A creature who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig-makers!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Would you not have your son dressed, sir?

MR. BELLAMANT. Yes, and, if he can afford it, let him be sometimes fine; but let him dress like a man, not affect the woman in his habit or his gesture.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. If a man will keep good company, he must comply with the fashion.

MR. BELLAMANT. I would no more comply with a ridiculous fashion than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey, than that which makes him act like any other beast.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Lord, sir! you are grown strangely unpolite.

MR. BELLAMANT. I shall not give myself any farther trouble with you: but, since all my endeavours have proved ineffectual, leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I must desire you to send me no more bills; I assure you I shall not answer them—you must live on your commission—this last misfortune has made it impossible that I should add one farthing to your income.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. I have an affair in my view which may add to it.—Sir, I wish you good-morrow.—When a father and son must not talk of money matters, I cannot see what they have to do together.

SCENE III.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Here is the bill, my dear.

MR. BELLAMANT. You shall be repaid in a day or two.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I saw your son part hastily from you as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

MR. BELLAMANT. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

MRS. BELLAMANT. I hope you will pardon an intercession, my dear, for a son-in-law, which I should not be guilty for a son of my own.

SCENE IV.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. GAYWIT. Bellamant, good-morrow—ladies, your humble servant.

MR. BELLAMANT. Servant, Mr. Gaywit, I thought your time had been so employed that you had forgot your friends.

MR. GAYWIT. I ought to excuse so long an absence, but as Bellamant knows that it must give myself the greatest pain, he will impute it to business.

MR. BELLAMANT. Did I not also know that two days of thy life were never given to business yet—

MR. GAYWIT. Not what the grave world call so, I confess; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

MR. BELLAMANT. You have been making love to some new mistress, I suppose.

MR. GAYWIT. Fie, it is only husbands make a business of love, to us 'tis but an amusement.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Very fine! and to my face too!

MR. GAYWIT. Mr. Bellamant, madam, is so known an exception to the general mode of husbands, that what is thrown on them cannot affect one of so celebrated a constancy.

MRS. BELLAMANT. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

MR. GAYWIT. He will be envied by all men for the cause of that constancy. Were such wives as Mrs. Bellamant less scarce, such husbands as my friend would be more common.

→ EMILIA. You are always throwing the fault on us.

MRS. BELLAMANT. It is commonly in us, either in our

choice of our husband, or our behaviour to them. No woman, who married a man of perfect sense, was ever unhappy, but from her own folly. [*Knock here.*

MR. GAYWIT. [*Looking out of the window.*] Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my lord Richly.

MR. BELLAMANT. You'll excuse me if I am not at home.

MR. GAYWIT. Fie! to deny yourself to him would be unprecedented.

MR. BELLAMANT. I assure you, no—for I have often done it.

MR. GAYWIT. Then, I believe you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the stairs.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been surfeited with it already.

SCENE V.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT.

LORD RICHLY. Dear Bellamant, I am your most obedient servant. I am come to ask you ten thousand pardons, that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cause came on. It might have been in my power to have served you beyond my single vote.

MR. BELLAMANT. I am obliged to your lordship; but as I have great reason to be satisfied with the justice of your honourable house—I am contented.

LORD RICHLY. I hope the loss was not considerable.

MR. BELLAMANT. I thought your lordship had heard.

LORD RICHLY. I think, I was told twenty thousand pounds—but that's a trifle, a small retrenchment in one's expenses—two or three dozen suits the less, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will soon reimburse you.

MR. BELLAMANT. My loss is not equal to what your

lordship intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune, still large enough to retire into the country with.

LORD RICHLY. Nay, dear Bellamant, we must not lose you so. Have you no friend that could favour you with some comfortable snug employment, of a thousand or fifteen hundred per annum?

MR. GAYWIT. Your lordship is the properest person in the world.

LORD RICHLY. Who, I? I am sure no mortal would do half so much to serve dear Jack Bellamant as myself—but I have no interest in the least.

MR. BELLAMANT. I am obliged to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Besides, I have lived long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.

LORD RICHLY. I can't help saying those things are not easily obtained. I heartily wish I could serve you in any thing.—It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire. [*Aside.*] (Damn it, I must turn this discourse, or he'll never have done with it.) Oh, Bellamant, have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

MR. GAYWIT. What's the name of it?

LORD RICHLY. It will be called the Humours of Bedlam. I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it from the first page to the last.

MR. GAYWIT. It must certainly take.

LORD RICHLY. Sir, it shall take, if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

MR. GAYWIT. I think, my lord, we have improved on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor music.

LORD RICHLY. I hate all music but a jig.

MR. GAYWIT. I don't think it would be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

LORD RICHLY. And, instead of a company of players, I would have a company of tumblers and ballad singers.

MR. BELLAMANT. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critic should oppose it.

LORD RICHLY. No critic shall oppose it. It would be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confined in their taste; we should be rarely diverted, if a set of pedants were to license all our diversions; the stage then would be as dull as a country pulpit.

MR. GAYWIT. And the boxes in Drury Lane as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

MR. BELLAMANT. Like enough: for religion and common sense are in a fair way to be banished out of the world together.

LORD RICHLY. Let them go, egad.

MR. BELLAMANT. This is, I believe, the only age that has scorned a pretence to religion.

LORD RICHLY. Then it is the only age that hath scorned hypocrisy.

MR. BELLAMANT. Rather, that hypocrisy is the only hypocrisy it wants. You shall have a known rascal set up for honour—a fool for wit—and your professed dear bosom-fawning friend, who, though he wallow in wealth, would refuse you ten guineas to preserve you from ruin, shall lose a hundred times that sum at cards to ruin your wife.

LORD RICHLY. There, dear Jack Bellamant is the happiest man in the world, by possessing a wife whom a thousand times that sum would have no effect on.

MR. BELLAMANT. I look upon myself equally happy, my lord, in having no such friend as would tempt her.

LORD RICHLY. That thou hast not, I dare swear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I must engage her in my author's cause, for I know her judgment has a great sway.

MR. BELLAMANT. As our stay will be so short in town,

she can do you no service; besides, I have heard her detest partiality in those affairs; you would never persuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

LORD RICHLY. Detest partiality! ha, ha, ha!—I have heard a lady declare for doing justice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute—though I knew she had neither seen nor read it. Those things are entirely guided by favour.

MR. GAYWIT. Nay, I see no reason to fix the scandal on the ladies: party and prejudice have the same dominion over us. Ask a man's character of one of his party, and you shall hear he is one of the worthiest, honestest fellows in Christendom; ask it of one of the opposite party, and you shall find him as worthless, good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hanged.

MR. BELLAMANT. So that a man must labour very hard to get a general good reputation, or a general bad one.

LORD RICHLY. Well, since you allow so much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BELLAMANT. With all my heart, my lord.

MR. GAYWIT. Thou art a well-bred husband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

MR. BELLAMANT. I should have been a very ill-bred one to have denied it. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

LORD RICHLY. If I had said more, he had granted it, rather than have lost my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. [*Aside.*

MR. BELLAMANT. Wait on my Lord Richly to your mistress's apartment—I am your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT.

MR. GAYWIT. I find you are resolved to make your wife share your misfortunes. It would have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

MR. BELLAMANT. I wanted to be alone with you—besides, women have a liberty of sending away an impertinent visitant, which we have not.

MR. GAYWIT. Ay, and a way of entertaining visitants too which we have not; and he is a visitant not easily sent away, I assure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

MR. BELLAMANT. You talk as if you suspected his making love to my wife.

MR. GAYWIT. He does so to every woman he sees; neither the strictest friendship professed to her husband, nor the best reputation on her own side, can preserve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arrived at a happy way of regarding all the rest of mankind as his tenants, and thinks, because he possesses more than they, he is entitled to whatever they possess.

MR. BELLAMANT. Insolent vanity! I wonder the spirit of mankind has not long since crushed the tyranny of such lordly wolves; yet, believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a great deal of affectation to compose this voluptuous man. He oftener injures women in their fame, than in their persons. This affectation of variety discovers a sickly appetite; and many mistresses, like many dishes, are often sent away untasted.

MR. GAYWIT. A very innocent affectation, truly, to destroy a lady's fame.

MR. BELLAMANT. Why, ay, for we are come to an age, wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it: as long as the husband is content with his infamy, the wife escapes hers.

MR. GAYWIT. And I am mistaken, if many husbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy, nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our ancestors, a modern bubble, which seems to be in a rising condition at present.

MR. BELLAMANT. It is a stock-jobbing age, every thing has its price; marriage is traffic throughout; as most of us bargain to be husbands, so some of us bargain to be

cuckolds; and he would be as much laughed at, who preferred his love to his interest, at this end of the town, as he who preferred his honesty to his interest at the other.

MR. GAYWIT. You, Bellamant, have had boldness enough in contradiction to this general opinion, to choose a woman from her sense and virtues. I wish it were in my power to follow your example—but—

MR. BELLAMANT. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

MR. GAYWIT. No, my good forefathers have chosen a wife for me. I am obliged by the settlement of Lord Richly's estate to marry Lady Charlotte.

MR. BELLAMANT. How!

MR. GAYWIT. The estate will descend to me so encumbered, I assure you.

MR. BELLAMANT. I thought it had not been in Lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

MR. GAYWIT. Not if I marry Lady Charlotte.

MR. BELLAMANT. I think you are happy in being engaged to no more disagreeable woman.

MR. GAYWIT. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but were she every thing a lover could wish, or even imagine—there is a woman, my friend—

MR. BELLAMANT. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity you.

MR. GAYWIT. Didst thou know how I love, you would pity me: but didst thou know whom, couldst thou look upon her with eyes like mine, couldst thou behold beauty, wit, sense, good-nature, contending which should adorn her most?

MR. BELLAMANT. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

MR. GAYWIT. But, I suppose, the ladies have by this discharged their visitant. Now if you please, we will attend them.

MR. BELLAMANT. You will excuse me, if I leave you with them; which I will not do, unless you promise I shall find you at my return.

MR. GAYWIT. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; so dispose of me as you please.

SCENE VII.—MRS. MODERN'S *House*.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN. I think I ought to blame your unkindness—I have not seen you so long.

LORD RICHLY. Do you think a week so long?

MRS. MODERN. Once you would have thought so.

LORD RICHLY. Why, truly, hours in the spring of love are something shorter than they are in the winter.

MRS. MODERN. Barbarous man! do you insult me, after what I have done for you?

LORD RICHLY. I fancy those favours have been reciprocal.

MRS. MODERN. Have I not given you up my virtue?

LORD RICHLY. And have I not paid for your virtue, madam? I am sure I am 1,500*l.* out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

MRS. MODERN. Why do you come to torment me with her?

LORD RICHLY. Why, I would have you act like other prudent women in a lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

MRS. MODERN. Monster! insupportable!

LORD RICHLY. You may rave, madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people enow will—I fixed on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think when a man is to lay out his money, he is always to do it with his friends.

MRS. MODERN. I'll bear it no longer.

LORD RICHLY. Nor I.

MRS. MODERN. Stay, my lord, can you be so cruel?

LORD RICHLY. Pshaw!

} [*Going.*

[*Going.*

MRS. MODERN. Oh! stay! stay!—you know my necessities.

LORD RICHLY. And, I think, I propose a very good cure for them.

MRS. MODERN. Lend me a hundred guineas.

LORD RICHLY. I will do more.

MRS. MODERN. Generous creature!

LORD RICHLY. I'll give you—twenty.

MRS. MODERN. Do you jest with my necessity?

LORD RICHLY. Lookye, madam, if you will do a good-natured thing for me, I will oblige you in return, as I promised you before, and I think that very good payment.

MRS. MODERN. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at least.

LORD RICHLY. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belie your hearts, when you use us ill—In using you so we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter a SERVANT, who delivers a letter to MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand—and the note that I desired—This is lucky indeed.

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE
GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know, I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not to be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. How can you be surprised at one of no taste, Lady Charlotte?

MRS. MODERN. I suppose it was very full?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! everybody was there; all the world.

MR. GAYWIT. How can that be, Lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part as Mrs. Modern was wanting?

MRS. MODERN. Civil creature! when will you say such a thing?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. When I am as dull, madam.

LORD RICHLY. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satire.

MR. GAYWIT. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natured thing, as want of sense to do one.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! I would not say a good-natured thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natured thing in your life?

MR. GAYWIT. But I am afraid, Lady Charlotte, though wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I'll give you leave to say any thing, after what I have said this morning—Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing-box! such japanning—he! he! he!—she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times before she discovered she had placed the wrong side upwards.

MRS. MODERN. I have had just such another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a chest, and now I dislike it of all things.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myself.

EMILIA. You are the only person that dislikes, I dare say, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh, you flattering creature! I wish you could bring my papa to your opinion. He says I throw away more money in work than in play.

MRS. MODERN. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I sent my chest to be sold, what do you think I was offered for my thirty pounds' worth of work?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I don't know, fifty guineas, perhaps.

MRS. MODERN. Twenty shillings, as I live.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! intolerable! Oh! insufferable!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. But are we to have no hazard this morning?

MRS. MODERN. With all my heart—Lord Richly, what say you?

LORD RICHLY. My vote always goes with the majority, madam.

MRS. MODERN. Come, then, the shrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.

MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

EMILIA. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gamester?

MR. GAYWIT. No, madam; when I play, 'tis the utmost stretch of my complaisance.

EMILIA. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myself; for, I assure you, we are both of the same opinion.

MR. GAYWIT. I wish we were so in every thing.

EMILIA. Sir!

MR. GAYWIT. I say, madam, I wish all of my opinions were as well seconded; and yet, methinks, I would not have your thoughts the same with mine.

EMILIA. Why so, pray?

MR. GAYWIT. Because you must have then many an unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid will be still my heartiest prayer.

EMILIA. I am obliged to you, sir.

MR. GAYWIT. Indeed you are not. It is a self-interested wish: for, believe me, to see the least affliction attend you would give this breast the greatest agony it is capable of feeling.

EMILIA. Nay, this is so extravagant a flight, I know not what to call it.

MR. GAYWIT. Nor I——call it a just admiration of the highest worth, call it the tenderest friendship if you please; though much I fear it merits the sweetest, softest name that can be given to any of our passions. If there be a passion pure without alloy, as tender and soft, as violent and strong, you cannot sure miscall it by that name.

EMILIA. You grow now too philosophical for me to understand you: besides, you would, I am sure, be best understood ironically; for who can believe any thing of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath asserted that he is unhappy?

MR. GAYWIT. Nay, I will leave my case to your own determination when you know it. Suppose me obliged to marry the woman I don't like, debarred for ever from her I love, I dote on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppose me obliged to forsake her, and marry——another.

EMILIA. But I cannot suppose you obliged to that.

MR. GAYWIT. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I could convince you.

EMILIA. I know not why I may not be excused a little concern for one who hath expressed so much for me.

MR. GAYWIT. Then, madam, the settlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry Lady Charlotte Gaywit.

EMILIA. How!—but suppose the refusal were on Lady Charlotte's side?

MR. GAYWIT. That is my only hope.

EMILIA. And I can assure you your hope is not ill-grounded.

MR. GAYWIT. I know she hath expressed some dislike to me; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike, as her affection; and whom the prospect of grandeur would easily make obedient to her father's commands.

EMILIA. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

MR. GAYWIT. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

SCENE X.

MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA, LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

MRS. MODERN. Victoria! Victoria!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Stript, by Jupiter!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Eleven mains together; Modern, you are a devil.

EMILIA. What's the matter, Lady Charlotte?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held in nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

MR. GAYWIT. She has always great luck at Hazard.

LORD RICHLY. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

MRS. MODERN. Surprising to me; for it is the first success I have had this month; and I am sure my Quadrille makes every one a sufficient amends for my Hazard.

LORD RICHLY. You are one of those, whose winning nobody ever heard of, or whose losing no one ever saw.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. But you forgot the auction, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. What have I to do at an auction, that am ruined and undone?

MR. GAYWIT. As much as many that are undone; bid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or if the hammer should fall upon you, before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

MRS. MODERN. How polite is that now! Gaywit will grow shortly as well-bred as Madcap.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. We shall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! the most agreeable creature in the world—he has more wit than anybody, he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. Emilia, we will just call there, and then I'll set you down at home.

EMILIA. Let us but just call, then.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never stay above six minutes anywhere. Well, you never will reform.

LORD RICHLY. I desire, Charlotte, you would be at home by four.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I shall very easily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at. Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more business than half the world upon my hands, and I must positively call at the auction.

MR. GAYWIT. Where you have no business, it seems.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Impertinent! Modern, your servant.

SCENE XI.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. I only waited till you were alone, madam—to renew my business.

MRS. MODERN. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wish you would omit both.

LORD RICHLY. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

MRS. MODERN. But if you please, my lord, to truce with your proposals, and let Piquet be the word.

LORD RICHLY. So, you have taken money out of my daughter's hands, to put it into mine.

MRS. MODERN. Be not confident—I have been too hard for you before now.

LORD RICHLY. Well, and without a compliment, I know none whom I would sooner lose to than yourself; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and plays as ill, the money we lose, by a surprising ill fortune, is only lent.

MRS. MODERN. Methinks, my lord, you should be fearful of deterring me by this plain dealing.

LORD RICHLY. I am better acquainted with your sex. It

is as impossible to persuade a woman that she plays ill, as that she looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glass.

Her want of skill, for want of luck must pass ;
As want of beauty's owing to her glass.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN. Can you be so cruel ?

LORD RICHLY. Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole estate; I am sure I would as soon give it you.

MRS. MODERN. An everlasting curse attend the cards! to be repiqued from forty, when I played but for five! my lord, I believe you a cheat.

LORD RICHLY. At your service, madam—when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

MRS. MODERN. Stay, my lord —— give me the twenty guineas.

LORD RICHLY. On my conditions.

MRS. MODERN. Any conditions.

LORD RICHLY. Then you must contrive, some way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant, at your house.

MRS. MODERN. Mrs. Bellamant!

LORD RICHLY. Why do you start at that name ?

MRS. MODERN. She has the reputation of the strictest virtue of any woman in town.

LORD RICHLY. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! so have you, and so have several of my acquaintance; there are as few women

who have not the reputation of virtue as that have the thing itself.

MRS. MODERN. And what do you propose by meeting her here?

LORD RICHLY. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propose; though by your question one would imagine you expected it.

MRS. MODERN. I expect any thing from you, rather than civility, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

MRS. MODERN. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of seeing you desert her, as you have done me.

LORD RICHLY. Which is a pleasure you'll certainly have: and the sooner you compass my wishes, the sooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this passion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondness.

MRS. MODERN. Excuse my incredulity, my lord; for, though love can change its object, it can never return to the same again.

LORD RICHLY. I may convince you of the contrary—— but to our business; fortune has declared on our side already, by sending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect shadow of her husband; they are as inseparable as Lady Coquette and her lap-dog.

MRS. MODERN. Yes, or as her ladyship and her impertinence; or her lap-dog and his smell. Well, it is to me surprising, how women of fashion can carry husbands, children, and lap-dogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

LORD RICHLY. If the ladies were not fonder of their lap-dogs than of their husbands, we should have no more dogs in St. James's parish than there are lions at the Tower.

MRS. MODERN. It is an uncommon bravery in you to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

LORD RICHLY. She that is fond of one man may be fond of another. Fondness, in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man, and one game; but will incline her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit, and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind—Psha! He here!—

SCENE II.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

MR. MODERN. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

LORD RICHLY. Have you seen this new opera, madam?

MRS. MODERN. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera, now poor La Dovi's gone.

LORD RICHLY. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

MRS. MODERN. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest I have often resolved to follow her into Italy.

LORD RICHLY. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope.

MRS. MODERN. But the mien of La Dovi, then her judgment in singing; the moment she entered the stage I have wished myself all eyes.

LORD RICHLY. And the moment A la Fama sung I have wished myself all ears.

MR. MODERN. I find I am no desired part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence, requiring my attendance, prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE III.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. This unseasonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my design. Pox on him, a husband, like the fool in a play, is of no use but to cause confusion.

MRS. MODERN. You would have an opportunity at my house, and to procure it, I must be acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not apprized of—Mr. Bellamant is an humble servant of mine.

LORD RICHLY. That is lucky, indeed; could we give her a cause of suspicion that way, it were a lively prospect of my success, as persuading a thief that his companion is false is the surest way to make him so.

MRS. MODERN. A very pretty comparison of your lordship's between the two states.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, Mr. Bellamant desires to know if your ladyship is at home.

MRS. MODERN. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

LORD RICHLY. Thou dear creature, let me but succeed in this affair, I'll give three millions.

MRS. MODERN. More gold, and fewer promises, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. A hundred guineas shall be the price of our first interview.

MRS. MODERN. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back way, that he may not see you.

LORD RICHLY. Adieu, my Machiavil.

SCENE IV.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House*.

MRS. BELLAMANT, MR. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

MRS. BELLAMANT. And so, Lady Willitt, after all her protestations against matrimony, has at last generously

bestowed herself on a young fellow with no fortune, the famous beau Smirk.

EMILIA. She was proof against every thing but charity.

MR. GAYWIT. To which all other virtues should be sacrificed, as it is the greatest; the ladies are apt to value themselves on their virtue; as a rich citizen does on his purse; and I do not know which is of the greatest use to the public.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Nor I, which are the oftenest bankrupts.

MR. GAYWIT. And as, in the city, they suspect a man who is ostentatious of his riches; so should I the woman who makes the most noise of her virtue.

MRS. BELLAMANT. We are all the least solicitous about perfections, which we are well assured of our possessing. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

EMILIA. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her false locks; and have seen a pair of squinting eyes that never smiled at a compliment made to any other feature.

MR. GAYWIT. Yes, madam, and I know a pretty gentleman who obliges me very often with his ill-spelt songs; and a very ugly poet, who hath made me a present of his picture.

EMILIA. Well, since you see it is so agreeable to flatter one's blind side, I think you have no excuse to compliment on the other.

MR. GAYWIT. Then I shall have a very good excuse to make you no compliment at all. But this I assure you, Emilia, the first imperfection I discover, I will tell you of it with the utmost sincerity.

EMILIA. And I assure you, with the utmost sincerity, I shall not thank you for it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the most open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE V.

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT,
MR. GAYWIT.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make some excuse for me ; I see Emilia is going to chide me for staying so long. When did she know the fatigue I had this afternoon—I was just going into my coach when Lady Twitter came in, and forced me away to a fan-shop. Well, I have seen a set of the prettiest fans to-day. My dear creature, where did you get that lace? I never saw any thing so ravishing.

EMILIA. I cannot see any thing so extraordinary in it.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. It could not cost less than ten pound a yard—Oh! Mr. Gaywit, are you here?

EMILIA. He goes with us to the play.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh hateful! how can you bear him? I would as soon to the chapel with Lady Prude: I saw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Do you think he need be ashamed of that, Lady Charlotte?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I would as soon laugh at a comedy, or fall asleep at an opera.

MRS. BELLAMANT. What is the play to-night?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I never know that. Miss Rattle and I saw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think, one only goes to see the company, and there will be a great deal to-night: for the Duchess of Simpleton sent to me this morning. Emilia, you must go with me after the play: I must make just fourteen visits between nine and ten: yesterday was the first payment I have made since I came to town, and I was able to compass no more than three and forty; though I only found my Lady Sober at home, and she was at Quadrille—Lud, Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me surprising, when you played so very well.

MRS. BELLAMANT. And yet I believe you hardly ever saw me win.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no mistakes.

MR. GAYWIT. Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Do you hear him?

EMILIA. Oh! he sets up for a plain-dealer, that is, one who shows his wit at the expense of his breeding.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Yes, and at the expense of his truth.

EMILIA. Never mind him, Lady Charlotte, you will have the town on your side.

MR. GAYWIT. Yes, they will all speak for you that play against you.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. This is downright insupportable.

SCENE VI.

MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, MR. GAYWIT, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! here's Captain Bellamant shall be my voucher.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. That you may be assured of, Lady Charlotte, for I have so implicit a faith in your ladyship, that I know you are in the right before you speak.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at Quadrille.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. He may as well deny that your ladyship sees; besides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never saw play at all.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! abominable! then he does not live at all. I wish my whole life was one party at Quadrille.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. As a Spaniard's is a game at Chess, egad.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I never intend to sacrifice my time entirely to play, till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

MR. GAYWIT. Right, madam, I think the votaries to gaming should be such as want helps for conversation: and none should have always cards in their hands, but those who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Thus gaming would be of service to the public of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonsense; as a war is of service to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Intolerable! Mrs. Bellamant an advocate against play?

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, EMILIA, MRS. BELLAMANT.

LORD RICHLY. Who is an advocate against play?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Mrs. Bellamant, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. She is grown a perfect deserter from the Beau Monde: she has declared herself against Mr. Crambo too.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Against dear Mr. Crambo!

MRS. BELLAMANT. I am only for indulging reason in our entertainments, my lord. I must own, when I see a polite audience pleased at seeing Bedlam on the stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place. J←

LORD RICHLY. Now, I am never entertained better.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Nor I. Oh, dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charmed with those delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. And your ladyship has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that could have the boldness to attempt you, might with much less madness dream of a throne.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Well, I should like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Were I a king, Lady Charlotte, you should have your wish.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Ay, but then I must have you too.—I would not have an odious filthy he-creature for the world.

MR. GAYWIT. Faith, you cannot easily find any who is less of the he-creature. [*Aside.*]

EMILIA. But, Lady Charlotte, we shall be too late for the play.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life—but do you think I'll suffer you in my coach?

MR. GAYWIT. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady into it.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. And me to put your ladyship in.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, your humble servant.

LORD RICHLY. Shall I have the honour, in the mean time, of entertaining you at piquet?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Your lordship has such a vast advantage over me——

LORD RICHLY. None in the least: but if you think so, madam, I'll give you what points you please.

MRS. BELLAMANT. For one party, then, my lord.—Get cards there—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

LORD RICHLY. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I wish thee—Let me see—she goes into the country in a fortnight—Now, if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII.—MRS. MODERN'S *House*.

MRS. MODERN, MR. BELLAMANT.

MRS. MODERN. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you?

MR. BELLAMANT. You wrong me, I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too public for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the world, may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

MRS. MODERN. Do you insult me with your wife's virtue? You! who have robbed me of mine?—yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and if henceforth I ever listen to the Siren persuasions of your false ungrateful sex, may I—

MR. BELLAMANT. But hear me, madam.

MRS. MODERN. Would I had never heard, nor seen, nor known you.

MR. BELLAMANT. If I alone have robbed you of your honour, it is you alone have robbed me of mine.

MRS. MODERN. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

MR. BELLAMANT. Madam, I say, my honour; if to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love, and virtue; if to hazard the making her miserable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I do still for you.

MRS. MODERN. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. Bellamant, of what we have done for one another; perhaps the balance may be on your side: if so, it must be still greater; for I have one request which I must not be denied.

MR. BELLAMANT. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

MRS. MODERN. Then for the sake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealousy in my husband, bring me acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BELLAMANT. Ha!

MRS. MODERN. By which means we shall have more frequent opportunities together.

MR. BELLAMANT. Of what use your acquaintance can be, I know not.

MRS. MODERN. Do you scruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me; you will not introduce a woman of stained virtue to your wife; can you, who caused my crime, be the first to condemn me for it?

MR. BELLAMANT. Since you impute my caution to so wrong a cause, I am willing to prove your error.

MRS. MODERN. Let our acquaintance begin this night then; try if you cannot bring her hither now.

MR. BELLAMANT. I will try, nay, and I will succeed: for oh! I have sacrificed the best of wives to your love.

MRS. MODERN. I envy, not admire her for an affection which any woman might preserve to you.

MR. BELLAMANT. I fly to execute your commands.

MRS. MODERN. Stay—I—

MR. BELLAMANT. Speak.

MRS. MODERN. I must ask one last favour of you—and yet I know not how—though it be a trifle, and I will repay it—only lend me another hundred guineas.

MR. BELLAMANT. Your request, madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.

MRS. MODERN. [*Sola.*] And I shall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou ass, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold, as well as her person; but thou wilt find, though a woman often sells her person, she always gives her heart.

SCENE X.—MRS. BELLAMANT'S *House*.LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, *at Piquet*.

LORD RICHLY. Six parties successively! sure Fortune will change soon, or I shall believe she is not blind.

MRS. BELLAMANT. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with such ill-luck, that I shall press my victory no farther at present. Besides, I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my side.

LORD RICHLY. Can you change this note, madam?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Let it alone, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. Excuse me, madam, if I am superstitiously observant to pay my losings before I rise from the table.— Besides, madam, it will give me an infinite pleasure to have the finest woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the honour of seeing you again. Nay, madam, I must insist on it, though I am forced to leave it in your hands thus—

SCENE XI.

MRS. BELLAMANT. [*Sola.*] What can this mean!—I am confident too that he lost the last party designedly. I observed him fix his eyes steadfastly on mine, and sigh, and seem careless of his game—It must be so—he certainly hath a design on me. I will return him this note immediately, and am resolved never to see him more.

SCENE XII.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

MRS. BELLAMANT. My dear! where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company since dinner.

MR. BELLAMANT. I have been upon business of very great consequence, my dear.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Is it fit for me to hear?

MR. BELLAMANT. No, my dear, it would only make you uneasy.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Nay, then I must hear it, that I may share your concern.

MR. BELLAMANT. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to assist me; for since you will know it, an affair hath happened, which makes it necessary for me to pay a hundred guineas this very evening.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Is that all?

MR. BELLAMANT. That, indeed, was once a trifle—but now it makes me uneasy.

MRS. BELLAMANT. So it doth not me, because it is in my power to supply you.—Here is a note for that sum; but I must be positively repaid within a day or two: it is only a friend's money trusted in my hands.

MR. BELLAMANT. My dear, sure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee still the instrument of all its good to me.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Be assured I desire no greater blessing than the continual reflection of having pleased you.

MR. BELLAMANT. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Whatever engagement I have, it is in your power to break.

MR. BELLAMANT. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance: one who I believe you never visited, but must know by sight—Mrs. Modern.

MRS. BELLAMANT. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

SCENE XIII.

MR. BELLAMANT. [*Solus.*] What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman? How do I injure her! while she perceives no abatement

in my passion, she is not injured by its inward decay : nor can I give her a secret pain, while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed, indebted for the favours he receives : but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note, was as lucky as it was unexpected—Ha!—the same I gave this morning to Mrs. Modern. Amazement! what can this mean?

SCENE XIV.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

MR. BELLAMANT. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me how came you by this?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

MR. BELLAMANT. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I beg you not to press me: perhaps you will oblige me to sacrifice a friend's reputation.

MR. BELLAMANT. The secret shall rest in my bosom, I assure you.

MRS. BELLAMANT. But suppose I should have promised not to suffer it from my own.

MR. BELLAMANT. A husband's command breaks any promise.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I am surprised to see you so solicitous about a trifle.

MR. BELLAMANT. I am rather surprised to find you so tenacious of one; besides, be assured, you cannot have half the reason to suppress the discovery as I to insist upon it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. What is your reason?

MR. BELLAMANT. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Your curiosity shall be satisfied, then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get absolved from my promise of secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my trust.

MR. BELLAMANT. [*Aside.*] She certainly hath not discovered my falsehood, that were impossible: besides, I may satisfy myself immediately by Mrs. Modern.

MRS. BELLAMANT. What makes you uneasy? I assure you there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

MR. BELLAMANT. I believe it, at least I shall give up my curiosity to your desire.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I am ready to wait on you.

MR. BELLAMANT. I must make a short visit first on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

SCENE XV.

MRS. BELLAMANT. [*Sola.*] What can have given him this curiosity I know not; but should I have discovered the truth, who can tell into what suspicions it might have betrayed him? His jealous honour might have resolved on some fatal return to Lord Richly, had he taken it in the same way as I do; whereas, by keeping the secret, I preserve him every way from danger; for I myself will secure his honour without exposing his person. I will myself give Lord Richly his discharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin! For, surely, the lightest suspicion of a husband is ruin, indeed!

When innocence can scarce our lives defend,
What dangers must the guilty wife attend?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MRS. MODERN'S *House*.

MR. MODERN, MRS. MODERN.

MR. MODERN. In short, madam, you shall not drive a separate trade at my expense. Your person is mine: I bought it lawfully in the church; and unless I am to profit by the disposal, I shall keep it all for my own use.

MRS. MODERN. This insolence is not to be borne.

MR. MODERN. Have I not winked at all your intrigues? Have I not pretended business, to leave you and your gallants together? Have I not been the most obsequious, observant—

MRS. MODERN. Out with it; you know what you are.

MR. MODERN. Do you upbraid me with your vices, madam?

MRS. MODERN. My vices!—Call it obedience to a husband's will. Can you deny that you have yourself persuaded me to the undertaking? Can you forget the arguments you used to convince me that virtue was the lightest of bubbles?

MR. MODERN. I own it all; and had I felt the sweets of your pleasures, as at first, I had never once upbraided you with them; but, as I must more than share the dishonour, it is surely reasonable I should share the profit.

MRS. MODERN. And have you not?

MR. MODERN. What if I have?

MRS. MODERN. Why do you complain then?

MR. MODERN. Because I find those effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleasures—and you lose to the knaves of your own sex what you get from the fools of ours.

MRS. MODERN. 'Tis false; you know I seldom lose—Nor indeed can I considerably; for I have not lately had

it in my power to stake high: Lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

MR. MODERN. I hope, madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

MRS. MODERN. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

MR. MODERN. As young as it is, I have reason to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impossible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect some from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am sure if women sprung from the earth, as some philosophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the sands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

MRS. MODERN. Very true; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. *[Laughing.]*

MR. MODERN. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enslaved my wife; or a Chinese, that I might have sold her!

MRS. MODERN. That would have been only the custom of the country; you have done more, you have sold her in England; in a country where women are as backward to be sold to a lover as to refuse him; and where cuckold is almost the only title of honour that can't be bought.

MR. MODERN. This ludicrous behaviour, madam, as ill becomes the present subject, as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderness you this morning expressed for your reputation. In short, it is impossible that your amours should be secret long; and however careless you have been of me whilst I have had my horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in public.

MRS. MODERN. What would you have me do?

MR. MODERN. Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster Hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity.—The law will give you more in one moment, than his love for many years.

MRS. MODERN. Don't think of it.

MR. MODERN. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house, and retire into the country.

MRS. MODERN. Racks and tortures are in that name.

MR. MODERN. But many more are in that of a prison: so you must resolve either to quit the town, or submit to my reasons.

MRS. MODERN. When reputation is gone all places are alike: when I am despised in it I shall hate the town as much as now I like it.

MR. MODERN. There are other places, and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

MRS. MODERN. I cannot resolve.

MR. MODERN. But I can: if you will keep your reputation, you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—In town it is of none—or if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

MRS. MODERN. You never had any love for me.

MR. MODERN. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and starved you?—No—I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done: and yet, while I have winked at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it every where?

MRS. MODERN. So has Lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation would sully a woman of honour.

MR. MODERN. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said.

[Exit.

MRS. MODERN. What shall I do? Can I bear to be the

public scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or to retire with a man whom I hate and despise? Hold: there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now could I persuade him to fly away with me — Impossible! he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

SCENE II.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. What success, my angel?

MRS. MODERN. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish, or husbands fear: she will be here.

LORD RICHLY. When?

MRS. MODERN. Now, to-night, instantly.

LORD RICHLY. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee?

MRS. MODERN. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

LORD RICHLY. They shall; and if she yields, a thousand.

MRS. MODERN. That you must not expect yet.

LORD RICHLY. By Heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank note of a hundred^s for the payment of six pounds.

MRS. MODERN. And did she receive it?

LORD RICHLY. With the same reluctance that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court-priest a plurality.

MRS. MODERN. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

LORD RICHLY. Hope; there is certainty: the next attempt must carry her.

MRS. MODERN. You have a hundred friends in the garrison, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it. I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands: she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

MRS. MODERN. You are very generous, my lord.

LORD RICHLY. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures; and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

MRS. MODERN. I am as much pleased as surprised at this your prospect of success; and from this day forward I will think with you all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

LORD RICHLY. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, every where, and no where at all: its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me, but I had the power of laying it.

MRS. MODERN. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that power.

LORD RICHLY. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge—the two darling passions of your sex.

MRS. MODERN. But how is it possible for me to leave you together without the most abrupt rudeness?

LORD RICHLY. Never regard that; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so seasonable.

MRS. MODERN. Mr. Bellamant too will be with her.

LORD RICHLY. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room; and, as he does not suspect the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company.

MRS. MODERN. Sure you will not attempt his wife while he is in the house.

LORD RICHLY. Pish! he is in that dependence on my

interest, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himself her pander. I have made twenty such men subscribe themselves cuckolds by the prospect of one place, which not one of them ever had.

MRS. MODERN. So that your fools are not caught like the fish in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a shadow.

LORD RICHLY. Besides, I may possibly find a pretence of sending him away.

MRS. MODERN. Go then to the chocolate-house, and leave a servant to bring you word of their arrival. It will be better you should come in to them than they find you here.

LORD RICHLY. I will be guided by you in all things; and be assured the consummation of my wishes shall be the success of your own. *[Exit Lord Richly.]*

MRS. MODERN. That they shall indeed, though in a way you little imagine. This forwardness of Mrs. Bellamant's meets my swiftest wishes. Could I once give Bellamant reason to suspect his wife, I despair not of the happiest effect of his passion for me.—Ha! he's here, and alone.

SCENE III.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

MRS. MODERN. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

MR. BELLAMANT. She will be here immediately. But I chose a few moments' privacy with you; first to deliver you this, and next to ask you one question, which do not be startled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

MRS. MODERN. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will still do so: so let me return you this.

MR. BELLAMANT. Do not so injuriously mistake me. Nothing but the most extraordinary reason could force me

to ask you ; know then that the very note you had of me this morning, I received within this hour from my wife.

MRS. MODERN. Ha, ha, ha!

MR. BELLAMANT. Why do you laugh, madam?

MRS. MODERN. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found, when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

MR. BELLAMANT. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

MRS. MODERN. Nay, nay, sir ; you must not leave out your wife, especially you that have the best wife in the world, ha, ha, ha!

MR. BELLAMANT. Forgive me, madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

MRS. MODERN. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion ; you are not singular in it, I assure you ; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

MR. BELLAMANT. I am indifferent how many she has since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

MRS. MODERN. "It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's."

Ha, ha, ha!

MR. BELLAMANT. I cannot guess your meaning.

MRS. MODERN. Then to introduce my explanation, the note you lent me I lost at piquet to Lord Richly.

MR. BELLAMANT. To Lord Richly!

MRS. MODERN. Who perhaps might dispose of it to some who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

MR. BELLAMANT. I know not what to suppose.

MRS. MODERN. Nor I ; for sure one cannot suppose, especially since you have the best wife in the world ; one cannot suppose that it could be a present from Lord Richly to herself ; that she received it ; that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

MR. BELLAMANT. Suppose! Hell and damnation! No.

MRS. MODERN. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

MR. BELLAMANT. Affirm?

MRS. MODERN. And yet all this is true; as true as she is false. Nay, you shall have an instance; an immediate, undeniable instance. You shall see it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears.

MR. BELLAMANT. Am I alive?

MRS. MODERN. If all the husbands of these best wives in the world are dead, we are a strange nation of ghosts. If you will be prudent, and be like the rest of your brethren, keep the affair secret; I assure you, I'll never discover it.

MR. BELLAMANT. Secret! Yes, as inward fire, till sure destruction shall attend its blaze. But why do I rage? It is impossible; she must be innocent.

MRS. MODERN. Then Lord Richly is still a greater villain to belie that innocence to me. But give yourself no pain or anxiety, since you are so shortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither; Lord Richly will be here almost as soon as you: then feign some excuse to leave the room; I will soon follow you, and convey you where you shall have an opportunity of being a witness either to her innocence or her guilt.

MR. BELLAMANT. This goodness, my sweetest creature, shall bind me yours for ever.

MRS. MODERN. To convince you that is all I desire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you please.

MR. BELLAMANT. That must be the subject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but satisfaction in this affair. [Exit.]

MRS. MODERN. Do you demur to my offer, sir? Oh, the villain! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looser pleasures, and his wife yet sits nearest his heart. But I shall change the angel form she wears into a devil's—Nor shall my revenge stop there.—But at present I must resolve my temper into a calm——Lately!

SCENE IV.

MRS. MODERN, LATELY.

MRS. MODERN. Come hither, Lately ; get me some citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

LATELY. Yes, madam.

MRS. MODERN. To be slighted in this manner! insupportable!—What is the fool doing?

LATELY. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyship drank the last half-pint this morning.

MRS. MODERN. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the surfeit-water, or the aniseed-water, or the plague-water, or any water.

LATELY. Here, madam.

[*Brings the bottle and glass, and fills.*

MRS. MODERN. [*Drinks. Looks in the glass.*]—Lord, how I look!—Oh? frightful—I am quite shocking.

LATELY. In my opinion, your ladyship never looked better.

MRS. MODERN. Go, you flatterer, I look 'like my Lady Grim.

LATELY. Where are your ladyship's little eyes, your short nose, your wan complexion, and your low forehead?

MRS. MODERN. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her shoulders: so that if you view her behind, she seems to walk without her head, and lessen the miracle of St. Dennis.

LATELY. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's sword; and her disdainful right is never seen, like its blade.

MRS. MODERN. Then she has two legs, one of which seems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedness.

LATELY. And yet she thinks herself a beauty.

MRS. MODERN. She is, indeed, the perfection of ugliness.

LATELY. And a wit, I warrant you.

MRS. MODERN. No doubt she must be very quick-sighted, for her eyes are almost crept into her brain.

LATELY *and* MRS. MODERN. He, he, he!

MRS. MODERN. And yet the detestable creature hath not had sense enough, with all her deformity, to preserve her reputation.

LATELY. I never heard, I own, any thing against that.

MRS. MODERN. You hear! you fool, you dunce, what should you hear? Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel?

LATELY. Oh, lud! what a memory I have! Oh, yes, madam, she has been quite notorious. It is surprising a little discretion should not preserve her from such public—

MRS. MODERN. If she had my discretion, or yours, Lately.

LATELY. Your ladyship will make me proud, indeed, madam.

MRS. MODERN. I never could see any want of sense in you, Lately. I could not bear to have an insensible creature about me. I know several women of fashion I could not support for a tiring woman. What think you of Mrs. Charmer?

LATELY. Think of her! that were I a man, she should be the last woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, squinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puss.

MRS. MODERN. Upon my word, Lately, you have a vast deal of wit too.

LATELY. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes to your ladyship. I wish your ladyship wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I should soon grow rich.

MRS. MODERN. You shall not complain of either. Oh! [*Knocking.*] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [*Exit.*]

LATELY. I know not whether my talent of praise or of slander is of more service to me; whether I get more by flattering my lady, or abusing all her acquaintance.

SCENE V.

JOHN, LATELY.

JOHN. So, Mrs. Lately, you forget your old acquaintance; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

LATELY. Odious fellow!

JOHN. I would have you to know I look on myself to be as good as your new sweetheart, though he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too; and so you may tell him. Why does not he stay at home? What does he come into our family for?

LATELY. Who gave you authority to inquire, sirrah?

JOHN. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promise to marry me: well, I shall say no more; but times are coming, when you may wish you had not forsaken me. I have a secret.

LATELY. A secret! Oh, let me hear it.

JOHN. No, no, mistress, I shall keep my secrets as well as you can yours.

LATELY. Nay, now you are unkind; you know though I suffer Tom Brisk to visit me you have my heart still.

JOHN. Ah! you do but say so! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear; I am going to the devil for you.

LATELY. The devil you are! Going to the devil for me! What does the fool mean?

JOHN. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

LATELY. A hundred pounds! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear John?

JOHN. Only by a little swearing.

LATELY. What are you to swear?

JOHN. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury; for I have sworn already I would not trust it with any body.

LATELY. Oh, but you may trust me.

JOHN. And if you should trust somebody else.

LATELY. The devil fetch me if I do.

JOHN. Then my master is to give me a hundred pound to swear that he is a cuckold.

LATELY. What's this?

JOHN. Why, my master has offered me a hundred pound, if I discover my lady and Mr. Bellamant in a proper manner; and, let me but see them together, I'll swear to the manner, I warrant you.

LATELY. But can you do this with a safe conscience?

JOHN. Conscience, pshaw! which would you choose, a husband with a hundred pound, or a safe conscience? Come, give me a dram out of your mistress's closet; and there I'll tell you more.

LATELY. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.—*Scene changes to another Apartment.*

LORD RICHLY, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT,
MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. Well, madam, you have drawn a most delightful sketch of life.

MRS. MODERN. Then it is still life; for I dare swear there never were such people breathing.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Don't you believe then, madam, it is possible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without desiring any other company?

MRS. MODERN. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in those of Great Britain, I believe not.

LORD RICHLY. I must subscribe to that too.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Mr. Bellamant, what say you?

MR. BELLAMANT. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

LORD RICHLY. This is a miracle almost equal to the

other, to see a husband and wife of the same opinion. I must be a convert too; for it would be the greatest miracle of all to find Mrs. Bellamant in the wrong.

MRS. BELLAMANT. It would be a much greater to find want of complaisance in Lord Richly.

MR. BELLAMANT. [*Aside.*] Confusion!

MRS. MODERN. Nay, madam, this is hardly so; for I have heard his lordship say the same in your absence.

LORD RICHLY. Dear Bellamant, I believe I have had an opportunity to serve you this afternoon. I have spoke to Lord Powerful; he says he is very willing to do for you. Sir Peter, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

MR. BELLAMANT. I shall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

LORD RICHLY. The loss of an hour hath been often the loss of a place; and, unless you have something of greater consequence, I must advise you as a friend.

MR. BELLAMANT. I shall find a method of thanking you. [*Aside.*]

MRS. MODERN. Make this a handle to slip out, I'll come into the next room to you. [*Aside to Mr. Bellamant.*]

MR. BELLAMANT. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendship. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: Mrs. Modern, I am your humble servant.

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN.

LORD RICHLY. I wish you success, you may command any thing in my power to forward it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. Mr. Bellamant is more indebted to your lordship than he will be ever able to pay.

LORD RICHLY. Mr. Bellamant, madam, has a friend, who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

MRS. MODERN. I am forced to be guilty of a great piece of rudeness by leaving you one moment.

LORD RICHLY. And I shall not be guilty of losing it.

[*Aside.*

MRS. BELLAMANT. What can this mean?

[*Aside.*

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT.

LORD RICHLY. And can you, madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

MRS. BELLAMANT. With pleasure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

LORD RICHLY. Is it possible any man can be so happy?

MRS. BELLAMANT. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant so.

LORD RICHLY. If he be I pity him much less for his losses than I envy him the love of her in whose power it may be to redress them.

MRS. BELLAMANT. You surprise me, my lord: in my power?

LORD RICHLY. Yes, madam; for whatever is in the power of man is in yours: I am sure, what little assistance mine can give is readily at your devotion. My interest and fortune are all in these dear hands; in short, madam, I have languished a long time for an opportunity to tell you that I have the most violent passion for you.

MRS. BELLAMANT. My lord, I have been unwilling to understand you; but now your expression leaves me no other doubt but whether I hate or despise you most.

LORD RICHLY. Are these the ungrateful returns you give my love?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Is this the friendship you have professed to Mr. Bellamant?

LORD RICHLY. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an instance of my future favours.

[Puts a bank note in her hand; she throws it away.]

MRS. BELLAMANT. And this of my reception of them. Be assured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be revenged; my husband shall know his obligations to you.

LORD RICHLY. I have gone too far to retreat, madam! if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be obliged to your prudence. How many families are supported by this method which you start at? Does not many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

MRS. BELLAMANT. My lord, this insolence is intolerable; and from this hour I never will see your face again.

[A noise without.]

LORD RICHLY. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

SCENE IX.

MR. MODERN, *with Servants*, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN,
LORD RICHLY, MRS. BELLAMANT.

MR. MODERN. Come out, strumpet, show thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injured husband.

LORD RICHLY. I have no farther business here at present; for, I fear, more husbands have discovered injuries, than one.

[Exit.]

MRS. BELLAMANT. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see!

MR. BELLAMANT. This was a masterpiece of my evil genius.

MR. MODERN. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unrevenged; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

MR. MODERN. Thou hast a forehead that would defend

itself from any shame whatsoever; for that, you have grafted on my forehead, I thank you and this worthy gentleman.

MRS. MODERN. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation. [Exit.

MR. MODERN. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man [*Pointing to the servant*] is evidence of the fact of your dishonour and mine. And for you, sir, [*To Bellamant*] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law will give me; so I shall leave you, at present, to give satisfaction to your wife.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.

MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT.

MR. BELLAMANT. [*After some pause.*] When the criminal turns his own accuser, the merciful judge becomes his advocate; guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I stand prepared to receive what sentence you please.

MRS. BELLAMANT. As you are your own accuser, be your own judge; you can inflict no punishment on yourself equal to what I feel.

MR. BELLAMANT. Death has no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involved thee too in my ruin, and thou must be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

MRS. BELLAMANT. While I was assured of your truth I could have thought that happiness enough; yet I have still this to comfort me, the same moment that has betrayed your guilt has discovered my innocence.

MR. BELLAMANT. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what stores of bliss hast thou in one vicious moment destroyed! [*To himself.*] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodness? For what have I forsaken thy tender virtuous passion!

MRS. BELLAMANT. For a new one. How could I be so easily deceived? How could I imagine there was such

truth in man, in that inconstant fickle sex, who are so prone to change; that, to indulge their fondness for variety, they would grow weary of a paradise to wander in a desert?

MR. BELLAMANT. How weak is that comparison to show the difference between thee and every other woman!

MRS. BELLAMANT. I had once that esteem of you; but hereafter I shall think all men the same; and when I have weaned myself of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

MR. BELLAMANT. Thy sentence is too just. I own I have deserved it; I never merited so good a wife. Heaven saw it had given too much, and thus has taken the blessing from me.

MRS. BELLAMANT. You will soon think otherwise. If absence from me can bring you to those thoughts, I am resolved to favour them.

MR. BELLAMANT. Thou shalt enjoy thy wish; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet let me ask one favour; the ring which was a witness of our meeting, let it be so of our separation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This shall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and serve to aggravate my sorrows: henceforth I'll study only to be miserable; let Heaven make you happy, and curse me as it pleases.

MRS. BELLAMANT. It cannot make me more wretched than you have made me.

MR. BELLAMANT. Yet, do believe me when I swear, I never injured you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I swear, how much soever I may have deserved the shame I suffer, I did not now deserve it.

MRS. BELLAMANT. And must we part?

MR. BELLAMANT. Since it obliges you.

MRS. BELLAMANT. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thousand embraces thou hast given me—till I die in thy loved arms—and thus we part for ever.

MR. BELLAMANT. Ha!

MRS. BELLAMANT. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream—it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

MR. BELLAMANT. Oh! let me press thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus gives bliss beyond expression, a bliss no vice can give. Now life appears desirable again. Yet shall I not see thee miserable? Shall I not see my children suffer for their father's crime?

MRS. BELLAMANT. Indulge no more uneasy thoughts; fortune may have blessings yet in store for us and them.

MR. BELLAMANT. Excellent goodness! My future days shall have no wish, no labour, but for thy happiness; and from this hour, I'll never give thee cause of a complaint.

And whatsoever rocks our fates may lay
 In life's hard passage to obstruct our way;
 Patient, the toilsome journey I'll abide!
 And bless my fortune with so dear a guide.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MR. BELLAMANT'S *House*.

EMILIA, *speaking to a Servant, afterwards* LADY CHARLOTTE
 GAYWIT.

EMILIA. It is very strange you will not give me the liberty of denying myself; that you will force me to be at home whether I will or no.

SERVANT. I had no such order from your ladyship.

EMILIA. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive such a visit; I must try to make it as short as I can.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Emilia, good-morrow: am

not I an early creature? I have been so frightened with some news I have heard—I am heartily concerned for you, my dear, I hope the fright has not done you any mischief.

EMILIA. I am infinitely obliged to you, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Oh! I could not stay one moment; you see I hurried into my chair to you half undrest; never was creature in such a pickle, so frightful; Lud! I was obliged to draw all the curtains round me.

EMILIA. I don't perceive you had any reason for that, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Why, did you ever see any thing so hideous, so odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettiest fancy in the world. I like what you have on now better than Lady Pinup's, though hers cost so much more. Some people have the strangest way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night.

EMILIA. You must excuse me; it will look very odd to see me abroad on this occasion.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Not odd in the least. Nobody minds these things. There's no rule upon such occasions. Sure you don't intend to stay at home, and receive formal visits?

EMILIA. No: but I intend to stay at home, and receive no visits.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Why, child, you will be laughed at by all the town. There never was such a thing done in the world; staying at home is quite left off upon all occasions; a woman scarce stays at home a week for the death of a husband. Dear Emilia, don't be so awkward: I can make no excuse for you: Lady Polite will never forgive you.

EMILIA. That I shall be sorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her than by myself.

SCENE II.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, EMILIA.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Sister, good-morrow; Lady Charlotte abroad so early!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. You may well be surprised; I have not been out at this hour these fifty years.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

EMILIA. [*Aside.*] I am sure, if she should take it in her head to stay with me, I shall not: and, unless some dear creature, like herself, should come and take her away, I seem to be in danger.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. [*To* CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, *after a whisper.*] Don't tell me of what I said last night. Last night was last year; an age ago: and I have the worst memory in the world.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. You seem to want one, egad!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no use to me; for I was never of the same mind twice in my life; and, though I should remember what I said at one time, I should as certainly remember not to do it another.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. You dear agreeable creature! sure, never two people were so like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and some people think we are very much alike in the face.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made one of the most shocking compliments to me; I believe I shall never be able to bear a looking-glass again.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Impertinent!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. For then you would be the only person debarred from seeing the finest face in the world.

EMILIA. Very fine, indeed.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Civil enough. I think I begin to endure the wretch again now.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Keep but in that mind half an hour—

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Emilia, good morrow; you will excuse the shortness of my visit.

EMILIA. No apologies on that account, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in.—Don't you follow me, you thing you! [To Captain Bellamant.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Indeed, Lady Charlotte, but I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [Aside.

SCENE III.

EMILIA. [Alone.] So, I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I sympathise with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have raised a spirit.

SCENE IV.

EMILIA, MR. GAYWIT.

MR. GAYWIT. I hope, madam, you will excuse a visit at so unseasonable an hour.

EMILIA. Had you come a little earlier you had met a mistress here.

MR. GAYWIT. I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and Captain Bellamant with her.

EMILIA. You are the most cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your mistress than the most polite husband is of one with his wife.

MR. GAYWIT. A man should not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe Captain Bellamant will be such to me

in the highest manner. I wish I were so blest in another heart as he appears to be in Lady Charlotte's. I wish I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love as of losing her I do not.

EMILIA. I suppose, if your amour be of any date, you can easily guess at the impressions you have made.

MR. GAYWIT. No, nor can she guess at the impression she has made on me; for, unless my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my passion.

EMILIA. And that your eyes have done it you may be assured, if you have seen her often. The love that can be concealed must be very cold indeed; but, methinks, it is something particular in you to desire to conceal it.

MR. GAYWIT. I have been always fearful to disclose a passion which I know not whether it be in my power to pursue. I would not even have given her the uneasiness to pity me, much less have tried to raise her love.

EMILIA. If you are so tender of her, take care you never let her suspect so much generosity. That may give her a secret pang.

MR. GAYWIT. Heaven forbid it should one equal to those I feel; lest, while I am endeavouring to make my addresses practicable, she should unadvisedly receive those of another.

EMILIA. If she can discover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be easy on that account.

MR. GAYWIT. He must dote like me who can conceive the ecstasy these words have given.

EMILIA. [*Knocking.*] Come in.

SERVANT. Your honour's servant, sir, is below.

MR. GAYWIT. I come to him.—Madam, your most obedient servant; I go on business which will by noon give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserved the best of fathers to the best of women. [*Exit.*]

EMILIA. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love, or of his deserving mine?

SCENE V.—LORD RICHLY'S *House*.

LORD RICHLY, SERVANT.

LORD RICHLY. Desire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps he comes to make me proposals concerning his wife; but my love shall not get so far the better of my reason, as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.

LORD RICHLY, MR. BELLAMANT.

LORD RICHLY. My dear Bellamant.

MR. BELLAMANT. My lord, I have received an obligation from you, which I thus return. [*Gives him a bank-bill.*]

LORD RICHLY. Pshaw! trifles of this nature can hardly be called obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

MR. BELLAMANT. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife, nor hath she made you a small return; since it is to her entreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

LORD RICHLY. I am not apprised of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one sooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

MR. BELLAMANT. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean; you know you have used me basely, villainously; and under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee——

LORD RICHLY. Sir, I must acquaint you, that this is a language I have not been used to.

MR. BELLAMANT. No, the language of flatterers and hireling sycophants has been what you have dealt in——

wretches, whose honour and love are as venal as their praise. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to silence; such you should have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

LORD RICHLY. This is such presumption——

MR. BELLAMANT. No, my lord, yours was the presumption, mine is only justice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a punishment from my hand, not from my tongue.

LORD RICHLY. Do you consider who I am?

MR. BELLAMANT. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you should not injure me unpunished. Where grandeur can give licence to oppression the people must be slaves, let them boast what liberty they please.

LORD RICHLY. Sir, you shall hear of this.

MR. BELLAMANT. I shall be ready to justify my words by any action you dare provoke one to: and be assured of this, if ever I discover any future attempts of yours to my dishonour, your life shall be its sacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave as if we had never known one another. [Exit.

LORD RICHLY. Here's your man of sense now.—He was half ruined in the House of Lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other step in Westminster Hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality for attempting to debauch his wife; which many a fool, who rides in his coach and six, would have had sense enough to have winked at.

SCENE VII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT.

MR. GAYWIT. Your lordship is contemplative.

LORD RICHLY. So, nephew, by this early visit I suppose you had ill-luck last night; for where fortune frowns on you, she always smiles on me by blessing me with your company.

MR. GAYWIT. I have long since put it out of the power of fortune to do me either favour or injury. My happiness is now in the power of another mistress.

LORD RICHLY. And thou' art too pretty a fellow not to have that mistress in your power.

MR. GAYWIT. The possession of her, and in her of all my desires, depends on your consent.

LORD RICHLY. You know, Harry, you have my consent to possess all the women in town, except those few that I am particular with: provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what vessels you please.

MR. GAYWIT. This is a vessel, my lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by gold. I must buy her for life, or not board her at all.

LORD RICHLY. Then the principal thing to be considered is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her person is buying an empty vessel: and a woman is a vessel which a man will grow cursed weary of in a long voyage.

MR. GAYWIT. My lord, I have had some experience in women, and I believe that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

LORD RICHLY. Let me tell you, I have had some experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have loved.

MR. GAYWIT. And, perhaps, in all that variety you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

LORD RICHLY. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

MR. GAYWIT. Must I, my lord, when I have painted the finest woman in the world, be obliged to write Miss Bellamant's name to the picture?

LORD RICHLY. Miss Bellamant!

MR. GAYWIT. Yes, Miss Bellamant.

LORD RICHLY. You know Mr. Bellamant's losses; you know what happened yesterday, which may entirely finish his ruin; and the consequence of his ruin must be the ruin of his daughter: which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as surely brings a woman to capitulation, as scarcity of provision does a garrison.

MR. GAYWIT. I cannot take this advice, my lord: I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any; but surely not of the woman I love.

LORD RICHLY. Well, sir, you shall ask me no more; for, if my consent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

MR. GAYWIT. My lord, I shall ever remember this goodness, and will be ready to sign any instrument to secure a very large fortune to Lady Charlotte when you please.

SCENE VIII.

LORD RICHLY. [*Solus.*] Now, if he takes my consent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, so I gain the whole estate for my daughter, and bring an entire destruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought; that would be a revenge, indeed; nay, it may accomplish all my wishes too; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at last.

SCENE IX.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN.

MR. MODERN. My lord, I was honoured with your commands.

LORD RICHLY. I believe I shall procure the place for you, sir.

MR. MODERN. My obligations to your lordship are so infinite, that I must always be your slave.

LORD RICHLY. I am concerned for your misfortune, Mr. Modern.

MR. MODERN. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am something happier than my brethren in the discovery.

LORD RICHLY. That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot dissuade you from the most

rigorous prosecution; for though dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet, in cases of this nature, even friendship itself must be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

MR. MODERN. Very true, my lord; he has robbed me of the affections of a wife whom I loved as tenderly as myself; forgive my tears, my lord—I have lost all I held dear in this world.

LORD RICHLY. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

MR. MODERN. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the dishonour he has brought upon my family. Think on that, my lord; on the dishonour I must endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

LORD RICHLY. It is shocking indeed.

MR. MODERN. My ease for ever lost, my quiet gone, my honour stained; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

LORD RICHLY. Laws cannot be too rigorous against offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend—To what wickedness will men arrive?—Mr. Modern, I own I cannot blame you in pushing your revenge to the utmost extremity.

MR. MODERN. That I am resolved on. I have just received an appointment from your lordship's nephew, Mr. Gaywit; I suppose, to give me some advice in the affair.

LORD RICHLY. [*Aside.*] Ha! that must be to dissuade him from the prosecution.—Mr. Modern, if you please, I'll set you down, I have some particular business with him: besides, if he knows any thing that can be of service to you, my commands shall enforce the discovery. Bid the coachman pull up.

MR. MODERN. I am the most obliged of all your lordship's slaves.

SCENE X.—*Another Apartment.*

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, *and*
SERVANT.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. My lord gone out! then d'ye hear! I am at home to nobody.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. That's kind, indeed, Lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myself.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. You! you confident thing! how came you here? Don't you remember, I bade you not to follow me?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Yes, but it's so long ago, that I am surprised you should remember it.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Indeed, sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Not I, upon my soul! The deuce take me, if I did not think you had liked me, as well as I liked you—ha, ha.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I like you? impossible! why, don't you know that you are very ugly?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Pshaw! that's nothing; that will all go off: a month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face, as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife? O horrible! shocking thought!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Nay, madam, I am as much frightened at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Indeed, sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind upon my account.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Indeed, but I am, madam; for what an unconsolable creature would you be if I should take it in my head to marry any other woman.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Well, he has such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he

is not agreeable. Let me die if I am not under some sort of suspense about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet, methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—Hi! hi! hi! this is the foolishness that ever I knew in my life.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Very well! sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, madam.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. A propos! do you know that t'other day Lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony that ever entered into the taste of people of condition.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Oh! pray let's hear it.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. In the first place, then, whenever she or I marry, I am resolved positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Right, madam; for a wife and a husband always together, are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in every thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to; and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant? Ha! ha, ha!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. O, charmingly charming! Ha! ha! what a contemptible creature is a woman that never does any thing without consulting her husband?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Nay, there you're mistaken again, sir: for I would never do any thing without consulting my husband.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. How so, dear madam?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits as not to know one's own

mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary without any farther trouble.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Right, madam; and a thousand to one but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction, ha! ha!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour that, let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience I should go twice a day to church to avoid them.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. O fie! you could not be so unfashionable a creature!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Ay, but I would though. I do not care what I do when I'm vexed.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Well, let me perish, this is a most delectable scheme. Don't you think, madam, we shall be vastly happy?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. We! what we? Pray, who do you mean, sir?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Why, Lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you must know this is the very scheme she laid down to me last night: which so vastly charmed me, that we resolved to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. What do you mean?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Only to take your advice, madam, by allowing my wife all the modish privileges that you seem so passionately fond of.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? you don't think of me, I hope.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. One would think you thought I did: for you refuse me as oddly as if I had asked you the question: not but I suppose you would have me think, now, you have refused me in earnest.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Ha, ha, ha! that's well enough; why, sweet sir, do you really think I am not in earnest?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. No, faith, I can't think you're so silly as to refuse me in earnest, when I only asked you in jest. [*Both.*] Ha, ha, ha!

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Ridiculous!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Delightful! Well, after all I am a strange creature to be so merry when I am just going to be married.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. And had you ever the assurance to think I would have you?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you—Well, Lady Charlotte, your servant. I suppose you'll come and visit my wife, as soon as ever she sees company.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. What do you mean?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Seriously what I say, madam; I am just now going to my lawyer to sign my marriage articles with Lady Betty Shuttlecock.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. And are you going in earnest?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Positively, seriously.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Then I must take the liberty to tell you, sir, you are the greatest villain that ever lived upon the face of the earth. [*She bursts into tears.*]

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Ha! what do I see? Is it possible! O my dear, dear Lady Charlotte, can I believe myself the cause of these transporting tears! O! till this instant never did I taste of happiness.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Ha! ha! nor I, upon my faith, sir! Ha! ha!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Hey-day! what do you mean?

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. That you are one of the silliest animals that ever opened his lips to a woman—Ha, ha! O I shall die! Ha! ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, here's a letter for you.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I shall have all my

plague to go over again.—Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. O, sir! billet-doux are exempt from ceremony.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. [*After reading to himself.*] Ha, ha! Well, my dear Lady Charlotte, I am vastly glad to see you so easy. Upon my soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me; but, since I need have no farther apprehensions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the summons of my wife that is to be—Lady Betty has sent for me.—You'll excuse me if I am confined a week or two with my wife for the present: when that's over, you and I will laugh and sing, and coquette as much as ever we did; and so, dear Lady Charlotte, your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it should be true—I can't believe it true—And yet it may be true too—I am resolved to be satisfied—Here, who's there? Will nobody hear? Who's there, I say?

Enter SERVANT.

Desire Captain Bellamant to step back again.

SERVANT. He's just gone out, madam.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Then it's certainly true.—Get me a chair this moment—this instant—Go, run, fly! I am in such a hurry, I don't know what I do. O, hideous! I look horribly frightful—but I'll follow him just as I am—I'll go to Lady Betty's—If I find him there I shall certainly faint.—I must take a little hartshorn with me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

MR. GAYWIT, MRS. MODERN, *meeting in his Lodgings.*

MR. GAYWIT. This is exactly the time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! she comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his first appointment.

MRS. MODERN. Women commonly begin to be most punctual when men leave it off: our passions seldom reach their meridian before yours set.

MR. GAYWIT. We can no more help the decrease of our passions than you the increase of yours; and though like the sun I was obliged to quit your hemisphere, I have left you a moon to shine in it.

MRS. MODERN. What do you mean?

MR. GAYWIT. I suppose you are by this no stranger to the fondness of the gentleman I introduced to you; nor will you shortly be to his generosity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generosity than money.

MRS. MODERN. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too soon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleasure, since it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any share in your love.

MR. GAYWIT. Blame not my inconstancy, but your own.

MRS. MODERN. By all our joys, I never loved another.

MR. GAYWIT. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long since constrained you to own? Will you deny your favours to Lord Richly?

MRS. MODERN. He had indeed my person, but you alone my heart.

MR. GAYWIT. I always take a woman's person to be the strongest assurance of her heart. I think the love of a mistress who gives up her person, is no more to be doubted, than the love of a friend who gives you his purse.

MRS. MODERN. By Heavens, I hate and despise him equal with my husband: and as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, so I was given up to the former by the entreaties of my husband.

MR. GAYWIT. By the entreaties of your husband!—

MRS. MODERN. Hell and his blacker soul doth know the truth of what I say—That he betrayed me first, and has ever since been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleasures: to you they have still been free. He was my husband's choice; but you alone were mine.

MR. GAYWIT. And have you not complied with Bellamant too?

MRS. MODERN. Oh! blame not my necessities; he is, indeed, that generous creature you have spoke him.

MR. GAYWIT. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch?

MRS. MODERN. I see you know it all.—By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealousy, not my design: nay, he importuned me to have discovered Lord Richly in the same manner. Oh! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blast my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loss. Thou shalt see by my retirement I have a soul too great to encounter shame.

MR. GAYWIT. I will try to make that retirement easy to you; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to discomfit your husband's purpose, and preserve my friend.

MRS. MODERN. I myself will preserve him: if my husband pursue his intentions, my woman will swear that the servant owned he was hired to be a false evidence against us.

MR. GAYWIT. Then, since the story is already public, forgive this last blush I am obliged to put you to.

MRS. MODERN. What do you mean?

MR. GAYWIT. These witnesses must inform you.

SCENE XII.

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, MRS. BELLAMANT,
MRS. MODERN, EMILIA, CAPTAIN MERIT.

MRS. MODERN. Distraction! tortures!

MR. GAYWIT. I have with difficulty brought myself to give you this shock; which nothing but the preservation of the best of friends could have extorted, and which you shall be made amends for.

MR. BELLAMANT. Be not shocked, madam; it shall be your husband's fault if you are farther uneasy on this account

MR. GAYWIT. Come, madam, you may yourself reap a benefit from what I have done, since it may prevent your being exposed in another place.

MRS. MODERN. All places to me are equal, except this.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. BELLAMANT. Her misfortunes move my compassion.

MR. GAYWIT. It is generous in you, madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman whose faults are more her husband's than her own.

SCENE XIII.

LORD RICHLY, MR. MODERN, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT,
CAPTAIN MERIT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

LORD RICHLY. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the most splendid levee I have seen.

MR. GAYWIT. I am sorry, my lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee; a fellow whose company is scandalous to your lordship, as it is odious to us all.

MR. BELLAMANT. His lordship is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

LORD RICHLY. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very scurvy entertainment.

MR. GAYWIT. You'll know, my lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourself are obliged to his kind endeavours: for would his wife have consented to his entreaties, this pretended discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that gentleman's place.

LORD RICHLY. A discovery fallen on me!

CAPTAIN MERIT. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witnesses to Mrs. Modern's confession of it: that he betrayed her to your embraces with a design to discover you in them.

MR. MODERN. My lord, this is a base design to ruin the humblest of your creatures in your lordship's favour.

LORD RICHLY. How it should have that effect, I know

not; for I do not understand a word of what these gentlemen mean.

MR. GAYWIT. We shall convince your lordship.—In the mean time I must beg you to leave this apartment: you may prosecute what revenge you please; but at law we shall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

EMILIA. Though I see not why; for it is surely as much a robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would sell it, as from the gentleman who would keep it.

MR. MODERN. You may have your jest, madam; but I will be paid severely for it. I shall have a time of laughing in my turn. My lord, your most obedient servant.

SCENE XIV.

LORD RICHLY, MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. GAYWIT. He will find his mistake and our conquest soon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that consent you gave me this morning, and complete my happiness with this lady.

LORD RICHLY. Truly, nephew, you misunderstood me, if you imagined I promised any such thing. However, though you know I might insist on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it: and till then I shall not consent.

MR. GAYWIT. Ha!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. I hope your lordship has not determined to deny every request; and therefore I may hope your blessing. [*Kneels.*

LORD RICHLY. What does this mean?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this right.—Your daughter——

LORD RICHLY. What of her?

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Is my wife.

LORD RICHLY. Your wife!

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. Nay, if you will not give me your blessing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you though you were the Great Mogul.

LORD RICHLY. Very well! This is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own. Confusion! my estate, my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the man I must hate, because he knows I would have wronged him! Well, sirs, whatever pleasures you may seem to take at my several disappointments, I shall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be so many mutual plagues to one another.

SCENE *the last.*

MR. GAYWIT, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, MRS. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

MR. BELLAMANT. Methinks I might have been consulted on this affair.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. We had no time for consultation; our amour has been of a very short date.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. All our love is to come, Lady Charlotte.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. I expect a deal of love after marriage for what I have bated you before it.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. I never asked you the question till I was sure of you.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. Then you knew my mind better than myself; for I never resolved to have you till I had you.

MR. GAYWIT. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happiness. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's consent unnecessary too. Your father has already blessed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happiest of mankind.

EMILIA. I suppose you follow my brother's method, and never ask till you are sure of obtaining?

MR. BELLAMANT. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am still heaping greater favours on myself.

MR. GAYWIT. Think not so, when you bestow on me more than any man can merit.

MR. BELLAMANT. Then take the little all I have: and may you be as happy with her as I am in these arms [*Embracing Mrs. Bellamant*]—whence the whole world should never estrange me more.

MRS. BELLAMANT. I am too happy in that resolution.

MR. GAYWIT. Lady Charlotte, I made a promise this day to your father in your favour, which I am resolved to keep, though he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good sense will forgive a fault which love has made me commit—Love, which directs our inclinations, in spite of equal and superior charms.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT. No excuses, dear sir; my inclinations were as whimsical as yours.

CAPTAIN BELLAMANT. You have fairly got the start, Lady Charlotte.

MR. GAYWIT. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a transport do I feel from the prospect of adding to your future happiness! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other contest but to outvie in love.

MR. BELLAMANT. My son! Oh, what happiness do I owe to thy friendship! And may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all such encounters: and, since we are setting out together in the road to happiness, take this truth from an experienced traveller:

However slight the consequence may prove
Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
Be from all vice divorced before you wed,
And bury falsehood in the bridal bed.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.; SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON.

As malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always something, at the tree, to say ;
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard hapless fate would warn the town.
Fatal Quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
For when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
With curst Quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
Or if you can't—at least—play all the game.
Of spotless fame, be chary as your lives!
Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
Husbands most faults, not public made, connive at ;
The trip's a trifle—when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play, whose plot conceals 'em!
For who would favour plays to be thus used?
None ever were by operas abused!
Or could they warble scandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
But I no more must hear those melting strains,
Condemned, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay masquerades now turned to country fairs,
And croaking rooks supply soft eunuch airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors ;
And, O hard fate! for dear Quadrille—All fours.
No more new plays! but that's a small offence,
Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.

Yet ere I part, methinks, it were to wrong you,
Not to bequeath some legacies among you.
My reputation I for prudes intend,
In hopes their strictness what's amiss will mend.
My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
And take my husband—any soul that will!
Our author to the spotless fair I give,
For his chaste wife to grant him a reprieve.
Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
In her sweet mind even age and wandering youth
Must own the transports of connubial truth:
Thus each extreme is for instruction meant,
And ever was the stage's true intent,
To give reward to virtue, vice its punishment.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. HERON

In dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am returned to take my leave.
Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good nature,
Show their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They fail not at th' unfortunate to flout,
Not because naughty—but because—found out.
Why, faith—if these discoveries succeed,
Marriage will soon become a trade, indeed!
This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation,
'Twill be esteemed below no man of fashion,
To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation.
What interest will be made! what mighty doing!
To be directors for the year ensuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to say
Which end of this chaste town would win the day.
Oh! should no chance this corporation stop,
Where should we find one house without a shop?
How would a wife, hung out, draw beaux in throngs!
To hire your dears, like Dominos, at Long's!
There would be dainty days! when every ninny
Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
Oh! to behold th' embroidered trader grin,
“My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!”
Money alone men will no more importune,
When every beauty makes her husband's fortune!

While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when discovered) an estate!
A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you lose your wife by what you get your money.
And now, t' obey a dull poetic sentence,
In lonely woods I must pursue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modest matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unspotted be the thing you drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can; if not, be private—
But hold!—Why should I leave my sister-sinners,
To dwell 'mongst innocents, or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So, hang the stupid Bard!—I'll stay in town.

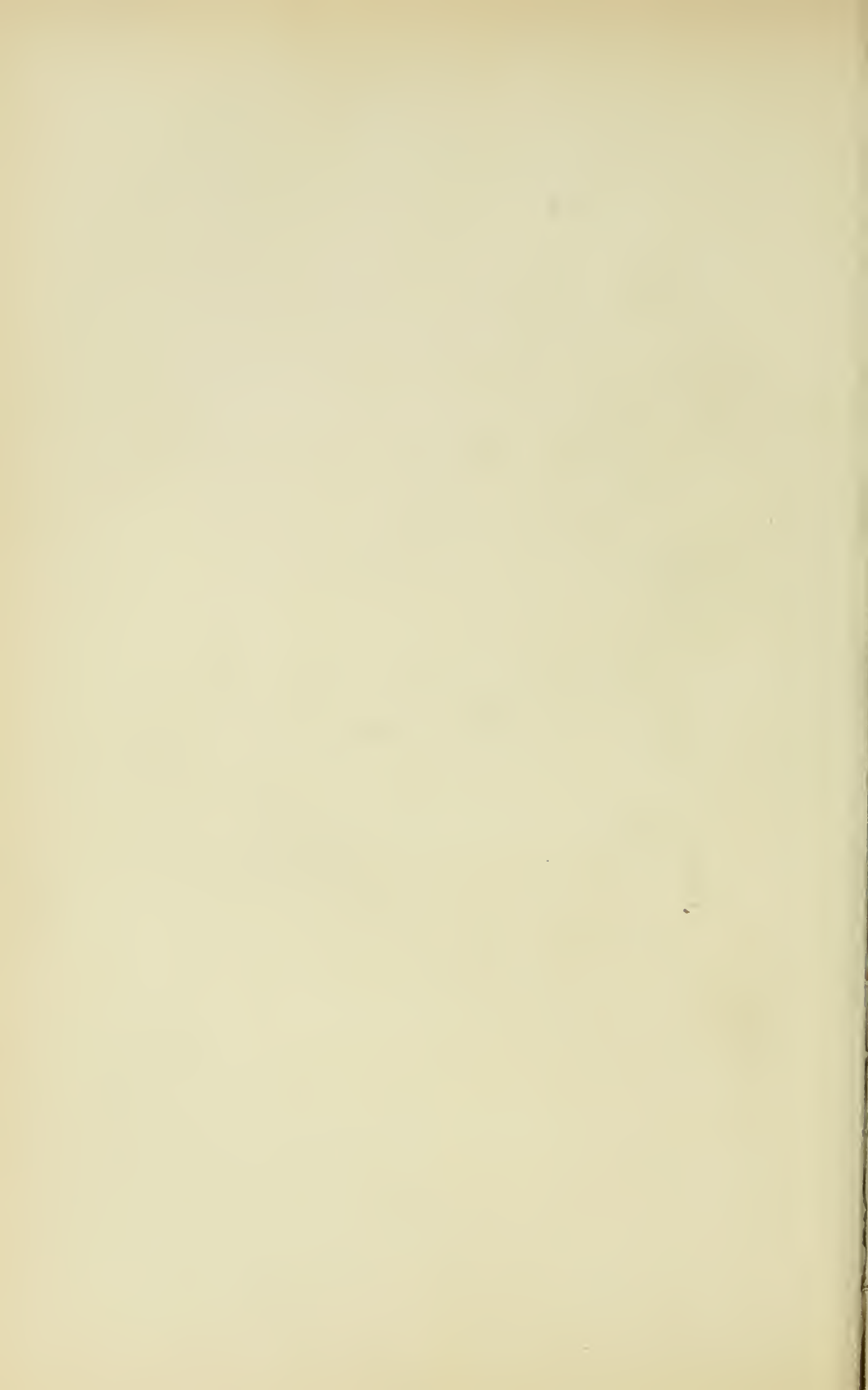
THE COVENT GARDEN TRAGEDY

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 1731.

—“ *quæ amanti parcat, eadem sibi parcat parum.*
Quasi piscis, itidem est amator lenæ; nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum; is suavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel assum: verses, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci, nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei studet:
Volt placere sese amicæ, volt mihi, pedissequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis; et quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quum videat, gaudeat.”

PLAUTUS, Asinar.



PROLEGOMENA

IT hath been customary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epistles in verse and prose, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable use to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the discovery of beauties which might otherwise have escaped his eye. They stand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of Critics.

As I have not been able to procure any such panegyrics on the following scenes from my friends, nor leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected such criticisms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the reader that he may shortly expect an answer to them.

The first of these pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of some fine gentleman, who plays the Critic for his diversion, though he has not spoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be easily discovered to come from the hands of one of that club which hath determined to instruct the world in arts and sciences, without understanding any; who

“With less learning than makes felons ’scape
Less human genius than God gives an ape,”

are resolved

—————“in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write.”

“DEAR JACK,—Since you have left the town, and no rational creature except myself in it, I have applied myself pretty much to my books: I have, besides the *Craftsman* and *Grub Street Journals*, read a good deal in Mr. Pope’s *Rape of the Lock*, and several pages in the *History of the King of Sweden*, which is translated into English; but fancy I should understand more of it if I had a better map; for I have not been able to find out Livonia in mine.

“I believe you will be surprised to hear I have not been twice at the playhouse since your departure. But alas! what entertainment can a man of sense find there now? The *Modern Husband*, which we hissed the first night, had such success, that I began to think it a good play, till the *Grub Street Journal* assured me it was not. The *Earl of Essex*, which you know is my favourite of all Shakespeare’s plays, was acted the other night; but I was kept from it by a damned farce, which I abominate and detest so much that I have never either seen it or read it.

“Last Monday came out a new Tragedy, called the *Covent Garden Tragedy*, which, I believe, I may affirm to be the worst that ever was written. I will not shock your good judgment by any quotations out of it. To tell you the truth, I know not what to make of it: one would have guessed, from the audience, it had been a Comedy; for I saw more people laugh than cry at it. It adds a very strong confirmation to your opinion, That it is impossible any thing worth reading should be written in this age.

“I am, &c.

“St. James’s Coffee House.”

A CRITICISM ON THE COVENT GARDEN TRAGEDY, ORIGINALLY
INTENDED FOR THE GRUB STREET JOURNAL.

I have been long sensible that the days of poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who shall be nameless) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar. For this reason I have passed by unremarked,

generally unread, the little, quaint, short-lived productions of my contemporaries: for it is a maxim with my bookseller, that no criticism on any work can sell, when the work itself does not.

But when I observe an author growing into any reputation; when I see the same play, which I had liberally hissed the first night, advertised for a considerable number of nights together, I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticising on. A play, that runs twelve nights, will support a temperate critic as many days.

The success of *The Tragedy of Tragedies* and *The Modern Husband* did not only determine me to draw my pen against those two performances, but hath likewise engaged my criticism on every thing which comes from the hands of that author, of whatever nature it be,

“Seu Græcum sive Latinum.”

The Covent Garden Tragedy bears so great an analogy to the Tragedy of Tom Thumb, that it needs not the author's name to assure us from what quarter it had its original. I shall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am assured what success it will meet with. Perhaps what I shall herein say may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the reader with a laborious definition of Tragedy drawn from Aristuttle or Horase; for which I refer him to those authors. I shall content myself with the following plain proposition: “That a Tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialoguewise, consisting of several fine similes, metaphors, and moral phrases, with here and there a speech upon liberty. That it must contain an action, characters, sentiments, diction, and a moral.” Whatever falls short of any of these, is by no means worthy the name of a Tragedy.

*“Quæ genus aut flexum variant, quæcunque novato
Ritu deficiunt superantve, heteroclitâ sunt.”*

I shall proceed to examine the piece before us on these rules, nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

“Quæ sequitur manca est numero casuque propago.”

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place seems to promise something like an action, where Stormandra, who is enraged with Lovegirlo, sends Bilkum to destroy him, and at the same time threatens to destroy herself! But alas! what comes of all this preparation?—Why, *parturiunt montes*—the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given, but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself—*Ridiculum!*

The characters, I think, are such as I have not yet met with in Tragedy. First, for the character of Mother Punchbowl; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mother. Is she the mother of any body in the play? No. From one line one might guess she was a bawd. Leather-sides desires her to procure two whores, &c., but then is she not continually talking of virtue? How can she be a bawd? In the third scene of the second act she appears to be Stormandra's mother.

“PUNCHBOWL. Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind.”

But, if I mistake not, in the scene immediately preceding, Bilkum and she have mothered and soned it several times. Sure she cannot be mother to them both, when she would put them to bed together? Perhaps she is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet should, I think, have given us some better assurance than barely intimating that they were going to bed together; which people in this our island have been sometimes known to do without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Gallono is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from life, or he is not. Methinks, I could wish he had been left out of the dance,¹ nothing being more unnatural than to conceive so great a sot to be a lover of dancing; nay, so great a lover of dancing, as to take that woman for a partner whom he has just before been abusing. As for the characters of Lovegirlo and Kissinda, they are poor imitations of the characters of Pyrrhus and Andromache in *The Distrest Mother*, as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Orestes and Hermione.

—“*Sed quid morer istis.*”

As for Mr. Leathersides, he is indeed an original; and such a one as I hope will never have a copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learned to read, has read playbills, and writ *The Grub Street Journal*. But how reading playbills, and writing Grub Street papers, can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confess I cannot tell.

The only character I can find entirely faultless is the Chairman: for first we are assured,

“He asks but for his fare;”

when the Captain answers him,

“Thy fare be damn'd.”

He replies in the gentlest manner imaginable,

“This is not acting like a gentleman.”

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner:

“Oh! that with me,” &c.

¹ The Critic is out in this particular; it being notorious Gallono is not in the dance; but to show how careful the Author was to maintain his character throughout, the said Gallono, during the whole dance, is employed with his bottle and his pipe.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to show how inclined I am to admire rather than dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this plays sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But alas! what follows? No fine moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes; but they are very thin sown.

“*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*”

The sentiments fall very short of politeness every where: but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum breathe the true spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have served an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the Tragedies of Plautus,¹ where,

— “*petit et prece blandus amicum.*”

But alas! how should an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is some degrees lower than I have seen in any modern Tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from showing the signification of its adjective as the latter requires,

“An adjective requires some word to be joined to it to show its signification.”—Vid. Accidence.

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly

¹ I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his Comedies.

“virtuous whore.” Did it ever enter into any head before to bring these two words together? Indeed, my friend, I could as soon unite the idea of your sweet self and a good poet.

“Forth from your empty head I’ll knock your brains.”

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line.

“Yet do not shock it with a thought so base.”

Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

————— “*Monosyllabla nomina quædam,*
Sal, sol, ren et splen, car, ser, vir, vas.——
Virgal rod, grief-stung soul,” &c.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that wholesome little treatise, called *Gulielmi Liliæ Monita Pædagogica*, where he will find this instruction :

—— “*Veni scopulos barbara verba fuge.*”

“Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is.”

Mighty pretty, faith! resolving a question first, and then asking it.

————— “thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.”

Very likely, indeed! I fancy, sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not escaped so easily.

“Hanover Square shall come to Drury Lane.”

Wonderful!

“Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear.”

Oh! Bavius! Oh! conundrum! is this true? Sure the poet exaggerates! What! a woman wear farms and houses in her ear, nay, in each ear, to make it still the more incredible! I suppose these are poetical farms and houses,

which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this, and many other beauties of the like nature, quæ lectio juxta docebit, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work,

“Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.”

Quid sibi vult istud REP?—I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

“*Nusquam reperitur in usu.*”

I find, indeed, such a word in some of the Latin authors: but, as it is not in the dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. Perhaps it is a proper name; if so, it should have been in Italics. I am a little inclined to this opinion, as we find several very odd names in this piece, such as Hackabouta, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the moral, which the poet very ingenuously tells us is he knows not what; nor any one else, I dare swear. I shall however allow him this merit, that, except in the five lines above mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps or never wakes throughout.

*A S S*¹ *in præsenti perfectum format in avi.*”

¹ Gul. Lilius reads this word with a single S.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

IN Athens first (as dictionaries write)
The Tragic Muse was midwifed into light ;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a dance,
Some say to England, others say to France.
But when, or whence, the tuneful goddess came,
Since she is here, I think, is much the same.
Oft have you seen the king and hero rage,
Oft has the virgin's passion filled the stage :
To-night nor king, nor hero, shall you spy,
Nor virgin's love shall fill the virgin's eye.
Our poet, from unknown, untasted springs,
A curious draft of tragic nectar brings.
From Covent Garden culls delicious stores
Of bullies, bawds, and sots, and rakes, and whores.
Examples of the great can serve but few ;
For what are kings' and heroes' faults to you ?
But these examples are of general use.
What rake is ignorant of King's Coffee-house ?¹
Here the old rake may view the crimes h'as known,
And boys hence dread the vices of the town :
Here nymphs seduced may mourn their pleasures past,
And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it fast.

¹ A place in Covent Garden market, well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENTLEMEN.

CAPTAIN BILKUM	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
LOVEGIRLO	<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>
GALLONO	<i>Mr. Paget.</i>
LEATHERSIDES	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
CHAIRMAN	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>

LADIES.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL	<i>Mr. Bridgewater.</i>
KISSINDA	<i>Miss Raftor.</i>
STORMANDRA	<i>Mrs. Mullart.</i>
NONPAREL.	<i>Miss Mears.</i>

SCENE.—*An Antechamber, or rather Back-parlour, in
MOTHER PUNCHBOWL'S House.*

THE COVENT GARDEN TRAGEDY

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber.*

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL,
INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Who'd be a bawd in this
degenerate age!
Who'd for her country unrewarded toil!
Not so the statesman scrubs his plotful head,
Not so the lawyer shakes his unfee'd tongue,
Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say, Nonparel, industrious Jenny, say,
Is the play done, and yet no cull appears?

NONPAREL. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Ha, did they hiss? Why then
the play is damned,
And I shall see the poet's face no more.

Say, Leathersides, 'tis thou that best can tell;
For thou hast learnt to read, hast playbills read,
The Grub Street Journal thou hast known to write,
Thou art a judge; say, wherefore was it damned?

LEATHERSIDES. I heard a tailor, sitting by my side,
Play on his catcall, and cry out, "Sad stuff!"
A little farther an apprentice sat,

And he too hissed, and he too cried, "'twas low."
 Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
 The pit all hissed, all whistled, and all groaned.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's
 his bill.

Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt:
 For him the washerwoman toils in vain,
 For him in vain the tailor sits cross legged,
 He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.

LEATHERSIDES. The mighty Captain Bilkum this way
 comes.

I left him in the entry with his chairman
 Wrangling about his fare.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Leathersides, 'tis well.
 Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, CHAIRMAN.

CHAIRMAN. Your honour, sir, has paid but half my fare.
 I ask but for my fare.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Thy fare be damned.

CHAIRMAN. This is not acting like a gentleman.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Begone; or by the powers of dice, I
 swear,

Were there no other chairman in the world,
 From out thy empty head I'd knock thy brains.

CHAIRMAN. Oh that with me all chairmen would conspire
 No more to carry such sad dogs for hire,
 But let the lazy rascals straddle through the mire.

SCENE III.

CAPTAIN BILKUM, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. What is the reason, captain, that
 you make
 This noise within my house? Do you intend

To arm reforming constables against me?
 Would it delight your eyes to see me dragged
 By base plebeian hands to Westminster,
 The scoff of serjeants and attorneys' clerks,
 And then, exalted on the pillory,
 To stand the sneer of every virtuous whore?
 Oh! couldst thou bear to see the rotten egg
 Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
 Like dew distilling from the full-blown rose:
 Or see me follow the attractive cart,
 To see the hangman lift the virgal rod,
 That hangman you so narrowly escaped!

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Ha! that last thought has stung me
 to the soul:

Damnation on all laws and lawyers too:
 Behold thee carted—oh! forefend that sight,
 May Bilkum's neck be stretched before that day.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Come to my arms, thou best
 beloved of sons,
 Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:
 O! may I never, never see thee hanged!

CAPTAIN BILKUM. If born to swing, I never shall be
 drowned:

Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
 To search the office whence eternal fate
 Issues her writs of various ills to men;
 Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.
 And now a present evil gnaws my heart,
 Oh! Mother, mother—

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Say, what would my son?

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Get me a wench, and lend me half a
 crown.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Thou shalt have both.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Oh! goodness most unmatched,
 What are your 'Nelopes compared to thee?
 In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,
 From where, in Goodman's Fields, the city dame
 Emboxed sits, for two times eighteenpence,

To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
 In borrowed voice, and mimic habit squeak.
 Yet where, oh where is such a bawd as thou?

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Oh! deal not praise with such a
 lavish tongue;
 If I excel all others of my trade,
 Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel.

SCENE IV.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.

LEATHERSIDES. A porter from Lovegirlo is arrived.
 If in your train one harlot can be found,
 That has not been a month upon the town;
 Her he expects to find in bed by two.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Thou, Leathersides, best knowst
 such nymphs to find,
 To thee their lodgings they communicate.
 Go, thou procure the girl, I'll make the punch,
 Which she must call for when she first arrives.
 Oh! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,
 When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,
 (Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.
 When culls sent frequent, and were sent away,
 When colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
 Here spent the issue of their glorious toils;
 These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdued
 The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
 Now we are sunk to a low race of beaus,
 Fellows unfit for women or for war;
 And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

SCENE V.

LEATHERSIDES, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

LEATHERSIDES. Two whores, great madam, must be
straight prepared,

A fat one for the squire, and for my lord a lean.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Be that thy care. This weighty
business done,

A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

SCENE VI.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. [*Solus.*] Oh! 'tis not in the power of
punch to ease

My grief-stung soul, since Hecatissa's false,

Since she could hide a poor half-guinea from me.

Oh! had I searched her pockets ere I rose,

I had not left a single shilling in them.

But lo! Lovegirlo comes, I will retire.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

GALLONO. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus!

Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he,

Whom I have seen the saffron-coloured morn

With rosy fingers beckon home in vain?

Than whom none oftener pulled the pendent bell,

None oftener cried, "Another bottle bring!"

And canst thou leave us for a worthless woman?

LOVEGIRLO. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak

Aught against woman; by Kissinda's smiles,

(Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall mines)

When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink,

The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.

GALLONO. Oh! would they spur us on to noble drink,
I too would be a lover of the sex.
And sure for nothing else they were designed,
Woman was only born to be a toast.

LOVEGIRLO. What madness moves thy slander-hurling
tongue?

Woman! what is there in the world like woman?
Man without woman is a single boot,
Is half a pair of shears. Her wanton smiles
Are sweeter than a draught of cool small beer
To the scorched palate of a waking sot.
Man is a puppet which a woman moves
And dances as she will—Oh! had it not
Been for a woman, thou hadst not been here.

GALLONO. And were it not for wine—I would not be.
Wine makes a cobbler greater than a king;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beasts,
Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,
But drunkenness belongs to only man.

LOVEGIRLO. If woman were not, my Gallono, man
Would make a silly figure in the world.

GALLONO. And without wine all human kind would be
One stupid, snivelling, sneaking, sober fellow.

LOVEGIRLO. What does the pleasures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.

GALLONO. Wine.

LOVEGIRLO. 'Tis woman.

GALLONO. Wine.

SCENE VIII.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Much may be said on both sides of
this question.

Let me consider what the question is:

If wine or woman be our greater good.

✓Wine is good—and so is woman too,

But which the greater good [*a long pause*] I cannot tell.

Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wisest who takes most of both. ✓

SCENE IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

LOVEGIRLO. Oh! my Kissinda! Oh! how sweet art thou!
Nor Covent Garden nor Stocks-Market knows
A flower like thee; less sweet the Sunday rose,
With which, in country church, the milkmaid decks
Her ruddy breast: ne'er washed the courtly dame
Her neck with honey-water half so sweet.
Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume shop.

KISSINDA. Cease, my Lovegirlo, oh! thou hast a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.
Oh! I could hear thee ever, could with joy
Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,
And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

LOVEGIRLO. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform:
Not so the miser loves to see his gold,
Not so the poet loves to see his play,
Not so the critic loves to see a fault,
Not so the beauty loves to see herself,
As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

KISSINDA. Oh! my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more,
Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;
I shall forget my trade and learn to dote.

LOVEGIRLO. Oh! give a loose to all the warmth of love.
Love like a bride upon the second night;
I like a ravished bridegroom on the first.

KISSINDA. Thou know'st too well a lady of the town,
If she give way to love, must be undone.

LOVEGIRLO. The town! thou shalt be on the town no
more.

I'll take thee into keeping, take the room
So large, so furnished, in so fine a street,
The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee;

By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own
A Christian keeps a whore as well as they.

KISSINDA. And wilt thou take me into keeping?—

LOVEGIRLO. Yes.

KISSINDA. Then I am blest indeed—and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.

A joint of meat a day is all I ask,

And that I'll dress myself—A pot of beer,

When thou dinest from me, shall be all my wine;

Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;

Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,

(For stockings will have holes) I'll darn it for thee;

With my own hands I'll wash thy soapened shirt,

And make the bed I have unmade with thee.

LOVEGIRLO. Do virtuous women use their husbands so?

Who but a fool would marry that can keep ——

What is this virtue that mankind adore?

Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue!

Or who remembers to increase his joy

In the last moments of excessive bliss,

The ring, the licence, parson, or his clerk?

Besides, whene'er my mistress plays me foul,

I cast her, like a dirty shirt, away.

But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,

Like a perpetual blister to the poll.

KISSINDA. And wilt thou never throw me off?

LOVEGIRLO. Never,

'Till thou art soiled.

KISSINDA. Then turn me to the streets,

Those streets you took me from.

LOVEGIRLO. Forbid it all

Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.

Oh! my Kissinda, by this kiss I swear

(This kiss, which at a shilling is not dear)

I would not quit the joys this night shall give,

For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.

Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench,

Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench.

Reiterated joys!

Thus burning from the fire, the washer lifts
The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts,
With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again ;
Nor sooner does her rubbing arm withhold,
'Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

STORMANDRA. Not, though you were the best man in
the land,

Should you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.

Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Forbid it, Venus, I should ever set
So cursed an example to the world :

Forbid, the rake, in full pursuit of joy

Required the unready Ready to come down,

Should curse my name, and cry, "Thus Bilkum did ;

To him this cursed precedence we owe."

STORMANDRA. Rather forbid, that, bilked in after-time,

The chairless girl should curse Stormandra's name,

That as she walks with draggled coats the street,

(Coats shortly to be pawned) the hungry wretch

Should bellow out, "For this I thank Stormandra!"

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Trust me to-night and never trust me
more,

If I do not come down when I get up.

STORMANDRA. And dost thou think I have a soul so
mean?

Trust thee! dost think I came last week to town,

The waggon straws yet hanging to my tail?

Trust thee! oh! when I trust thee for a groat,
Hanover Square shall come to Drury Lane.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may
perhaps
Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

SCENE II.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, CAPTAIN BILKUM, STORMANDRA.

STORMANDRA. Oh! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how
to rail;
Oh! teach me to abuse this monstrous man.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. What has he done?

STORMANDRA. Sure a design so base,
Turk never yet conceived.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Forbid it, virtue.

STORMANDRA. It wounds me to the soul—he would have
bilked me.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Ha! in my house! oh! Bilkum,
is this true?

Who set thee on, thou traitor, to undo me?
Is it some envious sister? such may be;
For even bawds, I own it with a blush,
May be dishonest in this vicious age.
Perhaps, thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious justices against us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe the ungrateful tribe,
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,
May one day send thee to more fatal gaol;
And oh! (avert the omen, all ye stars!)
The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Mother, you know the passage to my
heart,

But do not shock it with a thought so base.
Sooner Fleet Ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
The New-Exchange shall with the Royal vie,

Or Covent Garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
 Give no belief to that ungrateful woman;
 Gods! who would be a bully to a woman?
 Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)
 When at the Rummer, at the noon of night,
 I found thee with a base apprentice boxing?
 And though none better dart the clinched fist,
 Yet wast thou overmatched and on the ground.
 Then like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
 Rushed I tremendous on the snotty foe,
 I took him by the throat, and kicked him down the stairs.

STORMANDRA. Dost thou recount thy services, base
 wretch,

Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time,
 When shivering on a winter's icy morn,
 I found thy coatless carcase at the Round-house?
 Did I not then forget my proper woes,
 Did I not send for half a pint of gin
 To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pulled I not off
 A quilted petticoat to clothe thy back?
 That unskinned back, which rods had dressed in red,
 Thy only title to the name of Captain?
 Did I not pick a pocket of a watch,
 A pocket pick for thee?

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Dost thou mention
 So slight a favour? Have I not for thee
 Fled from the feather bed of soft repose,
 And, as the watch proclaimed approaching day,
 Robbed the stage coach?—Again, when puddings hot,
 And Well-fleet oysters cried, the evening come,
 Have I not been a footpad for thy pride?

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Enough, my children, let this
 discord cease,

Had both your merits had, you both deserve
 The fate of greater persons—Go, my son,
 Retire to rest—gentle Stormandra soon
 Will follow you. See kind consent appear
 In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. And can I think Stormandra will be mine!

Once more, unpaid for, mine! then I again
Am blest, am paid for all her former scorn.
So when the doting henpecked husband long
Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue;
If, supper over, she attempt to toy,
And laugh and languish for approaching joy,
His raptured fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jigs through every pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

SCENE III.

STORMANDRA, MOTHER PUNCHBOWL.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.

Forbid it, virtue, I should ever think
A woman squeezes any cull too much:
But bullies never should be used as culls.
With caution still preserve the bully's love;
A house like this without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-show without a Punch.
When you shall be a bawd, and sure that day
Is written in the almanack of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.
So the gay girl whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will;
Once past the age that pants for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV.

STORMANDRA. [*Sola.*] What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to bed?

Oh! my Lovegirlo! oh! that thou wert here;

How my heart dotes upon Lovegirlo's name,
 For no one ever paid his girls like him.
 She, with Lovegirlo who had spent the night,
 Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade,
 Sure of a ticket from him—Ha! ye powers,
 What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?
 It is a ghost. It is Lovegirlo's ghost.
 Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
 How could his living ghost be walking here?

SCENE V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

LOVEGIRLO. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
 And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,
 For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night
 Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.
 If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
 Who would not be a ghost!

STORMANDRA. Art thou not one?

LOVEGIRLO. What do I see, ye stars? Is it Stormandra?

STORMANDRA. Art thou Lovegirlo? Oh! I see thou art.
 But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

LOVEGIRLO. No, by my soul, I am not.

STORMANDRA. May I trust thee?
 Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
 Without Stormandra?—but thou needst not say,
 I know thy falsehood, yes, perfidious fellow,
 I know thee false as water or as hell;
 Falser than any thing but thyself—

LOVEGIRLO. Or thee.
 Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin!
 Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black!
 Canst thou upbraid my falsehood; thou! who still
 Art ready to obey the porter's call,
 At any hour, to any sort of guest;

Thy person is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadilly leaves on every heel.

STORMANDRA. Can I hear this, ye stars! Injurious
man!

May I be ever bilked;—May I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you!

LOVEGIRLO. Oh! impudence unmatched! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand different men?

STORMANDRA. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false.
And never lady of the town was true;
But though my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fixed on only you.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

KISSINDA. Where's my Lovegirlo? Point him out, ye
stars,
Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms.
Ha! do I see!

STORMANDRA. Hast thou forgot to rail?
Now call me false, perfidious, and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
Beneath my rage, hast thou forsaken me?
All my full meals of luscious love, to starve
At the lean table of a girl like that?

KISSINDA. That girl you mention with so forced a scorn,
Envies not all the large repasts you boast;
A little dish oft furnishes enough:
And sure enough is equal to a feast.

STORMANDRA. The puny wretch such little plates may
choose;
Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.

KISSINDA. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
That harlot is a title of disgrace,
The worst of scandals on the best of trades.

STORMANDRA. That shame more justly to the wretch
belongs

Who gives those favours which she cannot sell.

KISSINDA. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.

STORMANDRA. Show me the man who thus accuses me.
I own I chose Lovegirlo, own I loved him ;
But then I chose and loved him as a cull :
Therefore preferred him to all other men,
Because he better paid his girls than they.
Oh ! I despise all love but that of gold :
Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

KISSINDA. And I despise all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms ;
Him, in a cellar, would my love prefer
To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
Oh ! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid !)
Want three half crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

LOVEGIRLO. Wouldst thou, my sweet ? Now by the
powers of love,
I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
Thy necklaced neck. I'll make thy glittering form
Shine through th' admiring Mall a blazing star.
Neglected virtue shall with envy die ;
The town shall know no other toast but thee.
So have I seen upon my lord mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
"See such and such an alderman pass by :"
But when the mighty magistrate appears,
No other name is sounded in your ears ;
The crowd all cry unanimous—"See there,
Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord mayor."

SCENE VII.

STORMANDRA, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Why comes not my Stormandra?

Twice and once

I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

STORMANDRA. Captain, are you a man?

CAPTAIN BILKUM. I think I am.

The time has been when you have thought so too.
Try me again in the soft fields of love.

STORMANDRA. 'Tis war, not love, must try your manhood
now.

By gin I swear ne'er to receive thee more,
Till cursed Lovegirl's blood has dyed thy sword.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Lovegirl! Whence this fury bent on
him?

STORMANDRA. Ha! dost thou question, coward?—Ask
again,

And I will never call thee captain more.
Instant obey my purpose, or by hemp,
Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
I will arrest thee for the note of hand
Which thou hast given me for twice one pound;
But if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
To witness, thy reward shall be my love.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Lovegirl is no more. Yet wrong me
not;

It is your promise, not your threat, prevails.
So when some parent of indulgence mild
Would to the nauseous potion bring the child;
In vain to win or frighten to its good,
He cries, "My dear," or lifts the useless rod:
But if, by chance, the sugar-plum he shows,
The simpering child no more reluctance knows;
It stretches out its finger and its thumb,
It swallows first the potion, then the sugar-plum.

SCENE VIII.

STORMANDRA. [*Sola.*] Go, act my just revenge, and then
 be hanged,
 While I retire and gently hang myself.
 May women be by my example taught,
 Still to be good, and never to be naught ;
 Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
 Nor ever to believe what man can say.
 She who believes a man, I am afraid,
 May be a woman long, but not a maid.
 If such blest harvest my example bring,
 The female world shall with my praises ring,
 And say, that when I hanged myself, I did a noble thing.

SCENE IX.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPAREL.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Oh! Nonparel, thou loveliest of
 girls,
 Thou latest darling of thy mother's years ;
 Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart ;
 For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

NONPAREL. Forgive me, madam, this first fault——
 henceforth
 I'll learn with utmost diligence to fib.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Oh! never give your easy mind
 to love ;
 But poise the scales of your affection so,
 That a bare sixpence added to his scale,
 Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk
 Outweigh a flaming colonel of the guards.
 Oh! never give your mind to officers,
 Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
 But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
 Who never pays with any thing but words.

Oh! had Kissinda taken this advice,
She had not now been bilked.—

KISSINDA. Think me not so ;
Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus——but I will hold a crown
To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X.

To them, LEATHERSIDES.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Oh! Leathersides, what means
this newsful look?

LEATHERSIDES. Through the Piaches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a distance viewed
Lovegirlo with great Captain Bilkum fighting ;
Lovegirlo pushed, the Captain parried, thus
Lovegirlo pushed, he parried again :
Oft did he push, and oft was pushed aside.
At length the Captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a cursed thrust in flanconade.
'Twas then——oh! dreadful horror to relate!
I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cried——“Oh! I am slain.”

[Kissinda *sinks into* Nonparel's arms.]

SCENE XI.

To them, GALLONO.

GALLONO. Give me my friend, thou most accursed bawd :
Restore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts seduced him from the glass.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Oh! that I could restore him—
but alas!
Or drunk or sober you'll ne'er see him more,
Unless you see his ghost—his ghost, perhaps,
May have escaped from Captain Bilkum's sword.

GALLONO. What do I hear?—Oh damned accursed jade,
 Thou art the cause of all—With artful smiles
 Thou didst seduce him to go home ere morn.
 Bridewell shall be thy fate! I'll give a crown
 To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
 Where I will come and see thee flogged myself.

KISSINDA. One flogged as I am can be flogged no more;
 In her Lovegirlo Miss Kissinda lived;
 The sword that passed through poor Lovegirlo's heart
 Passed eke through mine; he was three-fifths of me.

SCENE XII.

To them, CAPTAIN BILKUM.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Behold the most accursed of human
 kind!

I for a woman with a man have fought;
 She, for I know not what, has hanged herself;
 And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
 Oh! my Stormandra!

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. What of her?

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Alas!

She's hanged herself all to her curtain's rod!
 I saw her swinging, and I ran away.
 Oh! if you loved Stormandra, come with me;
 Skin off your flesh, and bite away your eyes;
 Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
 Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
 And take it down your throat.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Stormandra's gone!
 Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
 Pawn your best clothes, and clothe yourselves in rags.
 Oh! my Stormandra!

KISSINDA. Poor Lovegirlo's slain.
 Oh! give me way; come, all you furies, come,
 Lodge in th' unfurnished chambers of my heart:
 My heart, which never shall be let again

To any guest but endless misery,
 Never shall have a bill upon it more.
 Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
 In seas of sulphur and eternal fire,
 And see Lovegirlo too.

GALLONO. Ha! see him! Where?
 Where is the much-loved youth?—Oh! never more
 Shall I behold him. Ha! distraction wild
 Begins to wanton in my unhinged brain.
 Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
 My muddy brain is addled like an egg;
 My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
 My reeling head! which aches like any mad.

OMNES. Oh!

LEATHERSIDES. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe?

SCENE *the last.*

To them, LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, and a FIDDLER.

LOVEGIRLO. Where's my Kissinda—bear me to her arms,
 Ye winged winds—and let me perish there.

KISSINDA. Lovegirlo lives—Oh! let my eager arms
 Press him to death upon my panting breast.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra
 lives.

STORMANDRA. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
 Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
 Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

GALLONO. Lovegirlo!

LOVEGIRLO. Oh, joy unknown! Gallono!

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. Come all at once to my capacious
 arms;

I know not where I should th' embrace begin.
 My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
 Do I behold your almost virtuous loves.
 But say, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
 Say by what lucky chance we see you here?

LOVEGIRLO. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt ;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.

CAPTAIN BILKUM. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed ?

STORMANDRA. No, my dear love, it was my gown,
not me :

I did intend to hang myself ; but ere
The knot was tied, repented my design.

KISSINDA. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more ;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirlo kept.

LOVEGIRLO. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddler to play forth the same.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL. I too will shake a foot on this
blest day.

LOVEGIRLO. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

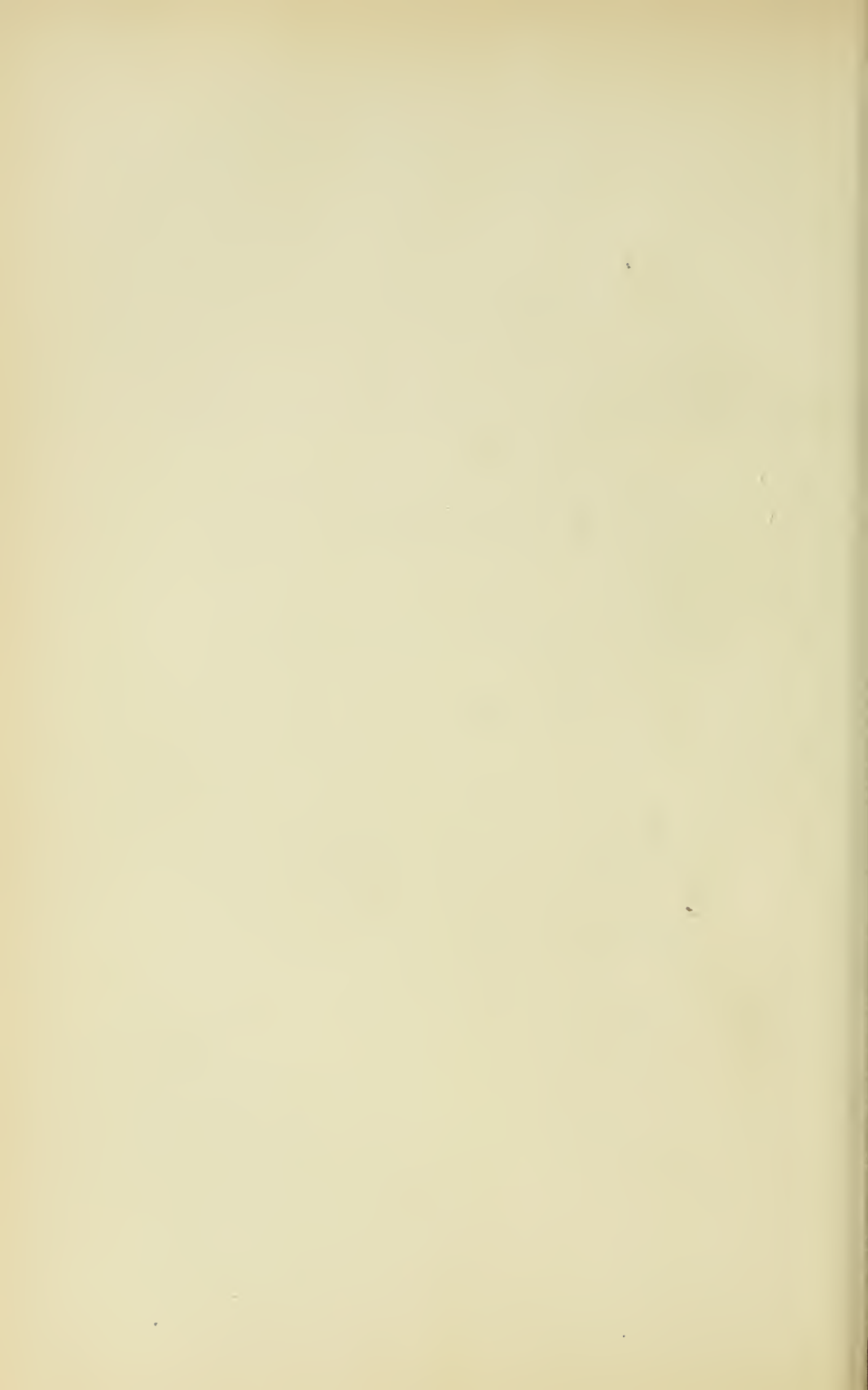
EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MISS RAFTOR,

WHO ACTED THE PARTS OF ISABEL IN "THE OLD DEBAUCHEES," AND OF
KISSINDA IN THIS TRAGEDY.

IN various lights this night you've seen me drest,
A virtuous lady, and a miss confest ;
Pray tell me, sirs, in which you like me best ?
Neither averse to love's soft joys you find ;
'Tis hard to say which is the best inclined.
The priest makes all the difference in the case ;
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say grace.
For several prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole estate.
Gallants, believe our passions are the same,
And virtuous women, though they dread the shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the game.
For though some prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyness is put on, she loves your sex.
At you the pretty things their airs display ;
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray ;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties swarm ;
You teach soft Senesino's airs to charm.
For thin would be th' assembly of the fair
At operas——were none but eunuchs there.
In short, you are the business of our lives,
To be a mistress kept the strumpet strives,
And all the modest virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cant of virtues and of vices,
But faith, we only differ in our prices.

THE DEBAUCHEES
OR,
THE JESUIT CAUGHT.
A COMEDY,
AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, 1732.



PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS.

I WISH with all my heart, the stage and town
Would both agree to cry all prologues down ;
That we, no more obliged to say or sing,
Might drop this useless necessary thing :
No more with awkward strut, before the curtain,
Chant out some rhymes—there's neither good nor hurt in.

What is this stuff the poets make us deal in,
But some old worn-out jokes of their retailing :
From sages of our own, or former times,
Transversed from prose, perhaps transposed from rhymes.

How long the tragic muse her station kept,
How guilt was humbled, and how tyrants wept,
Forgetting still how often hearers slept.

Perhaps, for change, you, now and then, by fits,
Are told that critics are the bane of wits,
How they turn vampires, being dead and damned,
And with the blood of living bards are crammed :
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The devil gets in them, and they suck again.

Thus modern bards, like Bayes, their prologues frame,
For this, and that, and every play the same,
Which you, most justly, neither praise nor blame.

As something must be spoke, no matter what ;
No friends are now by prologues lost or got ;
By such harangues we raise nor spleen, nor pity—
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

OLD LARON *Mr. Yates.*
YOUNG LARON *Mr. Mozeen.*
FATHER MARTIN *Mr. Taswell.*
OLD JOURDAIN *Mr. Neale.*

WOMEN.

ISABEL *Mrs. Ridout.*
BEATRICE *Miss Royer.*

SCENE.—TOULON.

N.B.—Those lines in inverted commas are left out in the acting.

THE DEBAUCHEES

OR,

THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MR. JOURDAIN'S.

ISABEL, BEATRICE.

ISABEL. A nunnery! Ha, ha, ha! and is it possible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to sacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as soon as you come into it?

BEATRICE. No one, my dear Isabel, can sacrifice too much, or too soon, to Heaven!

ISABEL. Pshaw! Heaven regards hearts and not faces, and an old woman will be as acceptable a sacrifice as a young one.

BEATRICE. It is possible you may come to a better understanding, and value the world as little as I do.

“ISABEL. As you say, it is possible when I can enjoy it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care if I promise you, when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you company; but this I am positive, till the world is weary of me, I never shall be weary of the world.”

BEATRICE. What can a woman of sense see in this world worth her valuing?

ISABEL. Oh! ten thousand pretty things! Equipage, cards, music, plays, balls, flattery, visits, and that prettiest thing of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—“I rather wonder what charms a woman of any spirit can fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working, praying, and sometimes, I am afraid, wishing for other company than that of an old fusty friar.”——Oh! ’tis a delightful state, when every man one sees, instead of tempting us to sins, is to rebuke us for them!

“BEATRICE. Such sentiments as these would indeed make you very uneasy——but believe me, child, you would soon bring yourself to hate mankind; fasting and praying are the best cures in the world for these violent passions.

“ISABEL. On my conscience I should want neither; if the continual sight of a set of dirty priests would not bring me to abhor mankind, I dare swear nothing could.”

SCENE II.

OLD LARON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

OLD LARON. Good morrow, my little wagtail——my grasshopper, my butterfly. Ods! you little baggage, you look as full of——as full of love, and sport, and wantonness——I wish I was a young fellow again——Oh! that I was but five-and-twenty for thy sake. Where’s my boy? What, has not he been with you, has not he serenaded you?—Ods-heart, I never let his mother sleep for a month before I married her.

ISABEL. Indeed!

OLD LARON. No, madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing, mere butterflies, to those of ours.——Ods-heart, I remember the time when I could have taken a hop, step, and jump over the steeple of Notre Dame.

BEATRICE. I fancy the sparks of your age had wings, sir.

OLD LARON. Wings, you little baggage, no—but they had—they had limbs like elephants, and as strong they were as Samson, and as swift as—Why, I have myself, run down a stag in a fair chase, and ate him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

ISABEL. At his devotions, I suppose; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

OLD LARON. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare swear he spends more time in them than all the priests in Toulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be so; and when he could sin no longer, why he began to repent that he had sinned at all. Oh! there is nothing so devout as an old whoremaster.

BEATRICE. I fancy then it will be shortly time for you to think of it, sir!

OLD LARON. Ay, madam, about some thirty or forty years hence it may—Ods-heart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: "And if it was not for a saucy young rascal, who looks me in the face and calls me father, might make a very good figure among the beaus. But though I am not so young in years, I am in constitution, as any of them;" and I don't question but to live to see a son and a great-grandson both born on the same day.

ISABEL. You will excuse this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire so much earlier—

OLD LARON. Retire!—Then it is with a young fellow, I hope.

ISABEL. Into a cloister, I assure you.

OLD LARON. A cloister!—Why, madam, if you have a mind to hang yourself at the year's end, would it not be better to spend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don't let a set of rascally priests put strange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honest fellow, there are no raptures worth a louse, but those in the arms of a brisk young cavalier. Of all the actions of

my youth, there are none I reflect on with so much pleasure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered several hundred virgins out of captivity.

BEATRICE. Oh! villany! unheard-of villany!

ISABEL. Unheard of till this moment, I dare swear.

OLD LARON. Out of which number there are at present nine countesses, three duchesses, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

SCENE III.

OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

OLD LARON. You are a fine spark, truly, to let your father visit your mistress before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no son of mine. Where have you been, sir? What have you been doing, sir, hey?

YOUNG LARON. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

OLD LARON. At your devotions! nay, then you are no son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the shrine you are to offer up at, sirrah? Is not here the altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the bastard of some travelling English alderman, and must have come into the world with a custard in your mouth.

YOUNG LARON. I hope, madam, you will allow my excuse, though the old gentleman here will not.

OLD LARON. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to night, and make you a brother before you are a father; I'll teach you to thrust him out of the world that thrust you into it.—Madam, have no more to say to the ungracious dog.

YOUNG LARON. That will be a sure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happiness I propose in this lady is the chief reason why I should thank you for bringing me into the world.

OLD LAROON. What's that you say, sir? Say that again, sir.

YOUNG LAROON. I was only thanking you, sir, for desiring this lady to take from me all I esteem on earth.

OLD LAROON. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very speech to half the women in Paris.

SCENE IV.

To them, FATHER MARTIN.

FATHER MARTIN. Peace be with you all, good people.

OLD LAROON. Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes. *[Aside.*

FATHER MARTIN. Daughter, I am ready to receive your confession——

OLD LAROON. Ay, ay, she has a fine parcel of sinful thoughts to answer for, I warrant her.

FATHER MARTIN. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to slander, I must reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a saint's.

OLD LAROON. As any saint's in Christendom within a day of matrimony.

FATHER MARTIN. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick, I have not yet had sufficient time to prepare her mind for that solemn sacrament.

OLD LAROON. Prepare her mind for a young fellow; prepare your mind for a bishopric.

FATHER MARTIN. Sir, there are ceremonies requisite; I shall be as expeditious as possible, but the Church has rules.

OLD LAROON. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as slow as you please, but I will not have my boy disappointed of his happiness, one day, for all the rules in Europe.

SCENE V.

FATHER MARTIN, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. I shall bring this haughtiness to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles since our last reckoning.

ISABEL. I wish you do not think it so, father. First, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon; yesterday talked during the whole mass to a young cavalier. [*He groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I shall make you groan more before I have done; last night cheated at cards, scandalised three of my acquaintance, went to bed without saying my prayers, and dreamt of Mr. Laroon.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh!—Tell me the particulars of that dream.

ISABEL. Nay, father, that I must be excused.

FATHER MARTIN. Modesty at confession is as unseasonable as in bed; and your mind should appear as naked to your confessor, as your person to your husband.

ISABEL. I thought he embraced me with the utmost tenderness.

FATHER MARTIN. But were you pleased therewith?

ISABEL. You know, father, a lie now would be the greatest of sins. I was not displeased, I assure you. But I have often heard you say, there is no sin in love.

FATHER MARTIN. No, in love itself there is not: love is not *malum in se*. Nor in the excess is there sometimes any; but then it must be rightly placed, must be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confessor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable.

ISABEL. Yes, but that—that is another sort of love, you know.

FATHER MARTIN. You are deceived; there is but one sort of love which is justifiable, or, indeed, desirable.

ISABEL. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

FATHER MARTIN. That I know not, I wish it may, however, I have some dispute as yet remaining with me concerning it; till that be satisfied, it will be improper for you "to proceed any farther in the affair." All the penance, therefore, I shall enjoin you on this confession, is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I shall have resolved within myself whether you shall marry him at all.

ISABEL. Not marry him at all? Sure, father, you are not in earnest?

FATHER MARTIN. I never jest on these occasions.

ISABEL. What reason can you have?

FATHER MARTIN. My reasons may not be so ripe for your ears at present. But, perhaps, better things are designed for you.

ISABEL. A fiddlestick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be designed for me. "I suppose you have found out some old fellow with twenty livres a year more in his power; but I can assure you, if I marry not Laroon, I'll not marry any.

"FATHER MARTIN. Perhaps you are not designed to marry any. Let me feel your pulse—Extremely feverish.

"ISABEL. You are enough to put any one in a fever. I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty fellow, and now I must defer my marriage, till you have considered whether I shall marry at all or no.

"FATHER MARTIN. Have you any more sins to confess?

"ISABEL. Sins! You have put all my sins out of my head, I think."

FATHER MARTIN. Benedicite—[*crossing himself.*] Daughter, you shall see me soon again, for great things are in agitation: at present, I leave you to your prayers.

SCENE VI.

ISABEL. [*Alone.*] Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers: but you have left me no great stomach to them. Great things are in agitation! What can he mean? "It

must be so—Some old liquorish rogue, with a title or a larger estate, hath a mind to supplant my dear Laroon.”

SCENE VII.

YOUNG LAROON, ISABEL.

YOUNG LAROON. My Isabel, my sweet!—how painfully do I count each tedious hour, till I can call you mine!

ISABEL. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

YOUNG LAROON. Ha! What means my love?

ISABEL. I would not have your wishes too impatient, that's all; but if you will wait a week, you shall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

YOUNG LAROON. And is this possible? Can words like these fall from Isabel's sweet lips; can she be false, inconstant, perjured?

ISABEL. Oh, do not discharge such a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deserve them; doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confessor, and guess the rest.

YOUNG LAROON. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured? by Heaven, it would be sinful to obey him.

ISABEL. Be satisfied, if I prevail with myself to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

“YOUNG LAROON. Oh! to what happiness have those dear words restored me. I am again myself: for while the possession of thee is sure, though distant, there is in that dear hope more transport than any other actual enjoyment can afford.

“ISABEL. Well, adieu, and to cram you quite full with hope (since you like the food) I here promise you, that the commands of all the priests in France shall not force me to marry another.” That is, sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

SCENE VIII.

YOUNG LAROON. [*Solus.*] Whether a violent hatred to my father, or an inordinate love for mischief, hath set the priest on this affair, I know not. Perhaps it is the former—for the old gentleman hath the happiness of being universally hated by every priest in Toulon.—Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom: but let him once attack a hornet or a priest, the whole nest of hornets, and the whole regiment of blackguards, are sure to be upon him.

SCENE IX.

OLD LAROON, *laughing*, YOUNG LAROON.

YOUNG LAROON. You are merry, sir.

OLD LAROON. Merry, sir! Ay, sir! I am merry, sir. Would you have your father sad, you rascal? Have you a mind to bury him in his youth?

YOUNG LAROON. Pardon me, sir, I rather wish to know the happy occasion of your mirth.

OLD LAROON. The occasion of my mirth, sir, is the saddest sight that ever mortal beheld.

YOUNG LAROON. A very odd occasion indeed.

OLD LAROON. Very odd truly. It is the sight of an old honest whoremaster in a fit of despair, and a damned rogue of a priest riding him to the devil.

YOUNG LAROON. Ay, sir; but I have seen a more melancholy sight.

OLD LAROON. Ha! what can that be?

YOUNG LAROON. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a priest keeping her from her lover.

OLD LAROON. How?

YOUNG LARON. The explanation of which is, that Father Martin hath put off our match for a week.

OLD LARON. Put off your match with Isabel!

YOUNG LARON. Even so, sir.

OLD LARON. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet, I never have tapped a priest: but if I don't let out some reverend blood before the sun sets, may I never see him rise again! I'll carbonado the villain; I'll make a ragout for the devil's supper of him.

YOUNG LARON. Let me entreat you, sir, to do nothing rashly, as long as I am safe in the faith of my Isabel.

OLD LARON. I tell you, sirrah, no man is safe in the faith of a mistress, no one is secure of a woman till he is in bed with her. "Had there been any security in the faith of a mistress, I had been at present married to half the duchesses in France." I no more rely on what a woman says out of a church, than on what a priest says in it.

"YOUNG LARON. Pardon me, sir: but I should have very little appetite to marry the woman whom I had such an opinion of.

"OLD LARON. You had an opinion of! What business have you to have any opinion? Is it not enough that I have an opinion of her, that is, of her fortune?—But I suppose you are one of those romantic, whining coxcombs, that are in love with the woman behind her back:" sirrah, I have had two women lawfully, and two thousand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

"YOUNG LARON. Well, sir, then I am happy that we both agree in the same person; I like the woman, and you her fortune.

"OLD LARON. Yes, you dog, and I'd have you secure her as soon as you can: for if a greater fortune should be found out in Toulon, I'd make you marry her."—So go find out your mistress, and stick close to her, and I'll go seek the priest, whom, if I can find, I will stick close to with a vengeance.

SCENE X.—*Another Apartment.*

OLD JOURDAIN, FATHER MARTIN.

OLD JOURDAIN. Alas! father, there is one sin sticks by me more than any I have confessed to you. It is so enormous a one, my shame hath prevented me discovering it—I have often concealed my crimes from my confessor.

FATHER MARTIN. That is a damnable sin indeed. It seemeth to argue a distrust of the Church, the greatest of all crimes; a sin I fear the Church cannot forgive.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! say not so, father!

FATHER MARTIN. I should have said, will not, or not without difficulty; for the Church can do all things.

OLD JOURDAIN. That is some comfort again.

FATHER MARTIN. I hope, however, though you have not confessed them, you have not forgotten them; for they must be confessed before they can be forgiven.

OLD JOURDAIN. I hope I shall recollect them, they are a black roll.—I remember I once was the occasion of ruining a woman's reputation by showing a letter from her.

FATHER MARTIN. If you had shown it to the priest, it had been no fault.

OLD JOURDAIN. Alas! sir, I wrote the letter to myself, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman on the head for the sake of his money, and ravished his daughter.

FATHER MARTIN. These are crying sins indeed.

OLD JOURDAIN. At the same time I robbed a Jesuit of two pistoles.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! damnable! Oh! execrable!

OLD JOURDAIN. "Good father, have patience: I once borrowed five hundred livres of an honest citizen in Paris, and repaid him by lying with his wife: and what sits nearest my heart, was forced to pay a young cavalier the same sum, by suffering him to lie with mine.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh!

OLD JOURDAIN. And yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant? What have I not done to get a penny? I insured a ship for a great value, and then cast it away; I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres, and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of peace.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! that seat of heresy and damnation! that whore of Babylon!

OLD JOURDAIN. With the whores of Babylon did I unite: I protected them from justice: gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too: I never punished any vice but poverty: for oh! I dread to name it, I once committed a priest to Newgate for picking pockets.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! monstrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damned without reprieve.

OLD JOURDAIN. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

FATHER MARTIN. Pity! the Church abhors it. 'Twere mercy to such a wretch to pray him into Purgatory.

OLD JOURDAIN. I'll give all my estates to the Church, I'll found monasteries, I'll build abbeys.

FATHER MARTIN. All will not do, ten thousand masses will not deliver you.

OLD JOURDAIN. Was ever such a miserable wretch?

FATHER MARTIN. Thou hast sins enough to damn thy whole family. Monstrous impiety! to lift up the hand of justice against the Church.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh, speak some comfort to me: will no penance expiate my crime?

FATHER MARTIN. It is too grievous for a single penance; go settle your estate on the Church, and send your daughter to a nunnery, her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a day for you; and all these, I hope, will purchase your forgiveness; at least your stay in Purgatory will be short.

OLD JOURDAIN. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her.

FATHER MARTIN. You must force her. Your all depends on it.

OLD JOURDAIN. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

FATHER MARTIN. The Church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impiety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment, see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

OLD JOURDAIN. What a poor miserable wretch am I!

SCENE XI.

FATHER MARTIN. [*Solus.*] Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels, feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair by the despair of this old fool. Superstition, I adore thee,

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,
By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

OLD JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

OLD JOURDAIN. Have you no compassion for your father, for him that gave you being? Could you bear to hear me howl in Purgatory?

ISABEL. Lud! papa! Do you think your putting me into Purgatory in this world will save you from Purgatory in

the next? "If you have any sins, you must repent of them yourself; for I give you my word, I have enough to do to repent of my own.

"OLD JOURDAIN. You will soon wipe off that score, and will be then in a place where you cannot contract a new one.

"ISABEL. Indeed, sir, to shut a woman out from sin is not so easy. But, dear sir, how can it enter into your head, that my penance can be acceptable for your sin?" Take my word, one week's fasting will be of more service to you than this long fast you would enjoin me.

OLD JOURDAIN. Alas! child, if fasting would do, I am sure I have not been wanting to my duty; I have fasted till I am almost worn away to nothing; I have almost fasted myself into Purgatory, while I was fasting myself out of it.

ISABEL. But whence comes all this apprehension of your danger?

OLD JOURDAIN. Whence should it come, but from the Church?

ISABEL. Oh! sir, I have thought of the most lucky thing. You know my cousin Beatrice is just going into a nunnery, and she will pray for you as much as you would have her.

OLD JOURDAIN. Trifle not with so serious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

ISABEL. Then you shall have them anywhere but in a nunnery.

OLD JOURDAIN. They must be there too.

ISABEL. That will be impossible; for if I was there, instead of praying you out of Purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myself out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.

OLD LAROON, OLD JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

OLD LAROON. A dog, a villain, put off my son's match! Mr. Jourdain, your servant; will you suffer a rogue of a Jesuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week?

OLD JOURDAIN. I am sorry, Mr. Laroon, for the disappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than that.

OLD LAROON. How, sir?

OLD JOURDAIN. She is intended for another marriage, sir; a much better match.

OLD LAROON. A much better match!—

ISABEL. Yes, sir, I am to be sent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of Purgatory.

OLD LAROON. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that matter very easy: he shall have no fear of Purgatory; for I'll send him to the devil this moment. Come, sir, draw, draw—

OLD JOURDAIN. Draw what, sir?

OLD LAROON. Draw your sword, sir.

OLD JOURDAIN. Alas, sir, I have long since done with swords; I have broken my sword long since.

OLD LAROON. Then I shall break your head, you old rogue.

OLD JOURDAIN. Heyday — you are mad; what's the matter?

OLD LAROON. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have used me ill, and you are a son of a whore, that's all.

OLD JOURDAIN. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conscience accuse me of using you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your son, but if Heaven requires her—

OLD LAROON. I shall run mad.

OLD JOURDAIN. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's sins.

OLD LAROON. And so you would atone for all

your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the design of nature! Was this girl intended for praying? Harkye, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the Church.

OLD JOURDAIN. It is impossible.

OLD LARON. Well, sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, sir, I desire you would fetch your sword.

SCENE III.

YOUNG LARON *in a Friar's habit*, OLD LARON,
OLD JOURDAIN.

YOUNG LARON. Let peace be in this house — Where is the sinner Jourdain?

OLD JOURDAIN. Here is the miserable wretch.

OLD LARON. Death and the devil, another priest.

YOUNG LARON. Then know I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

OLD LARON. That's likely enough.

YOUNG LARON. St. Francis, the patron of our order, hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee, that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was, it seems, thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint, who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

OLD LARON. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I liked in my whole life.

OLD JOURDAIN. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil?

YOUNG LARON. Your daughter, I am concerned to say it, is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr. Laron.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh, Heavens!

OLD LARON. What's that you say, sir, because I thought I heard somewhat of a damned lie come out of your mouth.

YOUNG LARON. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me, and he cannot be mistaken.

OLD LARON. I can tell you, sir, if that young gentleman had heard you, he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

YOUNG LARON. Sir, you have nothing to do now, but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

OLD LARON. This St. Francis must lie, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair: no one is ever eager to sign articles when they have entered the town.—Well, Master Jourdain, if the young dog has tripped up your daughter's heels in an unlawful way, as St. Francis says, why he shall make her amends and—and do it in a lawful one. So I'll go see for my son, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery—Ods-heart, it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her belly full, that she must fast all her life afterwards.

YOUNG LARON. I have delivered my commission, and shall now return to my convent—Farewell, and return thanks to St. Francis.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a merciful saint art thou!

[Here begins the Second Act, as it is now played.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment.*

FATHER MARTIN, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. Indeed, child, there are pleasures in a retired life, which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgences granted to people in that state which would be sinful out of it “And, perhaps, the same liberties are

permitted them with one person, which are denied them with another." Come, put on a cheerful countenance, you don't know what you are designed for.

ISABEL. No, but I know what I am not designed for.

FATHER MARTIN. Let me feel your pulse.

ISABEL. You are a physician as well as a priest, I suppose.

FATHER MARTIN. Have you never any odd dreams?

ISABEL. No.

FATHER MARTIN. Do you never find any strange emotions?

ISABEL. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

FATHER MARTIN. Strange that—Did you never see me in your sleep?

ISABEL. I never dream of a priest, I assure you.

FATHER MARTIN. Nay, nay; be candid, confess; perhaps there may be nothing so sinful in it. We cannot help what we are designed for. "We are only passive, and the sin lies not at our doors. While you are only passive, I'll answer for your sins."

ISABEL. What do you mean?

FATHER MARTIN. That you must not yet know—Great things are designed for you, very great things are designed for you.

ISABEL. (Hum! I begin to guess what is designed for me.)

[*Aside.*]

"FATHER MARTIN. Those eyes have a fire in them that scarce seems mortal.—Come hither—give me a kiss—ha! there is a sweetness in that breath like what I have read of Ambrosia. That bosom heaves like those of priestesses of old, when big with inspiration.

ISABEL. (Hoity-toity—Are you thereabouts, good father?")

[*Aside.*]

FATHER MARTIN. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter, let me give thee joy of such promotion, such happiness as will attend you.

ISABEL. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way.

[*Aside.*]

FATHER MARTIN. You must resign yourself up to my will, you must be passive in all things.

ISABEL. Oh! let me thus beg pardon on my knees, for an offence which modesty occasioned.

FATHER MARTIN. Ha! speak.

ISABEL. Oh! I see it is in vain to hide my secrets from you. What need have I to confess what you already know?

FATHER MARTIN. Confession was intended for the sake of the penitent, not the confessor: for to the Church all things are revealed.

ISABEL. Oh! then I had a dream—I dreamt—I dreamt—oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

“FATHER MARTIN. Horrible!

“ISABEL. I dreamt—I dreamt—I dreamt”——

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! the strength of sin!

ISABEL. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

FATHER MARTIN. The very happiness I meant; let me embrace you, let me kiss you, my dear daughter: henceforth you may defy Purgatory—the mother of a pope was never there.

ISABEL. But how can that be, when I am to be a nun, father?

FATHER MARTIN. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be passive, the Church will work the rest. A pope is always the son of a nun. Go you to your chamber, wash yourself, then pray devoutly, shut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the consequence.

ISABEL. Father, I shall be obedient—(Oh! the villain!)

[*Aside.*

FATHER MARTIN. Be passive and be happy.

SCENE V.

OLD JOURDAIN, FATHER MARTIN, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. Why this unseasonable interruption, while your daughter is at confession?

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh, father, I have brought you news

will make you happy, will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed.

FATHER MARTIN. Out of Purgatory——vain man! dost thou think to inform the Church?

OLD JOURDAIN. I suppose St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I should have imagined that before; for we seldom hear any thing from the saints, but through the mouth of a priest.

FATHER MARTIN. What does he mean? [Aside.

OLD JOURDAIN. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery now give you no uneasiness.

FATHER MARTIN. No, no, she is perfectly reconciled to it, and I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince.

OLD JOURDAIN. Ha! would not quit the nunnery, Heaven forbid.

FATHER MARTIN. How! you are not mad!

OLD JOURDAIN. Unless with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis to marry my daughter immediately.

FATHER MARTIN. "Oh! folly!" to marry her immediately; why, ay, to marry her to the Church, St. Francis means. You see into what errors the laity run, when they go without the leading-strings of the Church, "and would interpret for themselves what they know nothing of."

ISABEL. I'll take this opportunity to steal off, and communicate a design of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this priest into a snare he little dreams of.

OLD JOURDAIN. But I cannot see how that should be St. Francis's meaning; for though my daughter may be married to the Church in a figurative sense, sure she cannot be with child by the Church in a literal one.

FATHER MARTIN. I see the business now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this—*Exorcizo te. Exorcizo te, Satan. Tou dapomeibomenos prosephe podas okus Achilleus.*

OLD JOURDAIN. Bless us, what mean you?

FATHER MARTIN. You are possessed; the Devil has taken

possession of you; he is now within you, I saw him just now look out of your eyes.

OLD JOURDAIN. O miserable wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.

OLD LAROON, YOUNG LAROON, OLD JOURDAIN, FATHER MARTIN.

OLD LAROON. Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Where is my daughter-in-law? I'll warrant she will easily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odso, it's an error of the right side.

OLD JOURDAIN. Talk not to me of my daughter, I am possessed, I am possessed.

OLD LAROON. Possessed—what the devil are you possessed with?

OLD JOURDAIN. I am possessed with the Devil.

OLD LAROON. You are possessed with a priest, and that's worse. Come, let's have the wedding, and, at night, we'll drive the Devil out of you with a fiddle. The Devil is a great lover of music. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning a violin, then present the company with a hornpipe, and so dance a jig through the keyhole.

FATHER MARTIN. Thou art the Devil's son; for he is the father of liars.

OLD LAROON. Thou art the Devil's footman, and wearest his proper livery.

OLD JOURDAIN. Fie upon you, Mr. Laroon; fie upon you.

FATHER MARTIN. Mr. Laroon! O surprising effect of possession—Here is nobody.

OLD JOURDAIN. Can I not believe my eyes!

FATHER MARTIN. Can you not! no—you are to believe mine. The eyes of the laity may err, the eyes of a priest cannot.

OLD JOURDAIN. And do not I see Mr. Laroon and his son!

FATHER MARTIN. You see neither. It is the spirit within you that represents to your eyes and ears what objects it pleases.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! miserable wretch.

OLD LARON. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or no, and whether I cannot make this priest sensible that I am somebody.

YOUNG LARON. For Heaven's sake, sir, consider the consequence.

OLD LARON. Consequence! do you think I'll suffer a rascal to prove me nothing at all to my face?

OLD JOURDAIN. And is it possible all this is a vision?

FATHER MARTIN. Retire to rest—while I, by the force and battery of prayer, expel this dreadful guest.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! what a miserable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.

OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, FATHER MARTIN.

OLD LARON. Harkye, sir, will you please to tell me what this great impudence of yours means, and what you would intend by annihilating me?

FATHER MARTIN. It were happy for such sinners that they could be annihilated; "It were worth to you two hundred thousand masses, take my word for it."

"OLD LARON. It were happy for such rascals as you, sirrah, that all honesty was annihilated.

"YOUNG LARON. But pray, father, what reasons have you for preventing my match with Isabel?

"FATHER MARTIN. Reasons, young gentleman, that are not proper for your ears. Isabel is intended for a better bridegroom than you.

"OLD LARON. How, sirrah! how! do you disparage my son; do you run down my boy?" Harkye, either make up affairs between them immediately, exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door, or I'll blow up thy convent; I'll

burn your garrison, and disband such a set of black locusts as shall rob and pillage all Toulon.

FATHER MARTIN. I contemn thy threats. The saints defend their ministers.

OLD LARON. The saints defend their ministers! the laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Prison, and St. Gibbet, and St. Faggot; these are the saints that defend you. If you had no defence but from the saints in the other world, you would few of you stay long in this. If you had no other arms than your beads, you would have shortly no other food.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh slanderous! Oh impious! some judgment cannot be far off.

OLD LARON. When a priest is so near—sirrah!

SCENE VIII.

To them, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the breath of sin has infected it, "and two gallons of holy water will scarce purify the air."

ISABEL. Oh! Heavens! what's the matter, father?

OLD LARON. Why, the matter is, this gentleman in black here, for reasons best known to himself, and another gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid your marriage.

ISABEL. What the saints please.

OLD LARON. Hoity-toity, what, has he filled your head with the saints too?

ISABEL. Oh, sir! I have had such dreams.

OLD LARON. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha! the devil's in it, if a girl just going to be married should not have dreams. But they were dreams the saints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

"ISABEL. Such visions of saints appearing to me, and advising me to a nunnery.

"OLD LARON. Impossible! impossible! for I have had

visions too: I have been ordered by half a dozen saints to see you married with the utmost expedition; and a very honest saint, whose name I forgot, came to me about an hour ago, and swore heartily if you were not married within this week, he'd lead you to Purgatory in a fortnight.

"FATHER MARTIN. Oh! grievous!

"ISABEL. Can there be such contradictions?

"OLD LARON. Pshaw! pshaw! Yours was a dream, and so to be understood backwards; mine, a true vision, therefore to be believed. Why, child, I have been a famous seer of visions in my time. Would you believe it? While I was in the army, there never was a battle but I saw it some time beforehand. I have had an intimate familiarity with the saints, I know them all; there is not one of them could be capable of saying such a thing."

ISABEL. Oh! sir, I saw and heard, and must believe; for none but the Church can contradict our senses.

OLD LARON. So, sir! the distemper's hereditary, I find: the daughter is as full of the Church as the father. Come away, son, come away: I would not have thee marry into such a family; I should be grandfather to a race of greasy priests. 'Sdeath! this girl will be brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

ISABEL. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh, prodigious! that such a saint should prophesy truth through those lips, whence the Devil has been thundering so many lies.

OLD LARON. What truth, sir? what truth?

ISABEL. Oh! sir, the blessing you mentioned has been promised me! I am to give a pope to the world.

OLD LARON. Are you so, madam? He shall have no blood of mine in him; I'm resolved I'll never ask blessings of a grandson. Come away, Jack, come away, I say; let us leave the devil's son and the pope's mother together.

YOUNG LARON. Remember, my Isabel, I only live in the hopes of seeing you mine.

SCENE IX.

FATHER MARTIN, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. It were better that thou shouldst howl in Purgatory ten thousand years, than ever see that day. Oh! that we had but an inquisition in France. Burning four or five hundred such fellows in a morning would be the best way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itself at the fire of a heretic.

ISABEL. Fire is as necessary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father: "and burning a heretic is really a very great service done to himself; a faggot is a purge for a sick soul, and a heretic is obliged to the priest who applies it."

FATHER MARTIN. There spoke the spirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little saint; for such thou wilt be; let me kiss thee with the pure affection of a confessor—Ha! there is something divine in these lips, let me taste them again; are you sure you have drank no holy-water this morning?

ISABEL. None, upon my word.

FATHER MARTIN. Let me smell a third time. There. *Numero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happiness will attend you. But be sure to observe my directions in every thing.

ISABEL. I shall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

FATHER MARTIN. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourself? any extraordinary emotion?

ISABEL. I cannot say I did.

FATHER MARTIN. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation; which must be diligently watched for. "Perhaps your good genius was at that time otherwise employed. Repeat the ceremony often, and my life on the success." Let me see, about an hour hence will be a very good season. Be ready to receive him, and, I firmly believe, the spirit will come to you.

ISABEL. Oh lud! father, I shall be frighted out of my wits at the sight of a spirit.

FATHER MARTIN. You will see nothing frightful, take my word for it.

ISABEL. I hope he won't appear in any horrible shape.

FATHER MARTIN. Hum——That is to be averted by *Ave Marias*. As this is a friendly spirit, I daresay you may prevail on him to take what shape you please. Perhaps your father; or if you cannot prevail for a layman, I dare swear you may at least pray him into the shape of your confessor: and though I must suffer pain on that account, I am ready to undergo it for your service.

ISABEL. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myself for this vast happiness, and nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you.

FATHER MARTIN. And if any thing be wanting on mine, may I never say mass again, or never be paid for masses I have not said. "Either this girl has extraordinary simplicity, or, what is more likely, extraordinary cunning; she does not seem averse to my kisses. Why should I not imagine she sees and approves my design? Well, I'll say this for the sex; let a man but invent any excuse for the sin, and they are all ready to undertake it." How happy is a priest,

Who can the blushing maid's resistance smother,
With sin in one hand, pardon in the other.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ISABEL'S *Apartment*.

YOUNG LARON, ISABEL.

YOUNG LARON. Perdition seize the villain; may all the torments of twenty inquisitions rack his soul!

ISABEL. Act your part well, and we shall not want his own weapons against him.

YOUNG LARON. Sure it is impossible he can intend it—

ISABEL. Shall I make the experiment?

YOUNG LARON. I shall never be able to forbear murdering him.

ISABEL. You shall promise not to commit any violence; you know too well what will be the consequence of that. "Let us sufficiently convict him, and leave his punishment to the law.

"YOUNG LARON. And I know too well what will be the consequence of that. There seems to be a combination between priests and lawyers; the lawyers are to save the priests from punishment for their rogueries in this world, and the priests the lawyers in the next."

ISABEL. However, the same law that screens him for having injured you, will punish you for having done justice to him. *[Knocking at the door.*

ISABEL. Oh! Heavens! the priest is at the door. What shall we do?

YOUNG LARON. Damn him: I'll stay here and confront him.

ISABEL. Oh! no, by no means; for once, I'll attack him in his own way; so the moment he opens the door, do you run out, and leave the rest to me.

[She throws herself into a chair, and shrieks.

YOUNG LARON *overturns* FATHER MARTIN.

SCENE II.

FATHER MARTIN, ISABEL.

FATHER MARTIN. I am slain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter, is this your patient expectation of the spirit?

ISABEL. It has been here, it has been here.

FATHER MARTIN. What has been here ?

ISABEL. Oh! the spirit, the spirit. It has been here this half hour, and just as you came in, it vanished away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

FATHER MARTIN. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am sure. Spirit, indeed! there are abundance of such spirits as these in Toulon. And pray, how have the spirit and you employed your time this half hour?

ISABEL. Oh, don't ask me: it is impossible to tell you.

FATHER MARTIN. Ay, 'tis needless too: for I can give a shrewd guess. I suppose you like his company?

ISABEL. Oh! so well, that I could wish he would visit me ten times every day.

"FATHER MARTIN. Oh, oh! and in the same shape too?

"ISABEL. Oh! I should like him in any shape; and I dare swear he'll come in any shape too; for he is the purest, sweetest, most complaisant spirit! I could have almost sworn it had been Mr. Laroon himself.

"FATHER MARTIN. Was there ever such a——"

ISABEL. Nay, when it came in first, it behaved just like Mr. Laroon, and called itself by his name; but when it found I did not answer a word, it took me by the hand, and cried, 'Is it possible you can be angry with your Laroon!' I answered not a word; then it kissed me a hundred times; I said nothing still; it caught me in its arms, and embraced me passionately; I still behaved as you commanded me, very passive.

"FATHER MARTIN. Oh! the devil, the devil! Was ever man so caught? And did you never apprehend it to be Mr. Laroon himself?

"ISABEL. Heaven forbid I should have suffered Mr. Laroon in these familiarities, which you ordered me to allow the spirit."

FATHER MARTIN. I am caught, indeed. Damned, driveling idiot!

[*Aside.*

ISABEL. But, dear father, tell me, shall I not see it again quickly? for I long to see it again.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! yes, yes——

ISABEL. I long to see it in the dark, methinks; for, you know, father, one sees spirits best in the dark.

FATHER MARTIN. Ay, ay, you'll see it in the dark, I warrant you; but be sure and behave as you did before.

ISABEL. And will he always behave as he did before, father?

FATHER MARTIN. Hum! be in your chamber this evening at eight; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the spirit may pay you a second visit.

ISABEL. I'll be sure to be punctual.

FATHER MARTIN. And passive?

ISABEL. I'll obey you in every thing.

FATHER MARTIN. Senseless oaf! But though I have lost the first fruits by her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with it: and if I do not make a notable use of it, I am no priest.

SCENE III.

OLD JOURDAIN. [*Solus.*] Oh! Purgatory! Purgatory! what would I not give to escape thy flames! methinks I feel them already. Hark! what noise is that?—Nothing—Ha! what's that I see? Some thing with two heads—What can all this portend?—"What a poor miserable wretch am I!"

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, a friar below desires to speak with you.

OLD JOURDAIN. Why will you suffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door? Bring him in. "Perhaps he is some messenger of comfort. But oh! I rather fear the reverse: for what comfort can a sinner like me expect?"

SCENE IV.

OLD LAROON *in a Friar's habit*, OLD JOURDAIN.

OLD LAROON. A plague attend this house, and all that are in it.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! oh!

OLD LAROON. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor son of a whore, Jourdain?

OLD JOURDAIN. Alas! alas!

OLD LAROON. If thou art he, I have a message to thee from St. Francis. The saint gives his humble service to you, and bid me tell you you are one of the saddest dogs that ever lived for having disobeyed his orders, and attempted to put your daughter into a nunnery; for which he has given me positive orders to assure you, you shall lie in Purgatory five hundred thousand years.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh!

OLD LAROON. And I assure you it is a very warm sort of a place; for I called there as I came along to take lodgings for you.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! Heavens! is it possible that you can have seen the dreadful horrors of that place?

“OLD LAROON. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times in a day. Why, how far do you take it to be to Purgatory? Not above a mile and half at farthest, and every step of the way down hill.” Seen them! Ay, ay, I have seen them! and a pretty sight they are too, a pretty tragical sort of a sight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air—then there is the prettiest concert of music.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! Heavens! music!

OLD LAROON. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourself at an opera if it were not for the great heat of the air, as I said before. Some spirits are shut up in ovens, some are chained to spits, some are scattered in frying-pans—and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! I am scorched, I am scorched—
For pity's sake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me;
compassionate my case—

“OLD LAROON. There is but one way; let me carry
him the news of your daughter's marriage, that may perhaps
appease him. Between you and I, St. Francis is a liquorish
old dog, and loves to set people to work to his heart.

“OLD JOURDAIN. She shall be married this instant; the
saint must know it is none of my fault. Had I rightly
understood his will, it had been long since performed—
But well might I misinterpret him, when even the Church,
when Father Martin failed.”

OLD LAROON. I would be very glad to know where I
should find that same Father Martin. I have a small
commission to him relating to a Purgatory affair. St.
Francis has sentenced him to lie in a frying-pan there just
six hundred years, for his amour with your daughter.

OLD JOURDAIN. My daughter!

OLD LAROON. Are you ignorant of it then? Did you
not know that he had debauched your daughter?

OLD JOURDAIN. Ignorant! Oh! Heavens! no wonder
she is refused the veil.

OLD LAROON. I thought you had known it. I'll show
you a sight worse than Purgatory itself: you shall behold
this disgrace to the Church, a sight shall make you
shudder.

OLD JOURDAIN. Is it possible a priest should be such
a villain?

OLD LAROON. Nothing's impossible to the Church, you
know.

“OLD JOURDAIN. And may I hope St. Francis will be
appeased?

“OLD LAROON. Hum! There is a great favourite of
that saint who lives in this town; his name is Monsieur
Laroon. If you could get him to say half a dozen bead-
rolls for you, they might be of great service.

“OLD JOURDAIN. How! Can the saint regard so loose
a liver?

“OLD LAROON. Oh! St. Francis loves an honest merry fellow to his soul. And harkye, I don't think it impossible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted with the saint; for to my knowledge they very often crack a bottle together.

“OLD JOURDAIN. Can I believe it?”

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Father Martin is below.

OLD LAROON. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more securely.

SCENE V.

To them, FATHER MARTIN.

FATHER MARTIN. Peace be with my son. Ha! a friar here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. [*Aside.*] Save you, reverend father.

OLD LAROON. Tu quoque.

FATHER MARTIN. This fellow should be a Jesuit by his taciturnity. You see, father, the miserable state of our poor son.

OLD LAROON. I have advised him thereon.

FATHER MARTIN. Your advice is kind, though needless. He hath not wanted prayer, fasting, nor castigation, which are proper physic for him.

OLD LAROON. Or suppose, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

FATHER MARTIN. A ball!

OLD LAROON. Ay, or a wench now; suppose we were to procure him a wench.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! monstrous! Oh! impious!

OLD LAROON. I only give my opinion.

FATHER MARTIN. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art some wolf in sheep's clothing. Thou art a scandal to thy order.

OLD LAROON. I wish thou art not more a scandal to

thine, brother father, to abuse a poor old fellow in a fit of the spleen here, as thou dost, with a set of ridiculous notions of Purgatory, and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no such thing.

FATHER MARTIN. That I should not know thee before. Don't you know this reverend father, son? your worthy neighbour Laroon.

OLD LAROON. Then farewell, hypocrisy. I would not wear thy cloak another hour for any consideration.

OLD JOURDAIN. What do I see?

OLD LAROON. Why, you see a very honest neighbour of yours, that has tried to deliver you out of the claws of a roguish priest, whom you may see too; look in the glass, and you may see an old doting fool, who is afraid of his own shadow.

FATHER MARTIN. Be not concerned at this, son. Perhaps one hour's suffering from this fellow may strike off several years of Purgatory: I have known such instances.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! father! didst thou know what I have been guilty of believing against thee from the mouth of this wicked man?

OLD LAROON. Death and the devil, I'll stay no longer here: for, if I do, I shall cut this priest's throat, though the rack was before my face.

SCENE VI.

FATHER MARTIN, OLD JOURDAIN.

FATHER MARTIN. Son, take care of believing any thing against the Church: it is as sinful to believe any thing against the Church, as to disbelieve any thing for it. You are to believe what the Church tells you, and no more.

OLD JOURDAIN. I almost shudder when I think what I believed against you. I believed that you had seduced my daughter.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? think not you believed it. I order you to think you

did not believe it, and it were now sinful to believe you did believe it.

OLD JOURDAIN. And can I think so?

FATHER MARTIN. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourself do. However, that your mind may be cleansed from the least pollution of thought—go, say over ten bead-rolls immediately; go, and peace attend you—

OLD JOURDAIN. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE VII.

FATHER MARTIN. [*Solus.*] Go. While I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a suspicion of Laroon's, or am I betrayed? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution: for I am not able yet to discover whether this girl be of prodigious simplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are superior to the wisdom of a conclave! A priest may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

“SCENE VIII.—*The Street.*”

“OLD LARON *and* YOUNG LARON *meet.*”

YOUNG LARON. Well, sir, what success?

OLD LARON. Success! you rascal! if ever you offer to put me into a priest's skin again, I'll beat you out of your own.

“YOUNG LARON. What's the matter, sir?”

“OLD LARON. Matter, sir! Why, I have been laughed at, have been abused. 'Sdeath! sir! I am in such a passion, that I do not believe I shall come to myself again these twenty years. That rascal Martin discovered me in an instant, and turned me into a jest.

“YOUNG LARON. Be comforted, sir, you may yet have the pleasure of turning him into one.

“OLD LARON. Nothing less than turning him inside out. —Nothing less than broiling his gizzard will satisfy me.

“YOUNG LARON. Come with me, and I dare swear I’ll give your revenge content. We have laid a snare for him, which I think it is impossible he should escape.

“OLD LARON. A snare for a priest! a trap for the Devil! you will as soon catch the one as the other.

“YOUNG LARON. I am sure our bait is good—A fine woman is as good a bait for a priest-trap, as toasted cheese is for a mouse-trap.

“OLD LARON. Yes, but the rascal will nibble off twenty baits before you can take him.

“YOUNG LARON. Leave that to us. I’ll warrant our success.

“OLD LARON. Wilt thou? then I shall have more pleasure in taking this one priest, than in all the other wild beasts I have ever taken.”

SCENE IX.

OLD JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

ISABEL. If I don’t convince you he’s a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not shut your ears against truth, and you shall want no other evidence.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh, daughter, daughter, some evil spirit is busy within you. The same spirit that visited me this morning is now in you.

ISABEL. I wish the spirit that is in me would visit you, you would kick this rogue out of doors.

OLD JOURDAIN. The wicked reason of your anger is too plain. The priest won’t let you have your fellow.

ISABEL. The priest would have me for himself.

OLD JOURDAIN. Oh! wicked assertion! Oh! base return for the care he has taken of your poor sinful father, for the love he has shown for your soul.

ISABEL. He has shown more love for my body, believe me, sir. Nay, go but with me, and you shall believe your own eyes and ears.

OLD JOURDAIN. Against the Church! Heaven forbid!

ISABEL. Will you not believe your own senses, sir?

OLD JOURDAIN. Not when the Church contradicts them.—Alas! how do we know what we believe without the Church? Why, I thought I saw Mr. Laroon and his son to-day, when I saw neither. Alack-a-day, child, the Church often contradicts our senses. But you owe these wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleases, and most believe none.

ISABEL. Well, sir, if you will not be convinced, you shall be the only person in Toulon that is not.

OLD JOURDAIN. I will go with thee, if it were only to see how far this wicked spirit will carry his imposition; for I am convinced the Devil will leave no stone unturned to work my destruction.

ISABEL. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambassador too.

SCENE X.—*Another Apartment.*

YOUNG LAROOON, [*in woman's clothes.*] None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful assignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I shall have difficulty to refrain from beating the rascal before he has discovered himself—
[*Knocking at the door.*] Who's there? [*Softly.*]

BEATRICE. Isabel, Isabel!

YOUNG LAROOON. Come in. What a soft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE XI.

YOUNG LAROOON, BEATRICE.

BEATRICE. What are you doing in the dark, my dear?

YOUNG LAROOON. Heyday, who the devil is this? I seem to be in a way of an assignation in earnest.

BEATRICE. Isabel, where are you?

YOUNG LAROON. Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Mademoiselle Beatrice, is it you?

BEATRICE. Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?

YOUNG LAROON. Hush! hush!—Don't you know my voice?—I am Laroon.

BEATRICE. Mr. Laroon! What business can you have here?

YOUNG LAROON. Ask me no questions, get but into a corner of the room and be silent, and you will perhaps see a very diverting scene. Nay, do not be afraid, for I assure you it will be a very innocent one; make haste, dear madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the discovery of a notorious villain.

BEATRICE. I cannot guess your meaning, but would willingly assist on such an occasion.

YOUNG LAROON. Now for my desiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.

YOUNG LAROON, FATHER MARTIN.

FATHER MARTIN. Isabel, Isabel, where are you?

YOUNG LAROON. Here.

FATHER MARTIN. Come to my arms, my angel.

YOUNG LAROON. I hope you are in no frightful shape.

FATHER MARTIN. I am in the shape of that very good man thy confessor, honest Father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love, my charmer.

YOUNG LAROON. Bless me, what do you mean?

FATHER MARTIN. The words even of a spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed, there shalt thou know my meaning. There will we repeat those pleasures which this day I gave thee in another shape—Tread softly, my dearest, sweetest! This night shall make thee mother to a pope.

[Laroon leads him out.]

SCENE XIII.—*Another Apartment.*

OLD LARON, OLD JOURDAIN, ISABEL, A PRIEST, YOUNG LARON, FATHER MARTIN, *and* BEATRICE.

FATHER MARTIN. Whither will you pull me?

YOUNG LARON. Villain, I'll show thee whither.

FATHER MARTIN. Ha!

YOUNG LARON. Down on thy knees, confess thyself the worst of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

PRIEST. He needs not confess; our ears are sufficient witnesses against him.

OLD LARON. Huzza! huzza! the priest is caught, the priest is caught.

OLD JOURDAIN. I am thunderstruck with amazement.

OLD LARON. How dost thou attempt to debauch my son, you black rascal? I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to dishonour my family.

PRIEST. You shall be made a severe example of, for having dishonoured your order.

FATHER MARTIN. I shall find another time to answer you.

OLD LARON. Hold, sir, hold. I have too much charity not to cleanse you, as much as possible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [*Enter Servants.*] Here, take this worthy gentleman, and wash him a little in a horse-pond, then toss him dry in a blanket.

I SERVANT. We will wash him with a vengeance.

ALL. Ay, ay, we'll wash him.

FATHER MARTIN. You may repent this, Mr. Laron.

SCENE *the last.*

OLD LARON, YOUNG LARON, OLD JOURDAIN, PRIEST,
ISABEL, *and* BEATRICE.

PRIEST. Though he deserves the worst, yet consider his order, Mr. Laroon.

OLD LARON. Sir, he shall undergo the punishment, though I suffer the like afterwards. Well, Master Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced that you may marry your daughter without going to Purgatory for it.

OLD JOURDAIN. I hope you will pardon what is past, my good neighbour; and you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the same. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

YOUNG LARON. Amends! Oh! she would make me large amends for twenty thousand times my sufferings.

ISABEL. Tell me so hereafter, my dear lover. "A woman may make a man amends for his sufferings before marriage, but can she make him amends for what he suffers after it?"

"YOUNG LARON. Oh! think not that can ever be my fate with you.

"OLD LARON. Pox o' your raptures! If you don't make her suffer before to-morrow morning, thou art no son of mine; and if she does not make you suffer within this twelvemonth, blood, she is no woman — Come, honest neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own folly and the priest's roguery together, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

"OLD JOURDAIN. Mr. Laroon, if I have erred on one side, you have erred as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a reflection on the sins of your youth would not be unwholesome.

"OLD LARON. 'Sblood, sir, but it would! Reflection is the most unwholesome thing in the world. Besides, sir, I have no sins to reflect on but those of an honest fellow. If

I have loved a whore at five-and-twenty, and a bottle at forty, why I have done as much good as I could in my generation; and that, I hope, will make amends."

ISABEL. Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you positively bent on a nunnery still?

BEATRICE. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me if I should change my resolution; but I have seen so much of a priest to-day, that I really believe I shall spend my life in the company of a layman.

OLD LARON. Why, that is bravely said, madam. 'Sbud! I like you, and if I had not resolved for the sake of this rascal here never to marry again, 'Sbud! I might take you into my arms; and I can tell you, they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe.—Come, Master Jourdain, this night you and I will crack a bottle together, and to-morrow morning we will employ this honest gentleman here to tack our son and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a priest again as long as I live.

ISABEL. [*To Young Laroon.*] Well, sir, you see we have got the better of all difficulties at last. The fears of a lover are very unreasonable, when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress;

For when a woman sets herself about it,
Nor priest nor devil can make her go without it.

THE MOCK DOCTOR

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CURED.

A COMEDY DONE FROM MOLIÈRE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, 1732.

TO DR. JOHN MISAUBIN

SIR,—Were I not well assured of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taste might give me terrible apprehensions, while I am presenting you a piece, wherein, I fear, much injustice is done to an author, whose beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady than by dedicating to her the Sixth Satire of Juvenal. Such an address must naturally suppose her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed against. Permit me, therefore, sir, to prefix to a farce, wherein Quacks are so severely exposed, the name of one who will be remembered as an honour to his profession, while there is a single practitioner in town at whose door there is a lamp in an evening.

I shall not here proceed, in the common road of dedications, to sum up the many great talents with which nature has enriched you: I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellences so well known to the world; nor shall I mention here that politeness, which appears equal with your wit in your conversation, and has made you the desire of the great, and the envy of the whole profession; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, insomuch that the latter are often gainers by their distempers, and drink you out more in wine than they pay you for physic. I shall not, I say, mention these: but I cannot, without the greatest violence to myself, pass by that Little Pill which has rendered you so great a blessing to mankind;

that Pill which is the opposite to Pandora's Box, and has done more real good in the world than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking of this invaluable remedy, to which so many owe their health, their pleasure, nay, the very preservation of their being.

It is this, sir, which has animated the brethren of your faculty against you: that has made them represent one of the greatest men of this age as an illiterate empiric, for which weak effort of their malice you have continually had a very laudable and just contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your ears, that are so averse to flattery, I might here mention your great skill in divinity, philosophy, &c., almost equal to your knowledge in physic. But this the world will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevailed on to publish some of those excellent treatises which your leisure hours have produced, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to mankind as the labours of our most celebrated divines have been.

And now, sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing that you may meet with the reward you merit: that the gratitude of some of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalise your reputation; that I may see a statue erected to your memory, with that serpent of *Æsculapius* in your hand, which you so deservedly bear in your arms, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Most humble servant.

PREFACE

LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI of Molière hath been always esteemed in France the best of that author's humorous pieces. Misanthrope, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its success. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation; on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce; which being added to the Misanthrope, gave it one of the greatest runs that any play ever met with on that stage.

The English Theatre owes this farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the spirit of Molière, as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little time he allowed himself in writing it; however, the candour of its audiences hath given me no reason to repent or be ashamed of my undertaking, as perhaps, when I have returned what is due to Molière, and to the performers, I shall have very little cause of triumph from it.

The applause our Mock Doctor received on the theatre admits of no addition from my pen. I shall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loss, they are one day to suffer in the father, so well supplied in the son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising glories of the theatre, omit one, who, though she owes little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the best judges of her admirable genius for the stage: she hath sufficiently

shown in the *Old Debauchees* that her capacity is not confined to a song; and I dare swear they will shortly own her able to do justice to characters of a much greater consequence.

One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Molière of great value. How I have done this, any English reader may be satisfied by examining an exact literal translation of the *Médecin malgré Lui*, which is the second in the second volume of *Select Comedies of Molière*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR JASPER	<i>Mr. Shepherd.</i>
LEANDER	<i>Mr. Stopelaer.</i>
GREGORY	<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>
ROBERT.	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
JAMES	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
HARRY	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
DAVY	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
HELLEBORE	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>

WOMEN.

DORCAS.	<i>Miss Raftor.</i>
CHARLOTTE	<i>Miss Williams.</i>
MAID	<i>Mrs. Mears.</i>

SCENE.—*Partly in a Country-town, and partly in a Wood.*

THE MOCK DOCTOR

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CURED.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk, and to command.

DORCAS. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

GREGORY. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "That a wife is worse than a devil."

DORCAS. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle!

GREGORY. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

DORCAS. An education!

GREGORY. Ay, hussy, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physic.

DORCAS. O that thou hadst followed him still! Cursed be the hour wherein I answered the parson, "I will."

GREGORY. And cursed be the parson that asked me the question!

DORCAS. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.—I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserved such a wife as me.

GREGORY. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Bessy Bell.*

DOR. When a lady, like me, condescends to agree
 To let such a jackanapes taste her,
 With what zeal and care should he worship the fair,
 Who gives him—what's meat for his master?
 His actions should still
 Attend on her will,
 Hear, sirrah, and take it for warning;
 To her he should be
 Each night on his knee,
 And so he should be on each morning.

GREGORY. Meat for my master! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken; for, to one of our shames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

DORCAS. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

GREGORY. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

DORCAS. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

GREGORY. You'll rise the earlier.

DORCAS. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

GREGORY. It's genteel, the squire does the same.

DORCAS. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

GREGORY. Whatever you please.

DORCAS. My four little children that are continually crying for bread?

GREGORY. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

DORCAS. And do you imagine, sot——

GREGORY. Harkye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

DORCAS. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly, insolent, fellow.

GREGORY. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

DORCAS. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

GREGORY. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[Beats her.

DORCAS. Oh, murder! murder!

SCENE II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, SQUIRE ROBERT.

ROBERT. What's the matter here? Fie upon you! fie upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

DORCAS. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

ROBERT. O dear, madam! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

DORCAS. What's that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

ROBERT. No, certainly, madam.

DORCAS. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife.

AIR II. *Winchester Wedding.*

Go thrash your own rib, sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our strife;

May cuckoldom still be his doom,
 Who strives to part husband and wife.
 Suppose I've a mind he should drub,
 Whose bones are they, sir, he's to lick?
 At whose expense is it, you scrub?
 You are not to find him a stick.

ROBERT. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought to do.

GREGORY. No, sir, I won't beat her.

ROBERT. Oh! sir, that's another thing.

GREGORY. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

ROBERT. Certainly.

DORCAS. Give me the stick, dear husband.

ROBERT. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself.

SCENE III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

GREGORY. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

DORCAS. What, after beating me so!

GREGORY. 'Twas but in jest.

DORCAS. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

GREGORY. Pshaw! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

DORCAS. Yes, but, for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

GREGORY. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon, I'm sorry for 't.

DORCAS. For once I pardon you—but you shall pay for it.

GREGORY. Pshaw! pshaw! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples only tend to

heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

DORCAS. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours!—Oh that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

AIR III. *Oh, London is a fine town.*
 In ancient days I've heard with horns
 The wife her spouse could fright,
 Which now the hero bravely scorns,
 So common is the sight.
 To city, country, camp, or court,
 Or wheresoe'er he go,
 No horned brother dares make sport,
 They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

SCENE IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

HARRY. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

JAMES. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

HARRY. Was ever such a cursed misfortune! to lose the letter? I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

DORCAS. Can I find no invention to be revenged?—Heyday! who are these?

JAMES. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—where—where Doctor What-d'ye-call him lives?

DORCAS. Doctor who?

JAMES. Doctor—Doctor——what's his name?

DORCAS. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

HARRY. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

DORCAS. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

HARRY. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

DORCAS. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

JAMES. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us, one way or other, I warrant you.

HARRY. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

DORCAS. Ha! Heaven has inspired me with one of the most admirable inventions to be revenged on my hangdog! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

HARRY. Pray tell us where he lives.

DORCAS. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

HARRY. A physician cut wood!

JAMES. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

DORCAS. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes drest like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

JAMES. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

DORCAS. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself a physician — and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do, when we have any need of him.

JAMES. What a ridiculous whim is here!

DORCAS. Very true, and in so great a man.

JAMES. And is he so very skilful a man?

DORCAS. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead for some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her he poured a little drop of something down her throat — he had no sooner done it than she got out of her bed, and walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

BOTH. Oh prodigious!

DORCAS. 'Tis not above three weeks ago that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs. Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than, having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

BOTH. Oh most wonderful!

HARRY. Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

JAMES. But can he cure dumbness?

DORCAS. Dumbness! why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the Doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a-going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talked her husband.

HARRY. This must be the very man we were sent after.

DORCAS. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

JAMES. What, that he, yonder?

DORCAS. The very same——He has spied us, and taken up his bill.

JAMES. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.——

Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

DORCAS. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

JAMES. He sha'n't want that.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

GREGORY. Pox on 't! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

JAMES. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

GREGORY. Sir, your servant.

JAMES. We are mighty happy in finding you here—

GREGORY. Ay, like enough.

JAMES. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favour.—We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

GREGORY. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I'm very ready to do it.

JAMES. Sir, you are extremely obliging—But, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered; the sun will hurt your complexion.

HARRY. For Heaven's sake, sir, be covered.

GREGORY. These should be footmen by their dress; but should be courtiers by their ceremony. *[Aside.*

JAMES. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you: men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

GREGORY. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

JAMES. O dear sir!

GREGORY. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper other-where; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

JAMES. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

GREGORY. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

JAMES. Dear sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

GREGORY. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

JAMES. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

GREGORY. The fellow's a fool.

JAMES. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

HARRY. It is in vain, sir, we know what you are.

GREGORY. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

JAMES. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

GREGORY. Physician in your teeth! I a physician?

JAMES. The fit is on him.—Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

GREGORY. Devil take me, if I know what, sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

JAMES. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find.—And so you are no physician?

GREGORY. No.

JAMES. You are no physician?

GREGORY. No, I tell you.

JAMES. Well, if we must, we must. *[Beat him.]*

GREGORY. Oh! oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! What are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

JAMES. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

HARRY. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

JAMES. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

GREGORY. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

JAMES. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

GREGORY. And the devil take me, if I am.

HARRY. You are no physician?

GREGORY. May I be poxed, if I am. [*They beat him.*] Oh! Oh!—Dear gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me. I had rather be any thing than be knocked o' the head.

JAMES. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to do.

GREGORY. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

JAMES. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

GREGORY. Indeed!

HARRY. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

GREGORY. The devil I have!

JAMES. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

HARRY. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

JAMES. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

HARRY. Look ye, sir, you shall have content, my master will give you whatever you will demand.

GREGORY. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

JAMES. You may depend upon it.

GREGORY. I am a physician, without doubt.—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

JAMES. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

GREGORY. The devil take me if I have found it!— But come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

DORCAS. [*Sola.*] I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.—Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head is more dangerous than is imagined:—Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a cracked China-cup.

AIR IV. *Pinks and Lilies.*

A woman's ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, though worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman, at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But stay 'till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury Lane.

SCENE VII.—SIR JASPER'S *House.*SIR JASPER *and* JAMES.

SIR JASPER. Where is he? Where is he?

JAMES. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir; for, were my young lady dead he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life than other physicians do of killing him.

SIR JASPER. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mentioned.

JAMES. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.—Here he is.

SCENE VIII.

SIR JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

HARRY. Sir, this is the doctor.

SIR JASPER. Dear sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

GREGORY. Hippocrates says we should both be covered.

SIR JASPER. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

GREGORY. In his chapter of hats.

SIR JASPER. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

GREGORY. Doctor, after having exceedingly travelled in the highway of letters—

SIR JASPER. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

GREGORY. To you, Doctor.

SIR JASPER. Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it! but no doctor.

GREGORY. What, you're no doctor?

SIR JASPER. No, upon my word.

GREGORY. You're no doctor?

SIR JASPER. Doctor! no.

GREGORY. There——'tis done.

[Beats him.

SIR JASPER. Done in the devil's name! What's done?

GREGORY. Why now you're made a doctor of physic—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

SIR JASPER. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

JAMES. I told you, sir, the Doctor had strange whims with him.

SIR JASPER. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

GREGORY. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

SIR JASPER. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

GREGORY. I am sorry for those blows——

SIR JASPER. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir——

GREGORY. Which I was obliged to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

SIR JASPER. Let us talk no more of 'em, sir—My daughter, Doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

GREGORY. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

SIR JASPER. Sir, I am obliged to you.

GREGORY. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

SIR JASPER. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

GREGORY. What is your daughter's name?

SIR JASPER. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

GREGORY. Are you sure she was christened Charlotte?

SIR JASPER. No, sir, she was christened Charlotta.

GREGORY. Hum! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient as the physician is.

SCENE IX.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOTTE, MAID.

SIR JASPER. Sir, my daughter's here.

GREGORY. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

SIR JASPER. You make her smile, Doctor.

GREGORY. So much the better: 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

CHARLOTTE. Han, hi, hon, han.

GREGORY. What do you say?

CHARLOTTE. Han, hi, han, hon.

GREGORY. What, what, what?—

CHARLOTTE. Han, hi, hon.

GREGORY. Han! hon! honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil sort of language is this?

SIR JASPER. Why, that's her distemper, sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, hath kept back her marriage.

GREGORY. Kept back her marriage! Why so!

SIR JASPER. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

GREGORY. O Lud! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!—Would to Heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

SIR JASPER. Yes, sir.

GREGORY. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

SIR JASPER. Very great.

GREGORY. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse, indeed.

SIR JASPER. You have guessed her distemper.

GREGORY. Ay, sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately; I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

SIR JASPER. But I should be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

GREGORY. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

SIR JASPER. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

GREGORY. All our best authors will tell you it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

SIR JASPER. But if you please, dear sir your sentiments upon that impediment.

GREGORY. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things; very fine things.

SIR JASPER. I believe it, Doctor.

GREGORY. Ah! he was a great man, he was, indeed a very great man.—A man who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours—Ah! you understand Latin—

SIR JASPER. Not in the least.

GREGORY. What, not understand Latin?

SIR JASPER. No, indeed, Doctor.

GREGORY. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi numerum et casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

SIR JASPER. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

HARRY. What a prodigious man is this!

GREGORY. Besides, sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasmus; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

SIR JASPER. I do.

GREGORY. Have a certain malignity that is caused—Be attentive, if you please.

SIR JASPER. I am.

GREGORY. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur*, mascula dicas, *Ut sunt divorum*, Mars, Bacchus,

Apollo, virorum.—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

HARRY. O that I had but his tongue!

SIR JASPER. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing—I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

GREGORY. Ay, sir, so they were formerly; but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

SIR JASPER. I ask your pardon, sir.

GREGORY. Oh, sir! there's no harm—You're not obliged to know so much as we do.

SIR JASPER. Very true. But, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

GREGORY. What would I have done with her: Why my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refined sugar.

SIR JASPER. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

GREGORY. Punch, sir, ay, sir—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only parts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a business all at once.

SIR JASPER. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obeyed.

{Gives money.

GREGORY. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

MAID. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, sir.

GREGORY. So much the worse, madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—For when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic and bleed away.

SIR JASPER. Oh, strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

GREGORY. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek, *Distemprium bestum est curare ante habestum*.—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take, every six hours, one of these boluses.

MAID. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

GREGORY. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's Geneva.

SIR JASPER. Sure you are in jest, Doctor!—This wench does not show any symptom of a distemper.

GREGORY. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

SIR JASPER. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor, I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto; and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

GREGORY. Say you so, sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo *te domine domitii veniam goundi foras*.

SIR JASPER. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X.—*The Street.*

LEANDER. [*Solus.*] Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

AIR V.

O cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
And honesty's no more!

For thee we often find
The great in leagues combined
To trick and rob the poor.

By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
So absolute thy reign:
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
And lovers plead in vain.

SCENE XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

GREGORY. Upon my word, this is a good beginning;
and since——

LEANDER. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time.
I'm come to beg your assistance.

GREGORY. Ay, you have need of assistance, indeed!
What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed?

[*Feels his pulse.*]

LEANDER. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken! I am
not sick, I assure you.

GREGORY. How, sir! not sick? Do you think I don't
know when a man is sick better than he does himself?

LEANDER. Well, if I have any distemper, it's the love
of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just now
come; and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear
Doctor, I shall be effectually cured.

GREGORY. Do you take me for a pimp, sir? a physician
for a pimp?

LEANDER. Dear sir, make no noise.

GREGORY. Sir, I will make a noise: you're an imperti-
nent fellow.

LEANDER. Softly, good sir!

GREGORY. I shall show you, sir, that I'm not such a
sort of a person; and that you are an insolent, saucy—

[Leander gives a purse.]—I'm not speaking to you, sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not—which always puts me, sir, into such a passion, that——

LEANDER. I ask pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken.

GREGORY. O, dear sir, no offence in the least.—Pray, sir, how am I to serve you?

LEANDER. This distemper, sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feigned. The physicians have reasoned upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body; but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlotte's, to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

GREGORY. Hum!—Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

LEANDER. I'm not very well known to her father; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

GREGORY. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here.—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[Exit Leander.]

SCENE XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, and DAVY.

GREGORY. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

JAMES. [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

DAVY. My poor wife, Doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*Gregory holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her——

GREGORY. What's the matter with her?

DAVY. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call it, the

tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rheumatiz: a fifth——

GREGORY. What are the symptoms?

DAVY. Symptoms, sir!

GREGORY. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

DAVY. Why, she is always craving, and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swelled up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

GREGORY. Come to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend. *[Holding out his hand.]*

DAVY. The purpose is, sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

GREGORY. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word what you mean.

JAMES. His wife is sick, Doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[Davy gives the guinea.]

GREGORY. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

DAVY. Yes, an't please your worship.

GREGORY. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper! You say your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as she desires! she can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheese.

DAVY. Cheese, sir!

GREGORY. Ay, cheese, sir. The cheese of which this is a part has cured more people of dropsy than ever had it.

DAVY. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. *[Exit.]*

GREGORY. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

SCENE XIII.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

DORCAS. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

GREGORY. Oh, physic and matrimony! my wife!

DORCAS. For though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI. *Thomas, I cannot.*

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
 Who's bred at the court, or France,
 He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
 And minds not the good main chance.
 Be Gregory
 The man for me,
 Though given to many a maggot;
 For he would work
 Like any Turk;
 None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,
 None like him e'er handled a fagot.

GREGORY. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose—Come hider, shild, letta me feela your pulse.

DORCAS. What have you to do with my pulse?

GREGORY. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feel a de pulse of the pation.

DORCAS. Yes, but I am no pation, sir; nor want no physicion, good Doctor Ragou.

GREGORY. Begar, you must be putta to bed, and take a de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempere den evere were hered off.

DORCAS. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

GREGORY. Begar, you must taka de peel.

DORCAS. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

GREGORY. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*

DORCAS. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And what must I do for your fee?

GREGORY. Oh! begar, me vill show you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kissa me now; you must come kissa me.

DORCAS. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discovered him in good time, or he had discovered me. [*Aside.*—Well, Doctor, and are you cured now?

GREGORY. I shall make myself a cuckold presently, [*Aside.*—Dis is not a propre place: dis is too public: for sud any one pass bye while I taka dis physic, it vill preventa de opperation.

DORCAS. What physic, Doctor?

GREGORY. In your ear dat. [*Whispers.*

DORCAS. And in your ear dat, sirrah. [*Hitting him a box*—Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue? There, take your purse again.

GREGORY. But where's the gold?

DORCAS. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

GREGORY. Oh, what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman, when I least expected it! Oh, my injured dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband!

DORCAS. Ha!

GREGORY. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men as thou art the most virtuous of women.

DORCAS. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

GREGORY. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred; for the strangest accident has happened to me!

DORCAS. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you who you are obliged to for that accident: had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

GREGORY. Oh, ho! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing?

DORCAS. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence.

GREGORY. How infinitely I'm obliged to thee!—But hush!

SCENE XIV.

GREGORY, HELLEBORE.

HELLEBORE. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

GREGORY. Sir, I am he.

HELLEBORE. Then, sir, I should be glad of your advice.

GREGORY. Let me feel your pulse.

HELLEBORE. Not for myself, good Doctor: I am myself, sir, a brother of the faculty: what the world calls a Mad Doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

GREGORY. I shall make him speak, sir.

HELLEBORE. It will add, sir, to the great reputation you have already acquired; and I am happy in finding you.

GREGORY. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there; she is possessed with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, sir, if you will but admit her into your house——

HELLEBORE. Most willingly, sir.

GREGORY. The first thing, sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, sir: after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day; and take particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

HELLEBORE. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

GREGORY. [*To his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

HELLEBORE. You may depend on't sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to inquire for Dr. Hellebore.

DORCAS. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

HELLEBORE. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with Dorcas.*]

SCENE XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

GREGORY. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear.—So, sir.

LEANDER. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

GREGORY. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

LEANDER. If I did but know a few physical hard words.

GREGORY. A few physical hard words! why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, sir? Come along, come along.—Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XVI.—SIR JASPER'S *House.*

SIR JASPER, CHARLOTTE, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

SIR JASPER. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

MAID. Not in the least, sir; so far from it, that as she

used to make a sort of a noise before, she is now quite silent.

SIR JASPER. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promised to return.—Oh! he is here. Doctor, your servant.

GREGORY. Well, sir, how does my patient?

SIR JASPER. Rather worse, sir, since your prescription.

GREGORY. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

SIR JASPER. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

GREGORY. An apothecary, sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescribed.

SIR JASPER. A song, Doctor? prescribe a song!

GREGORY. Prescribe a song, sir! Yes, sir, prescribe a song, sir! Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear of Pills to purge Melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? 'Sbud, sir, this song would make a stone speak.—But, if you please, sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application: for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

AIR VII.

LEA. Thus, lovely patient Charlotte sees
Her dying patient kneel:
Soon cured will be your feign'd disease,
But what physician e'er can ease
The torments which I feel?

Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure:
All other remedies are vain:
The lovely cause of all my pain
Can only cause my cure.

GREGORY. It is, sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, whether women are more easy to be cured than

men. I beg you would attend to this, sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

CHARLOTTE. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

SIR JASPER. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physic! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

GREGORY. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. *[Traversing the stage in a great heat, the Apothecary following.]*

CHARLOTTE. Yes, sir, I have recovered my speech: but I have recovered it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. *[Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the stage.]*

SIR JASPER. But—

CHARLOTTE. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

SIR JASPER. What!

CHARLOTTE. Your rhetoric is in vain, all your discourses signify nothing.

SIR JASPER. I—

CHARLOTTE. I am determined, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

SIR JASPER. I have—

CHARLOTTE. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

SIR JASPER. You shall have Mr. Dapper—

CHARLOTTE. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill

me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion. I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad: you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you sha'n't, that I'm resolved.

GREGORY. There, sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

SIR JASPER. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.—Dear Doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

GREGORY. That's impossible, sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

SIR JASPER. And do you think—

CHARLOTTE. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

SIR JASPER. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

CHARLOTTE. I'll be buried first.

GREGORY. Stay, sir, stay, let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

SIR JASPER. It is impossible, sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind.

GREGORY. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary; for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of Purgative Running-away mixt with two drachms of pills Matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the Arbor Vitæ: perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust you for the success: go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time; to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specific.

SCENE XVII.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY.

SIR JASPER. What drugs, sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

GREGORY. They are some, sir, lately discovered by the Royal Society.

SIR JASPER. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

GREGORY. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

SIR JASPER. You cannot imagine, sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

GREGORY. The heat of blood, sir, causes that in young minds.

SIR JASPER. For my part, the moment I discovered the violence of her passion, I have always kept her locked up.

GREGORY. You have done very wisely.

SIR JASPER. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him!

GREGORY. Very true.

SIR JASPER. Ay, sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, sir, there is not a little art required; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

GREGORY. No certainly, sir.

SCENE XVIII.

SIR JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

DORCAS. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

SIR JASPER. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

DORCAS. Oh, sirrah! sirrah!—would you have destroyed your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

GREGORY. Hoity, toity!—What mad woman is this?

SIR JASPER. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

GREGORY. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee. If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

DORCAS. I'll fee you, you villain.—Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,
You are not a deep politician;
Could wives but be brought
To swallow the draught,
Each husband would be a physician.

SCENE XIX.

SIR JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

JAMES. Oh, sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a physician who has contrived all the affair.

SIR JASPER. How! am I abused in this manner? Here

who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper! I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

JAMES. Indeed, my good Doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hanged for stealing an heiress.

GREGORY. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

DORCAS. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

GREGORY. You see, my dear wife——

DORCAS. Had you finished the fagots, it had been some consolation.

GREGORY. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

DORCAS. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death——nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hanged.

SCENE XX.

To them, LEANDER and CHARLOTTE.

LEANDER. Behold, sir, that Leander, whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, sir, only at your hands.—I have received letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

SIR JASPER. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

LEANDER. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest Charlotte.—And, Doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

GREGORY. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

LEANDER. Faith, Doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

DORCAS. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

SIR JASPER. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil are you?

GREGORY. I think, sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a physician or no.—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

DORCAS. Why, thou puffed-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
 You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
 All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
 Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;
 Powders, drops,
 Juleps, slops,
 A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,
 What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?
 Would you know how you may manage her right?
 Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night:
 Never vary,
 Nor miscarry,
 If the lover be but the apothecary.

EPILOGUE

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our doctor down?
Shall he not e'en be sent for up to town?
'Tis such a pleasant and audacious rogue,
He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.
What, though no Greek or Latin he command,
Since he can talk what none can understand?
Ah! there are many such physicians in the land.
And what, though he has taken no degrees?
No doctor here can better take——his fees.
Let none his real ignorance despise,
Since he can feel a pulse, and—look extremely wise.
Though, like some quack, he shine out in newspapers,
He is a rare physician for the vapours.
Ah! ladies, in that case, he has more knowledge
Than all the ancient fellows of the college.
Besides, a double calling he pursues,
He writes you bills, and brings you——billet-doux.
Doctors, with some, are in small estimation,
But pimps, all own, are useful to the nation.
Physic now slackens, and now hastens death;
Pimping's the surest way of giving breath.
How many maids, who pine away their hours,
And droop in beauteous spring, like blasted flowers,
Had still survived, had they our doctor known;
Widows, who grieve to death, for husbands gone;
And wives, who die, for husbands living on;
Would they our mighty doctor's art assay,
I'd warrant he——would put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware, should once this quack take root,
I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

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THE MISER

A COMEDY.

TAKEN FROM PLAUTUS AND MOLIÈRE

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, 1732.

*“ Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque esuriens : neque enim omnia sustinet unquam
Mucida cœrulei panis consumere frusta,
Hesternum solitus medio servare minutal
Septembri ; nec non differre in tempora cœcæ
Alierius, conchem æstivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quo divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato ? ”—JUVENAL.*

TO

HIS GRACE CHARLES

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX

MY LORD,—As there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the Great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my Lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Molière as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking, must be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste of that nation whence this play was derived, makes you the properest judge, wherein I have judiciously kept up to, or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of the Miser; and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious, by entering into the usual style of Dedications; for my pen cannot accompany my

heart when I speak of your Grace ; and I am now writing to the only person living to whom such a panegyric would be displeasing. Therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged

And most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND ; SPOKEN BY MR. BRIDGWATER.

Too long the slighted Comic Muse has mourned,
Her face quite altered, and her heart o'eturned ;
That force of nature now no more she sees,
With which so well her Jonson knew to please.
No characters from nature now we trace ;
All serve to empty books of common-place :
Our modern bards, who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, and without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
'We call high Comedy, and seem content.
But to regale with other sort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Molière.
Molière, who nature's inmost secrets knew ;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew.
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard, if your applause
Grant h'as not injured the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear ;
He must be safe, if he has saved Molière.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LOVEGOLD, the Miser	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
FREDERICK, his Son	<i>Mr. Bridgwater.</i>
CLERMONT	<i>Mr. Mills, Jun.</i>
RAMILIE, Servant to Frederick	<i>Mr. Cibber, Jun.</i>
MR. DECOY, a Broker	<i>Mr. Oates.</i>
MR. FURNISH, an Upholsterer	<i>Mr. Fielding.</i>
MR. SPARKLE, a Jeweller	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
MR. SATTIN, a Mercer	<i>Mr. Grey.</i>
MR. LIST, a Tailor	<i>Mr. Oates.</i>
CHARLES BUBBLEBOY	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
A LAWYER	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>

WOMEN.

HARRIET, Daughter to Lovegold	<i>Mrs. Butler.</i>
MRS. WISELY	<i>Mrs. Grace.</i>
MARIANA	<i>Mrs. Horton.</i>
LAPPET, Maid to Harriet	<i>Mrs. Raftor.</i>
WHEEDLE, Maid to Mariana	<i>Mrs. Mullart.</i>

Servants, &c.

SCENE.—LONDON.

THE MISER

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LOVEGOLD'S *House*.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

LAPPET. I'll hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turned off Sir Oliver's steward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

RAMILIE. Do but hear me, madam.

LAPPET. If thou wouldst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

RAMILIE. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

LAPPET. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company; what must they think of me, when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

RAMILIE. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, madam, I could prefer any other to you.

LAPPET. None of your wheedling, sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you

affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

RAMILIE. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

LAPPET. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

RAMILIE. May I be banished for ever from those dear eyes, and be turned out of the family while you live in it.

SCENE II.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

WHEEDLE. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

LAPPET. My dear, this is extremely kind.

WHEEDLE. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

LAPPET. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous; my young lady has stayed at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

WHEEDLE. My lady has stayed at home, too, pretty much lately. Oh! Mr. Ramilie, are you confined too? your master does not stay at home, I am sure; he can find the way to our house though you can't.

RAMILIE. That is the only happiness, madam, I envy him; but faith! I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Request, and one's evenings at Quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen, who never leave their bottle for music.

LAPPET. Ah, the savages.

WHEEDLE. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie, you prefer music to every thing—

RAMILIE. —But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there's my summons.

LAPPET. Well, but shall we never have a party of Quadrille more?

WHEEDLE. O, don't name it. I have worked my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing in all her old cambric pinnets and handkerchiefs; in short, my dear, no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

LAPPET. Why do you stay with her?

WHEEDLE. La, child, where can one better one's self? All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

RAMILIE. That, madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, madam, I am obliged to leave you—[*Bell rings.*] So, so, so, would the bell were in your guts!

SCENE III.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

LAPPET. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

WHEEDLE. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

LAPPET. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

WHEEDLE. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to.

LAPPET. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, saved her life at the hazard of his own—Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled—ha, ha, ha!

WHEEDLE. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine ladies look, when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

LAPPET. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people; when the poor gentleman brought Miss home, my master meets them at the door, and without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

WHEEDLE. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

LAPPET. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman: her blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him—My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him. Ah! sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

WHEEDLE. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope?

LAPPET. Never fear that.—And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

WHEEDLE. So! here's fine billing and cooing, I warrant; miss is in a fine condition.

LAPPET. Her condition is pretty much as it was. How long it will continue so, I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

WHEEDLE. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

LAPPET. The devil take the first inventor of locks, say I: but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe: for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Garden.*

CLERMONT, HARRIET.

CLERMONT. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet? do you repent that promise of yours, which has made me the happiest of mankind?

HARRIET. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

CLERMONT. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word, from those dear lips, lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you

speaking them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

HARRIET. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you, and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

CLERMONT. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

HARRIET. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them: folly is forwarder to censure wisdom, than wisdom folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

CLERMONT. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

HARRIET. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

CLERMONT. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy.

HARRIET. Honest creature! what happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him! Parents choose as often ill for us, as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

SCENE V.

FREDERICK, HARRIET.

FREDERICK. Dear Harriet, good-morrow, I am glad to find you alone; for I have an affair to impart to you, that I am ready to burst with.

HARRIET. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidante.

FREDERICK. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence—

HARRIET. Or it were not worth your telling me.

FREDERICK. Nor your telling again; in short, you never could discover it, I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it—I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word, I am in love.

HARRIET. In love!

FREDERICK. Violently, to distraction: so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

HARRIET. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

FREDERICK. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

HARRIET. But who is this woman? for you have concealed it so well that I can't even guess.

FREDERICK. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

HARRIET. That is a description I shall never find her out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

FREDERICK. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

HARRIET. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

FREDERICK. Her fortune is very small.

HARRIET. I find you are enumerating her charms.

FREDERICK. Oh! I have only shown you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side, you would see beauty, wit, gentleness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

HARRIET. Mariana! ha, ha, ha!—you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed. But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

FREDERICK. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

HARRIET. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

LOVEGOLD. [*Without.*] Rogue! villain!

HARRIET. Soh! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

FREDERICK. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

LOVEGOLD. Answer me not, sirrah; but get you out of my house.

RAMILIE. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, sir; and I won't go out of the house, sir, unless I am turned out by my proper master, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a

servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large family at; it's plain enough what use he keeps you for; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

RAMILIE. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night.

LOVEGOLD. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow should suspect something of my money: [*Aside.*] Harkye, rascal, come hither, I would advise you not to run about the town, and tell everybody you meet that I have money hid.

RAMILIE. Why, have you any money hid, sir?

LOVEGOLD. No, sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

RAMILIE. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

LOVEGOLD. D'ye mutter, sirrah? Get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

RAMILIE. Well, sir, I am going.

LOVEGOLD. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

RAMILIE. What should I carry?

LOVEGOLD. That's what I would see. These boot-sleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hanged who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damned bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

RAMILIE. Give me my bag, sir; I am in the most danger of being robbed.

LOVEGOLD. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

RAMILIE. Ay, sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

LOVEGOLD. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

RAMILIE. No really, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

RAMILIE. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

LOVEGOLD. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

LOVEGOLD. In short, I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in, which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—O Heavens! I have betrayed myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

FREDERICK. The matter, sir?

LOVEGOLD. Yes, the matter, sir; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard—

FREDERICK. What, sir?

LOVEGOLD. That—

FREDERICK. Sir!

LOVEGOLD. What I was just now saying.

HARRIET. Pardon me, sir, we really did not.

LOVEGOLD. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this, that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

FREDERICK. We enter not into your affairs, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Ah! would I had those three thousand guineas!

FREDERICK. In my opinion——

LOVEGOLD. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

FREDERICK. Then it is very easily in your power to raise them, sir, that the whole world knows.

LOVEGOLD. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that, one of these days, some body will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

FREDERICK. What expense, sir, do I run into?

LOVEGOLD. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, sir? when, if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow, here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

FREDERICK. How, sir! rob you?

LOVEGOLD. Ay, rob me; or how could you support this extravagance?

FREDERICK. Alas, sir, there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagances, and no one knows how: Ah, sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town without robbing one's father.

LOVEGOLD. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth Street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for a third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? I dare swear a good periwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

HARRIET. My brother and I, sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

LOVEGOLD. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady, called Mariana?

FREDERICK. Mariana, sir!

LOVEGOLD. Ay, what do you think of her?

FREDERICK. Think of her, sir!

LOVEGOLD. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

FREDERICK. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

LOVEGOLD. Would she not be a desirable match?

FREDERICK. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

LOVEGOLD. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

FREDERICK. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

LOVEGOLD. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

FREDERICK. Doubtless, sir.

LOVEGOLD. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

FREDERICK. Oh, sir, consider her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's sake, sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

LOVEGOLD. Pardon me there; however there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagances on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

FREDERICK. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

LOVEGOLD. Thou art a dutiful good boy: and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even resolved to marry her.

FREDERICK. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana?

LOVEGOLD. Ay, to marry Mariana.

HARRIET. Who, you,—you,—you?

LOVEGOLD. Yes, I, I, I.

FREDERICK. I beg you will pardon me, sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

LOVEGOLD. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

HARRIET. I marry Mr. Spindle!

LOVEGOLD. Yes; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

HARRIET. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you please. [*Curtsy'ing.*

LOVEGOLD [*mimicking her curtsy*]. I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you should marry him, if you please.

HARRIET. Pardon me, dear sir.

LOVEGOLD. Pardon me, dear madam.

HARRIET. Not all the fathers on earth shall force me to it.

LOVEGOLD. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

HARRIET. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner? In short, sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

LOVEGOLD. I would not have you provoke me; I am resolved upon the match.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

CLERMONT. Some people, sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

LOVEGOLD. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or——

CLERMONT. Forgive my interposing; dear sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me intreat you not to put your father into a passion.

LOVEGOLD. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

CLERMONT. Without a portion! Consider, dear madam, can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

LOVEGOLD. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

HARRIET. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

CLERMONT. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

LOVEGOLD. Without a portion.

CLERMONT. You are in the right, sir; that decides the thing at once: and yet, I know there are people, who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

LOVEGOLD. Without a portion.

CLERMONT. Ah! there is no answering that.—Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents, who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest; and who esteem, as the very first article

of marriage, that happy union of affections, which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state —and who—

LOVEGOLD. Without a portion.

CLERMONT. Very true; that stops your mouth at once —Without a portion! Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

LOVEGOLD. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence, I'll return in an instant.

CLERMONT. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

HARRIET. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

CLERMONT. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

LOVEGOLD. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

CLERMONT. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

LOVEGOLD. Admirably well said, indeed.

CLERMONT. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it.

[To Lovegold.

LOVEGOLD. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

CLERMONT. When a lover offers, madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther; every thing is contained in that one article; and "without a portion," supplies the want of beauty, youth, family wisdom, honour, and honesty.

LOVEGOLD. Gloriously said! spoke like an oracle! [*Exit.*

CLERMONT. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me, this is a most painful hypocrisy; it tortures me to

oppose your opinion, though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh, Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies! When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures or its pains declare,
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK. What is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

RAMILIE. Yes, sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turned me out; and it is, sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

FREDERICK. Well, sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

RAMILIE. Ah, sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money: a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

FREDERICK. Then it won't do, I suppose.

RAMILIE. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you; for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

FREDERICK. So, then, I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

RAMILIE. Yes, sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

FREDERICK. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

RAMILIE. Ah, sir; things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family; I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

FREDERICK. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

RAMILIE. Here, sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable; the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones: In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 per cent.

FREDERICK. Oh, the conscientious rascal!

RAMILIE. But as the said lender has not by him, at present, the sum demanded; and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of 4 per cent., he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the 30 per cent. aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 per cent., since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

FREDERICK. Oh, the devil! what a Jew is here!

RAMILIE. You know, sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

FREDERICK. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money

without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

RAMILIE. Ay, sir, why that was what I told him.

FREDERICK. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

RAMILIE. Alas! sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

FREDERICK. Well; is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

RAMILIE. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down, in cash, no more than four hundred; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

FREDERICK. What in the devil's name is the meaning of all this?

RAMILIE. *Imprimis*, One large yellow camlet bed, lined with satin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuffed chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large pier-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

FREDERICK. What the devil is here?

RAMILIE. *Item*, One suit of druggot, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item*, Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

FREDERICK. Oons! what use have I for all this?

RAMILIE. Several valuable books; amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered.—The whole works in divinity of—

FREDERICK. Read no more: confound the curst extortioner; I shall pay 100 per cent.

RAMILIE. Ah, sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

FREDERICK. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the curst avarice of fathers! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

RAMILIE. Such a father as yours, sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclination towards hanging; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter: I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, sir—sir, I ask your pardon—has so provoked me, that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

FREDERICK. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, MR. DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

MR. DECOY. In short, sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

LOVEGOLD. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower?

MR. DECOY. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these from his own lips; and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father; all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he called him a covetous old rascal.

LOVEGOLD. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts and the rogues their servants give to all honest prudent men who know the world, and the value of their money.

MR. DECOY. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

LOVEGOLD. Ay, there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

MR. DECOY. Very true indeed.

RAMILIE. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

MR. DECOY. So gentlemen! I see you are in great haste. But who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, sir, I neither discovered your name, nor your house; but, however, there is no great harm done, they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

LOVEGOLD. How!

MR. DECOY. This, sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

LOVEGOLD. How! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagances?

FREDERICK. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside.*]—And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[RAMILIE and MR. DECOY *sneak off.*]

LOVEGOLD. Is it you that would ruin yourself, by taking up money at such interest?

FREDERICK. Is it you that would enrich yourself, by lending at such interest?

LOVEGOLD. How dare you after this appear before my face?

FREDERICK. How dare you after this appear before the face of the world?

LOVEGOLD. Get you out of my sight, villain; get out of my sight!

FREDERICK. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

LOVEGOLD. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.—Get out of my sight, villain.—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

HARRIET, MARIANA.

MARIANA. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me; for of all people upon earth, you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear, would you think I have had no less than three doctors?

HARRIET. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered, indeed!

MARIANA. Oh! child, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear, my mamma loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

HARRIET. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

MARIANA. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane; I must bring you to like dear Spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

HARRIET. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

MARIANA. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

HARRIET. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

MARIANA. Married, my dear!

HARRIET. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest: you will have such a lover within these four and twenty hours.

MARIANA. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have listed him already. Oh, Harriet; I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature, your brother—In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

HARRIET. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly; for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you—

MARIANA. Your father!

HARRIET. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

MARIANA. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! You extravagant creature, how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

HARRIET. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

MARIANA. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom in his threefold nightcap, his flannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! See, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: would not

any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

HARRIET. Well, you dear mad creature, but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

MARIANA. Oh! never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lap dogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

HARRIET. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

MARIANA. Oh! I shall hate you if you are serious: Auh! see what your wicked words have occasioned; I protest you are a conjuror, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

HARRIET. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

FREDERICK. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

MARIANA. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

FREDERICK. When the judge is determined against us, all art will prove of no effect.

MARIANA. Why then, truly, sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

FREDERICK. No, madam, I am resolved to persevere ; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake ; I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause, wherein part of his fortune was concerned ; but, when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

MARIANA. Do you hear him, Harriet ? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple ; though he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

FREDERICK. I hope, madam, diligence may succeed in love, as well as law ; sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Lyttelton ?

MARIANA. Oh ! the wretch, he has quite suffocated me with his comparison : I must have a little air : dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

FREDERICK. I hope, madam, I have your leave to attend you ?

MARIANA. My leave ! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine ; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you.

HARRIET. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress.

SCENE V.

RAMILIE, LAPPET.

LAPPET. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident ; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

RAMILIE. I am not, madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity ; but if you get any thing out of him, I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a

hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

LAPPET. Ah! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

RAMILIE. Your humble servant, madam; I find you don't know our good master yet; there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much, but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hands: as for thanks, praises and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them: but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses: and there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give; instead of saying, I give you a good-morrow, he always says, I lend you a good morrow.

LAPPET. Ah! sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

RAMILIE. I defy you to drain the man we talk of, of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing; but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him, I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LOVEGOLD. All's well, hitherto; my dear money is safe
Is it you, Lappet?

LAPPET. I should rather ask if it be you, sir; why, you look so young and vigorous——

LOVEGOLD. Do I,—do I?

LAPPET. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, sir; you never looked half so young in your life, sir, as you do now. Why, sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty that are older than you are.

LOVEGOLD. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

LAPPET. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

LOVEGOLD. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

LAPPET. Sir! why, sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pound a year as ever was told.

LOVEGOLD. How, a thousand pound a year!

LAPPET. Yes, sir, there's in the first place the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight, and then as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them: so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once——You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds' worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a year at least. Item, For clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for three birth-night suits a year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a year

more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, sir, your thousand pounds a year in hard money.

LOVEGOLD. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

LAPPET. How, sir, is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

LOVEGOLD. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to; I assure you, madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received; in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

LAPPET. Never fear, you shall touch something real: I have heard them talk of a certain country, where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

LOVEGOLD. Nay, if it were a copyhold, I should be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

LAPPET. Ah, sir, how little do you know of her! This is another particularity that I had to tell you of; she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least. She says, that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

LOVEGOLD. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

LAPPET. She carries it farther, sir, than can be imagined; she has in her chamber several pictures; but what do you think they are? None of your smock-faced young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos. No, sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

LOVEGOLD. Admirable! This is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

LAPPET. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

LOVEGOLD. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

LAPPET. Tolerable! you are ravishing! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please: there, what can be more charming? Let me see you walk; there's a person for you, tall, straight, free, and *dégagée*! Why, sir, you have no fault about you.

LOVEGOLD. Not many; hem hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

LAPPET. Ah, sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

LOVEGOLD. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

LAPPET. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

LOVEGOLD. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

LAPPET. But, sir, I have a small favour to ask of you —I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money—[*He looks gravely*—and you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleased.*] —Ah! how you will delight her!—how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you —But indeed, sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined, if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

LOVEGOLD. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

LAPPET. I beg you would give me this little assistance, sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

LOVEGOLD. Farewell, I'll go and finish my despatches.

LAPPET. I assure you, sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

LOVEGOLD. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

LAPPET. I would not importune you, sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

LOVEGOLD. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding suit?

LAPPET. For pity's sake, sir, don't refuse me this small favour; I shall be undone, indeed, sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, sir.

LOVEGOLD. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

LAPPET. If it were but five pounds, sir; but three

pounds, sir; nay, sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two.

[*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

LOVEGOLD. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much obliged to you; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

LAPPET. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are. Ramlie is in the right; however, I shall not quit the affair: for though I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
 Good politicians will both parties guide,
 And, if one fails, they're fee'd on t'other side.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SCENE *continues.*

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK. I think, sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me, as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

CLERMONT. If any thing, sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

FREDERICK. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit: therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

HARRIET. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

LOVEGOLD. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

FREDERICK. While you live, sir, we shall want no other instructor.

LOVEGOLD. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe, that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is ate; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

CLERMONT. Very true, sir; besides, though they were to rise hungry, no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

LOVEGOLD. Right, honest Clermont: and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

HARRIET. I shall obey you, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Go, that's my good girl. And you, sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

FREDERICK. Why should you suspect me, sir?

LOVEGOLD. I know, sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my

forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

FREDERICK. I cannot promise, sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law: but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

LOVEGOLD. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

FREDERICK. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

JAMES. Did you send for me, sir?

LOVEGOLD. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

JAMES. Whom, sir, did you want? your coachman, or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

LOVEGOLD. I want my cook, sir.

JAMES. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starved——But your cook, sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.]

LOVEGOLD. What's the meaning of this folly?

JAMES. I am ready for your commands, sir.

LOVEGOLD. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

JAMES. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have, indeed, now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dressed one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

LOVEGOLD. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

JAMES. That may be done, sir, with a good deal of money.

LOVEGOLD. What, is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

CLERMONT. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper, with a good deal of money! Is there any thing so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man show himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

JAMES. I wish you would be so good, sir, as to show us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

LOVEGOLD. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

JAMES. There's a gentleman, sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

LOVEGOLD. Answer me yourself.

JAMES. Why, sir, how many will there be at table?

LOVEGOLD. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

JAMES. Suppose, sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

LOVEGOLD. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

JAMES. Then, sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen—

LOVEGOLD. [*Putting his hand before James's mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

JAMES. Then a ragout—

LOVEGOLD. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

CLERMONT. Have you a mind to burst them all? Has my master invited people to cram 'em to death? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper?

Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

LOVEGOLD. Excellently well said, indeed ; it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. "We must live to eat, and not eat to"—No, that is not it ; how did you say ?

CLERMONT. That "we must eat to live, and not live to eat."

LOVEGOLD. Extremely fine ; pray, write them out for me : for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

JAMES. You have no need to do any more, sir ; people talk enough of you already.

LOVEGOLD. Pray, sir, what do people say of me ?

JAMES. Ah, sir, if I could but be assured that you would not be angry with me.

LOVEGOLD. Not at all ; so far from it, you will very much oblige me ; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

JAMES. Well, sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jest of you every where ; nay of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you ; one says, that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses ; for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back. In a word, sir, one can go no where, where you are not the byeword ; you are the laughing-stock of all the world ; and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

LOVEGOLD. Impertinent, impudent rascal ! Beat him for me, Clermont.

CLERMONT. Are not you ashamed, Mr. James, to give your master this language ?

JAMES. What's that to you, sir ?—I fancy this fellow's a coward ; if he be, I will handle him. [*Aside.*

CLERMONT. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

JAMES. Who taught you, sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you. [*Drives Clermont to the farther end of the stage.*]

CLERMONT. How, rascal! break my head?

JAMES. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*Clermont drives him back again.*]

CLERMONT. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

JAMES. I hope not, sir; I give you no offence, sir.

CLERMONT. That I shall show you the difference between us.

JAMES. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

CLERMONT. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

JAMES. Nay, sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

LOVEGOLD. How happy am I in such a clerk!

CLERMONT. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, sir; I will take care of that.

LOVEGOLD. Do so; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork-pie or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

CLERMONT. I shall take a particular care, sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

LOVEGOLD. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow. But now I will go and pay a visit to my money. [*Aside.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*RAMILIE and LAPPET *meeting.*

RAMILIE. Well, madam, what success? Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunck's purse? or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as close-fisted as usual?

LAPPET. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetoric availed nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady, he smiled and was pleased; but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance changed, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

RAMILIE. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

LAPPET. Let me tell you then, sweet sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

RAMILIE. What affair, pr'ythee?

LAPPET. What should it be but the old one, matrimony? In short, your master and his father are rivals.

RAMILIE. I am glad on't; and I wish the old gentleman success, with all my heart.

LAPPET. How! are you your master's enemy?

RAMILIE. No, madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant; which must be the case: for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

LAPPET. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion, that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune;

and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

RAMILIE. And is the old gentleman in love?

LAPPET. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

RAMILIE. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

LAPPET. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that should shut it against him? Besides, it will be the better for us all: for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it: so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

RAMILIE. But do you think you can prevail with her? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?

LAPPET. Ah! Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feathers.

RAMILIE. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head?

LAPPET. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first, I am sure, I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this

has a most plausible tongue, and, should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. *[Exit.]*

RAMILIE. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. The jade has art, but it is quite overshadowed by her vanity. She will get the better of every one, but the person who will condescend to praise her; for though she be a most mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy, serves to cool her appetites; and therefore, though she have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her. Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with, *Le je ne sçai quoi.*

SCENE V.—LOVEGOLD'S *House.*

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, MRS. WISELY, *and*
MARIANA.

LOVEGOLD. You see, madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

MRS. WISELY. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

LOVEGOLD. Pray give me leave, young lady, I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles; it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

MARIANA. Harriet, I shall certainly burst: O nauseous, filthy fellow!

LOVEGOLD. What does she say to you, Harriet?

HARRIET. She says, sir, if she were a star, you should be sure of her kindest influence.

LOVEGOLD. How can I return this great honour you do me?

MARIANA. Auh! what an animal! what a wretch!

LOVEGOLD. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

MARIANA. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a greater distance.

LOVEGOLD. [*Listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, madam. Harkye, you, Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

FREDERICK. My father has indeed, madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

MARIANA. I believe it; indeed, were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

LOVEGOLD. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

FREDERICK. Well, sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and believe me, when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that, to be called your husband, would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing, all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit——

LOVEGOLD. Hold, hold, sir: softly, if you please.

FREDERICK. I am only saying a few civil things, sir, for you, to this lady.

LOVEGOLD. Your humble servant, sir: I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet sir.

MARIANA. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

LOVEGOLD. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

FREDERICK. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats, sir, and tokay, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

MRS. WISELY. There was no necessity for such a collation.

FREDERICK. [*To Mariana.*] Did you ever see, madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

MARIANA. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

FREDERICK. You cannot judge of it, madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to Mariana.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

MRS. WISELY *and* MARIANA. It is really a prodigious fine one.

FREDERICK [*preventing Mariana, who is going to return it*]. No, madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore, I hope you will accept it.

LOVEGOLD. Present! I!

FREDERICK. Is it not, sir, your request to this lady, that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

LOVEGOLD. [*To his son.*] Is the devil in you?

FREDERICK. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

MARIANA. I shall not, upon my word.

FREDERICK. He will not receive it again.

LOVEGOLD. I shall run stark-staring mad,

MARIANA. I must insist on returning it.

FREDERICK. It would be cruel in you to refuse him: let me entreat you, madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

MRS. WISELY. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuse so often.

LOVEGOLD. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

FREDERICK. See, madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it.—It is not my fault, dear sir; I do all I can to prevail with — but she is obstinate — For pity's sake, madam, keep it.

LOVEGOLD. [*To his son.*] Infernal villain!

FREDERICK. My father will never forgive me, madam, unless I succeed; on my knees, I entreat you.

LOVEGOLD. The cut-throat!

MRS. WISELY. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

MARIANA. Your commands, madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

LOVEGOLD. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.

To them, JAMES.

JAMES. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

LOVEGOLD. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time, bid him leave his business with you—

JAMES. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, sir?

LOVEGOLD. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

FREDERICK. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

MARIANA. I have eaten too much fruit already this afternoon.

MRS. WISELY. Really, sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

HARRIET. I'll wait on you, madam.

SCENE VII.

FREDERICK, MARIANA.

MARIANA. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought very like it? Heyday, where is my mamma and your sister gone?

FREDERICK. They thought, madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

MARIANA. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

FREDERICK. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest: but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

MARIANA. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?

FREDERICK. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

MARIANA. Modest enough! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

FREDERICK. Faith, to be sincere, I do, without arrogance, I think; I have nothing in me so detestable, as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am

certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

MARIANA. You are mistaken, sir ; money ; money, the most charming of all things ; money, which will say more in one moment than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young ; I answer he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humoured ; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich—that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him ; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, “But he is poor,” you overthrow all you have said ; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

FREDERICK. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana’s heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature sits upon you, you’d never wear it. There is not one so abandoned but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

HARRIET. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is showing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him ?

MARIANA. Told him what ?

HARRIET. Why, what you told me this afternoon ; that you loved him.

MARIANA. I tell you I loved him !——Oh ! barbarous falsehood !

FREDERICK. Did you ? could you say so ? Oh ! repeat it to my face, and make me blessed to that degree.

HARRIET. Repeat it to him, can’t you ? How can you

be so ill-natured to conceal any thing from another, which would make him happy to know?

MARIANA. The lie would choke me, were I to say so.

HARRIET. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often, that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

MARIANA. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

HARRIET. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear, how prettily these airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

MARIANA. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy, if it were fixed where you have insinuated it to be placed.

HARRIET. If you have any reason, madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town as you have some other of your admirers.

FREDERICK. Dear Harriet, carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

HARRIET. Away, you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—It is a part she has often played.

MARIANA. I am obliged to you, however, madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on

a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

HARRIET. My friendship, madam, naturally cools, when I discover its object less worthy than I imagined her.—I can never have any violent esteem for one, who would make herself unhappy, to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natured vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.

To them, MRS. WISELY, CLERMONT.

MRS. WISELY. Upon my word, sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

MARIANA. I can bear this no longer; if you have been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner.

MRS. WISELY. Bless me! child, what's the matter?

HARRIET. Let me intreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side; and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

MARIANA. A secret! no, madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you——

FREDERICK. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you, you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

HARRIET. Courage! all will go well yet. You must not be frightened at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.

To them, LOVEGOLD.

LOVEGOLD. I ask your pardon, I have despatched my business with all possible haste.

MRS. WISELY. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

LOVEGOLD. Has any one affronted you, madam?

MRS. WISELY. Your children, sir, have used my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

LOVEGOLD. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches, and let me never see you again.

FREDERICK. Sir, I——

LOVEGOLD. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare, after what I have told you——

HARRIET. Come, brother; perhaps I may give you some comfort.

FREDERICK. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.

LOVEGOLD. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

MRS. WISELY. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

LOVEGOLD. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and

if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

MRS. WISELY. Lookee, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum, of which I have been all my life so strict an observer: but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

MARIANA. I resign myself entirely over to your will, madam, and am at your disposal.

MRS. WISELY. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion; you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

LOVEGOLD. And shall I? hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Oh! madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

MARIANA. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

LOVEGOLD. The very creature she was described to be. No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

MRS. WISELY. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.

LOVEGOLD. Clermont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is likely to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with

as small expense as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drunk be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left ; if part of a bottle, in a pint ; that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

CLERMONT. I shall take all the care possible, sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours, which gives me inexpressible pain.

LOVEGOLD. What is that, pr'ythee?

CLERMONT. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action, as I fear this marriage will be called.

LOVEGOLD. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

CLERMONT. Has she any fortune, sir?

LOVEGOLD. O! yes, yes, I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances: and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune. And a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this town, and not have got one cheaper.

CLERMONT. Sure, you are in a dream, sir; she save a fortune!

LOVEGOLD. In the article of a table, at least two hundred pounds a year.

CLERMONT. Sure, sir, you do not know——

LOVEGOLD. In clothes, two hundred more——

CLERMONT. There is not, sir, in the whole town——

LOVEGOLD. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

CLERMONT. Do but hear me, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted.

SCENE XIII.

CLERMONT. [*Alone.*] How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. I thought it impossible for any thing to have surmounted his avarice; but I find there is one little passion, which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man, how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress, compared to what I meet in Harriet. Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worse
Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest curse.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK. How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

RAMILIE. Sir, upon my honour it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, sir, which nothing

but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

FREDERICK. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

RAMILIE. Oh! sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, sir, the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair: I believe, sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her. Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant, when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

FREDERICK. No demands now, Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

RAMILIE. That was what I told her, sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, sir), that this hunk, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

FREDERICK. Well, but, dear sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

RAMILIE. Bring her over! a fig for her, sir. I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

FREDERICK. Can you do that?

RAMILIE. Never fear it, sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

FREDERICK. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

RAMILIE. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

FREDERICK. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain.

RAMILIE. Fear nothing, sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

CLERMONT. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

FREDERICK. How! Oh! Clermont, is it possible? Cursed be the politics of my sister, she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away! Dear Clermont, give me some advice, think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

CLERMONT. Would I could advise you: but here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

FREDERICK. Ha! Lappet!

SCENE III.

LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

LAPPET. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

FREDERICK. This wedding, madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

LAPPET. Why truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to——

FREDERICK. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

LAPPET. For Heaven's sake, sir, you do not intend to kill me!

FREDERICK. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? What could urge thee when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

LAPPET. As I hope to be saved, sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

FREDERICK. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

LAPPET. If I did, sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

FREDERICK. Wouldst thou to save my life, tear out my heart? And dost thou, like an impudent inquisitor, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake?

LAPPET. Be but appeased, sir, and let me recover out of

this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

CLERMONT. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least; I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you show her it will be more her interest to serve you, than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

FREDERICK. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

LAPPET. Alas! sir, I never did any thing yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forget which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

FREDERICK. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

LAPPET. That cannot be.

CLERMONT. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

LAPPET. That indeed may be—but for the marriage, it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

FREDERICK. How! how will you prevent it?

LAPPET. By an infallible rule I have. But, sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called Interest, just now. I should not repeat it to you, sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

FREDERICK. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana, thou shalt have fifty more.

LAPPET. That is enough, sir ; if they were half-married already, I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it—Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

CLERMONT. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

FREDERICK. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh, Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

CLERMONT. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely, indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and if he catches her at last, she is hardly worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

FREDERICK. It does not affect me ; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth, than any fixed habit of mind ; she has good sense and good nature at the bottom.

CLERMONT. If she has good nature, it is at the bottom indeed ; for I think she has never discovered any to you.

FREDERICK. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature, who can imagine he merits their whole person.

CLERMONT. They are of all people my aversion ; they are a sort of spaniels, who, though they have no chance of

running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chase. I have known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town, without any other design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour, to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

FREDERICK. Which she often returns with a smile, or some more extraordinary mark of affection; from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concerned to see her condescend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

HARRIET. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolved to join two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding supper.

FREDERICK. Yes, I have heard it—and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

HARRIET. Why, did you believe it then?

FREDERICK. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

HARRIET. I would not believe it, if I were to see them in bed together.

FREDERICK. Heaven forbid it!

HARRIET. So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law; but I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

FREDERICK. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

HARRIET. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart—but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you who spoil the women.—Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of

tea, and you shall have some *sal volatile* in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

CLERMONT. Oh, Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind. :[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

LAPPET. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him.

MARIANA. I tell you, I do really intend to have him.

LAPPET. Have him! ha, ha, ha! For what do you intend to have him?

MARIANA. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

LAPPET. Indeed, you will not.

MARIANA. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

LAPPET. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffered to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear Quadrille—and to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

MARIANA. This is a liberty, madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself—Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffered to affect.

LAPPET. You may lay aside your airs too, good madam, if you come to that; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

MARIANA. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me; for, if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

LAPPET. I have one comfort; he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house — but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

MARIANA. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return, and tell her, her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and, since she has no more experience, I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again.

[*Exit.*

LAPPET. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-tempered creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII.— *The Garden.*

LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY.

LOVEGOLD. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

MRS. WISELY. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die, you will leave your wife very well provided for.

LOVEGOLD. Indeed, I have known several law-suits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villainous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

MRS. WISELY. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his years. [*Aside.*

LOVEGOLD. What are you considering?

MRS. WISELY. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclinations abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

LOVEGOLD. Alas! madam, I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth; this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

MRS. WISELY. Well, sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract which can be prepared immediately.

LOVEGOLD. What signifies signing, madam?

MRS. WISELY. I see, sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blamed for refusing him on any account.

LOVEGOLD. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

MRS. WISELY. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

LOVEGOLD. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

MRS. WISELY. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you, he is a very advantageous offer. *[Exit.]*

LOVEGOLD. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely, indeed, to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest it is

with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match ; I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LAPPET. Oh ! unhappy, miserable creature that I am ! what shall I do ? whither shall I go ?

LOVEGOLD. What's the matter, Lappet ?

LAPPET. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man ! so good a master ! so good a friend !

LOVEGOLD. Lappet, I say.

LAPPET. I shall never forgive myself, I shall never outlive it, I shall never eat, drink, sleep—— [*Runs against him.*]

LOVEGOLD. One would think you were walking in your sleep, now. What can be the meaning of this ?

LAPPET. Oh ! sir !——you are undone, sir, and I am undone.

LOVEGOLD. How ! what ! has any one robbed me ? have I lost anything ?

LAPPET. No, sir, but you have got something.

LOVEGOLD. What ? what ?

LAPPET. A wife, sir.

LOVEGOLD. No, I have not yet——but why——

LAPPET. How, sir, are you not married ?

LOVEGOLD. No.

LAPPET. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

LOVEGOLD. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

LAPPET. Yes, sir ! and for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

LOVEGOLD. What do you say ?

LAPPET. Oh ! sir, this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been

finely deceived in this lady. I told you, sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, sir; the devil of any estate has she.

LOVEGOLD. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

LAPPET. Nay, sir. Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

LOVEGOLD. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

LAPPET. All an imposition, sir! she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

LOVEGOLD. How! how! extravagant!

LAPPET. I tell you, sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

LOVEGOLD. Can it be possible after what you told me?

LAPPET. Alas, sir, that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations.

LOVEGOLD. How was it possible for you to be so deceived in her?

LAPPET. Alas! sir, she would have deceived any one upon earth, even yourself: for, sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance and appear thrifty.

LOVEGOLD. That is a good sign though; Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

LAPPET. She loves play to distraction: it is the only visible way in the world she has of living.

LOVEGOLD. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

LAPPET. To support her extravagance, in dress particu-

larly; why, don't you see, sir, she is dressed out to-day like a princess?

LOVEGOLD. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

LAPPET. Think of her extravagance.

LOVEGOLD. A woman of the greatest modesty!

LAPPET. And extravagance.

LOVEGOLD. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

LAPPET. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

LOVEGOLD. I never saw finer eyes.

LAPPET. She will eat you out of house and home.

LOVEGOLD. Charming hair!

LAPPET. She will ruin you!

LOVEGOLD. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching Lappet in his arms.*]

LAPPET. Oh, sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat!—Well, sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime, squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—To see his guineas fly about like dust: all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half-year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they

have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—Will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold?

LOVEGOLD. Oh! my poor old gold.

LAPPET. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

LOVEGOLD. My poor plate that I have hoarded with so much care.

LAPPET. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

LOVEGOLD. My dear land and tenements.

LAPPET. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

LOVEGOLD. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent.

LAPPET. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

SCENE IX.

LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LAWYER. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

LOVEGOLD. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too! I'll contract you, with a pox!

LAWYER. Heyday! sure you are non compos mentis!

LOVEGOLD. No, sirrah, I had like to have been non compos mentis; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts.

LAWYER. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

LOVEGOLD. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet ; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

LAPPET. I am sure, sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my law-suit.

LOVEGOLD. I am very much obliged to you.

LAPPET. I hope, sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

LOVEGOLD. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

LAPPET. You know, sir, that in Westminster Hall money and right are always on the same side.

LOVEGOLD. Ay, so they are ; very true, so they are ; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

LAPPET. The smallest matter of money, sir, would do me an infinite service.

LOVEGOLD. Hey! What?

LAPPET. A small matter of money, sir, would do me a great kindness.

LOVEGOLD. O-ho ! I have a very great kindness for you ; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

LAPPET. Pox take your kindness ! I'm only losing time : there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there : Ah ! would I were married to thee myself !

LOVEGOLD. What a prodigious escape have I had ! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.

RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

LOVEGOLD. Who is that ? Oh, is it you, sirrah ? How dare you enter within these walls ?

RAMILIE. Truly, sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself ; I think, after what has happened, you have no great

title to my friendship. But I don't know how it is, sir there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

LOVEGOLD. What if she did, sirrah?

RAMILIE. Has she not, sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

LOVEGOLD. Well, and what then?

RAMILIE. Why, then, sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word she says: for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

LOVEGOLD. How! how! Are you sure of this?

RAMILIE. Why, sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good design: the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas! sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home; and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, sir, do but look at Mariana, sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

LOVEGOLD. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to

everything this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. *[Exit.]*

RAMILIE. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI.—*The Hall.*

FREDERICK, LAPPET.

FREDERICK. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

LAPPET. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

FREDERICK. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself into guineas.

LAPPET. Keep yourself for your lady, sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

FREDERICK. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

LAPPET. Oh, sir! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches than to break one; and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture of her mother? and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father?

FREDERICK. Death! you jade, you have fired my imagination.

LAPPET. But, methinks, I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely; I am surprised they are not together by the ears already!

SCENE XII.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

RAMILIE. Oh! madam, I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance——

FREDERICK. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

RAMILIE. Yes, sir, all is well, indeed; no thanks to her: happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world; I have done your business for you, sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him; in short, sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone, than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him to be most confounded lie; and away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

LAPPET. And sign the contract; so, now, sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

FREDERICK. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

RAMILIE. Heyday! What is the meaning of this? Have I done any more than you commanded me?

FREDERICK. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived so damned an accident.

RAMILIE. You cannot blame me, sir, whatever has happened.

FREDERICK. I don't blame you, sir; nor myself, nor any one: Fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle; since I am to be ruined I will meet my destruction.

SCENE XIII.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[*They stand some time silent, looking at each other.*]

LAPPET. I give you joy, sir, of the success of your negotiation; you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

RAMILIE. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you; for you change sides so often, that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

LAPPET. And pray, sirrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

RAMILIE. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

LAPPET. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own, in order to preserve his; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain; I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, sir, a woman injured as I am never can nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again.

RAMILIE. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV.—*Another Apartment.*

FREDERICK, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA.

FREDERICK. No, madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

MRS. WISELY. I think, sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

MARIANA. Dear mamma, don't be serious, when, I dare say, Mr. Frederick is in jest.

FREDERICK. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable, is more cruel than having made him so.

MARIANA. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word mother-in-law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

FREDERICK. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

MRS. WISELY. I must insist, sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passed unblemished.

FREDERICK. I shall take care, madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

MARIANA. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me. What a person will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me?

FREDERICK. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune!

MRS. WISELY. Let me beg, sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

FREDERICK. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

MRS. WISELY. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

RAMILIE. Follow me, sir, follow me this instant.

FREDERICK. What's the matter?

RAMILIE. Follow me, sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

FREDERICK. What done?

RAMILIE. I have it under my arm, sir,—here it is!

FREDERICK. What? what?

RAMILIE. Your father's soul, sir; his money—Follow me, sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

FREDERICK. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

LOVEGOLD [*in the utmost distraction*]. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that d—n'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my

children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town: I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall.*

SEVERAL SERVANTS.

JAMES. There will be rare doings now; madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they have done; she has ordered something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

THOMAS. She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

JAMES. This is the luckiest day I ever saw; as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

THOMAS. You sha'n't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheads of strong beer coming in.

JAMES. Bless her heart! good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

THOMAS. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things, let her alone, Master James.

WHEEDLE. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage. And you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him send in a chest of candles; and at Mr. Lambert's, the confectioner in Pall Mall, and order

the finest dessert he can furnish ; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach, to-morrow morning ; and here, you must take this roll, and invite all the people in it to supper ; then you must go to the playhouse in Drury Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

JAMES. O brave Mrs. Wheedle ! here are fine times !

WHEEDLE. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible ; and if you can think of any thing to add to it, she desires you would.

JAMES. She is the best of ladies.

WHEEDLE. So you will say when you know her better : she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master but how to lay out as much money as she could ; we shall have all rare places.

JAMES. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

WHEEDLE. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

JAMES. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.

MARIANA, WHEEDLE, UPHOLSTERER, MRS. WISELY.

MARIANA. Wheedle, have you despatched the servants according to my orders ?

WHEEDLE. Yes, madam.

MARIANA. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition ?

UPHOLSTERER. I shall take a particular care, madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning ; I shall put off some work, madam, on that account.

MARIANA. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

UPHOLSTERER. Your ladyship is very much in the right, madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

MARIANA. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

UPHOLSTERER. Truly, madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. I believe I can show you some that will please you.

MRS. WISELY. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

MARIANA. Dear mamma, let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

UPHOLSTERER. Your ladyship is in the right, madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new-furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

MRS. WISELY. That is an extravagance I would never submit to. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

UPHOLSTERER. Ha! ha! madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.

To them, MERCER, JEWELLER.

MARIANA. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

MERCER. Yes, madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns. that were ever made.

MARIANA. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

JEWELLER. Yes, madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to show you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired. I have brought you a solitaire too, madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

MARIANA. Sure, it has a flaw in it, sir.

JEWELLER. Has it, madam? then there never was a brilliant without one; I am sure, madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.

LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, JEWELLER, MERCER,
UPHOLSTERER.

LOVEGOLD. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

MARIANA. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

JEWELLER. If you were my sister, madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

LOVEGOLD. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

MRS. WISELY. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

LOVEGOLD. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again.

MARIANA. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

LOVEGOLD. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

MRS. WISELY. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

LOVEGOLD. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me what were you saying of them? Have you seen them?

JEWELLER. Really, sir, I do not understand you. I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as—

LOVEGOLD. How? What? What?

MARIANA. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, sir, if you please.

LOVEGOLD. I am in a dream.

MARIANA. You will be paid immediately, sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

MERCER. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

MARIANA. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

LOVEGOLD. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? Are you mad?

MARIANA. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

LOVEGOLD. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

MARIANA. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

LOVEGOLD. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

MARIANA. I assure you, sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford: and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your own honour, sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

LOVEGOLD. Can you bear to hear this, madam?

MRS. WISELY. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money. I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

MARIANA. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

LOVEGOLD. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However, there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

MARIANA. And free to choose whether you will marry at all, or no.

MRS. WISELY. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

LOVEGOLD. But, madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the meanwhile I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors, you cut-purses.

JEWELLER. Pay me for my jewels, sir, or return 'em me?

LOVEGOLD. Give him his baubles; give them him.

MARIANA. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, sir; you see, Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

JEWELLER. I'll depend on your ladyship, madam.

LOVEGOLD. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

UPHOLSTERER. I am an upholsterer, sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

LOVEGOLD. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

MRS. WISELY. Sure, sir, you are mad.

LOVEGOLD. I was when I signed the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name.

SCENE V.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, MRS. WISELY.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Your most obedient servant, madam.

LOVEGOLD. Who are you, sir? What do you want here?

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

LOVEGOLD. What's your business?

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, sir, to look at that snuff-box; there is but one person in England, sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able, he would get an immense estate, sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too, madam. Be pleased to look at them: they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

LOVEGOLD. Who the devil sent for you, sir?

MARIANA. I sent for him, sir.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Yes, sir; I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first?

LOVEGOLD. Will you please to go to the devil, sir, first, or shall I send you?

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Sir?

LOVEGOLD. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY. Sir, I was sent for, or I should

not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom.
Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, MRS. WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEEDLE.

MARIANA. I suppose, sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

MRS. WISELY. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

LOVEGOLD. Oh! would she had taken them. Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

MRS. WISELY. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers: a good offer, once refused, is not to be had again.

WHEEDLE. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent for is come.

MARIANA. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, MR. LIST.

LOVEGOLD. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

MR. LIST. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your

honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, sir. I always visit France twice a year; and though I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, sir——

LOVEGOLD. I'll take measure of your back, sirrah—— I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—— Out of my doors, you villain.

MR. LIST. Heyday! sir; did you send for me for this, sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

LOVEGOLD. Where are you going?—What have you there?

JAMES. Some fine wine, sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half a dozen kitchens too. The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up a dozen spits.

LOVEGOLD. Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppose it: her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place than it breaks out in another.—[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my house besieged? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it.

DRUMMER. [*Without.*] Heavens bless your honour! Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold; long life and happiness, and many children attend you——and so God save the King.

[*Drums beat.*]

[*Lovegold goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*]

JAMES. So, he has quieted the drums, I find—This is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any housekeeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

LOVEGOLD. James! I shall be destroyed; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen; put out all the fires; leave not so much as a candle burning.

JAMES. Sir, I don't know how to do it: madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

LOVEGOLD. How! not when I command thee?

JAMES. I have lost several places, sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, sir, she is so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

LOVEGOLD. The devil take her generosity!

JAMES. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat; why, sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper; within this hour, your house will be as full as Westminster Hall the last day of term—But I have no time to lose.

LOVEGOLD. Oh! oh! What shall I do.

SCENE X.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LAPPET. Where is my poor master? Oh, sir! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in

this manner. How could you, sir, when I told you what a woman she was—how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

LOVEGOLD. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice, I had been happy.

LAPPET. And I too, sir; for a-lack-a-day, I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

LOVEGOLD. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

LAPPET. How could a man of your sense, sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

LOVEGOLD. I am not married; I am not married.

LAPPET. Not married!

LOVEGOLD. No, no, no.

LAPPET. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

LOVEGOLD. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pounds to marry her.

LAPPET. You shall forfeit it——

LOVEGOLD. Forfeit what? my life and soul, and blood, and heart?

LAPPET. You shall forfeit it——

LOVEGOLD. I'll be buried alive sooner; no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

LAPPET. I see, sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

LOVEGOLD. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

LAPPET. Oh! my poor master! my poor master!

[Crying.

LOVEGOLD. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [A noise without.] Oh! oh! dear Lappet, see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour—Oh!

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT *richly dressed.*

LOVEGOLD. What is here?—Some of the people who are to eat me up?

CLERMONT. Don't you know me, sir?

LOVEGOLD. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this?—Oh! it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! base wretch, could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

CLERMONT. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

LOVEGOLD. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood!

CLERMONT. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it?

CLERMONT. Ah, sir! need I say—Love.

LOVEGOLD. Love!

CLERMONT. Yes, love, sir.

LOVEGOLD. Very pretty love, indeed; the love of my guineas.

CLERMONT. Ah, sir! think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never ask you more.

LOVEGOLD. Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever so modest a request!

CLERMONT. All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

LOVEGOLD. I don't question, sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

CLERMONT. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right : and if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

LOVEGOLD. Ha! that's true ; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least ; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you ; perhaps I may.

CLERMONT. Then I am blest ! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

LOVEGOLD. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may be well called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it hither ; perhaps I may give it you—fetch it hither.

CLERMONT. To show you, sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [*Exit.*]

LOVEGOLD. Sure, never was so impudent a fellow ; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LOVEGOLD. Oh, Lappet ! what's the matter ?

LAPPET. Oh, sir ! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

LOVEGOLD. Oh ! oh ! oh ! let them cut my throat.

LAPPET. Think what an escape you have had ; think if you had married her——

LOVEGOLD. I am as bad as married to her.

LAPPET. It is impossible, sir ; nothing can be so bad : what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds !—Well——and ten thousand pounds are a sum——they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum ; but what is such a sum, compared with such a wife ? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, sir——

LOVEGOLD. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

LAPPET. Why, sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself: and if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.

LOVEGOLD. Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be hanged, I'll be hanged.

LAPPET. Suppose, sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand—

LOVEGOLD. Eight thousand devils take her—

LAPPET. But, dear sir, consider; nay, consider immediately; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum—Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruined. Be resolute, sir; consider, every guinea you give saves you a score.

LOVEGOLD. Well, if she will consent to—to—to eight hundred. But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

LAPPET. Why, sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

LOVEGOLD. Would I were out of my skin—

LAPPET. You would have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

LOVEGOLD. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was I not knocked o' th' head, before I knew the value of money!

LAPPET. [*Knocking without.*] So, so, more duns, I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

LOVEGOLD. What have I brought myself to! What shall I do! part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then on the other side are wife,

ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!

LAPPET. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

SCENE XIII.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

MARIANA. Well, what success?

LAPPET. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frightened into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say, fear will make a coward brave; but nothing can make him generous: the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

MARIANA. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

LAPPET. Neither, I assure you. Ah, madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, I had have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

MARIANA. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

LAPPET. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

MARIANA. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? Did he make no offer?

LAPPET. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

MARIANA. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me?

LAPPET. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET, MARIANA.

LOVEGOLD. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

LAPPET. Dear madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle. I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse: and if you should stand out, you will get more.

LOVEGOLD. [*Putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie. She never could get more, never should get more: it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

LAPPET. For Heaven's sake, sir, you will ruin all—— Madam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a law-suit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now, are better than ten five years hence.

MARIANA. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

LOVEGOLD. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

LAPPET. Why, sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last: get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

SCENE XV.

THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

[LOVEGOLD *and* LAPPET *talk apart.*]

THOMAS. Madam, the music is come which your ladyship ordered; and most of the company will be here immediately.

JAMES. Where will your ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat? for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

MARIANA. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.

JAMES. There is no service in the house proper for the dessert, madam.

MARIANA. Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

LOVEGOLD. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

LAPPET. Depend on it, sir.

LOVEGOLD. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

LAPPET. Do so, sir; but lose no time: give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, sir.

MARIANA. Here is the contract.

LOVEGOLD. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world.

SCENE XVI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

MARIANA. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

LAPPET. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, madam, to buy off my evidence?

MARIANA. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villainy!

LAPPET. Ay, madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.

MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LOVEGOLD. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.—(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.) *[Aside to Lappet.]*

LAPPET. *[To Lovegold.]* You have done very wisely.

MARIANA. There, sir, is your contract. And now, sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

SCENE XVIII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAPPET,
HARRIET.

LOVEGOLD. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

CLERMONT. Here, sir, is all the treasure I am worth. A treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

LOVEGOLD. Give me the money, sir; give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

CLERMONT. I understand you not.

LOVEGOLD. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

CLERMONT. This, sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

LOVEGOLD. How! Oh, wicked, vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

CLERMONT. Think not your family disgraced, sir. I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

LOVEGOLD. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

FREDERICK. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

LOVEGOLD. How, sirrah! are you a confederate? Have you helped to rob me?

FREDERICK. Softly, sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

LOVEGOLD. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold—

MARIANA. You are not easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

LOVEGOLD. Bear witness, she has confessed she has the money; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

LAPPET. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, madam, whom I have most injured.

LOVEGOLD. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

LAPPET. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robbed yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

LOVEGOLD. How! I! You! What! what!

LAPPET. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract, I promised to swear she had stole from you.

CLERMONT. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

LOVEGOLD. I am undone, undone, undone!

FREDERICK. No, sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet! depend upon it, within an hour, you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me.

LOVEGOLD. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

MARIANA. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to Frederick.*] You see, sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have proved the best friend you ever had; for, I presume, you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

LOVEGOLD. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes!

FREDERICK. You must excuse me, sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

LOVEGOLD. Then I will go to law with that lady, and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

CLERMONT. Be pacified, sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

LOVEGOLD. My family be hanged; if I am robbed, I don't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him, if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town: for I will have my money again, or never sleep more.

FREDERICK. I am resolved we will get the better of him now. But oh, Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am

an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have anything to bestow.

MARIANA. Do you hear him——

HARRIET. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinced me——

MARIANA. Dear girl, no more; you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture, I would do whatever you wished—So, sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

HARRIET. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natured thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

MARIANA. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you said I deserved.

SCENE *the last.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT,
HARRIET.

LAPPET. Treaties are going on, on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

RAMILIE. Why, have we not done them all the service we can? What farther have they to do with us?—Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

MARIANA. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father: I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without 'em.

ALL. Oh! by all means.

FREDERICK. Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of your favours; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude.

[*Dance here.*]

FREDERICK. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman, in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

CLERMONT. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished ; at least, I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice : but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim ; the miser endeavours to be wretched—

He hoards eternal cares within his purse ;
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.: SPOKEN BY MRS. RAFTOR.

OUR Author's sure bewitched! The senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one?—No, but Molière's is,
He cried, and zounds! no epilogue was tacked to his.
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry.
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one *double entendre* left that's new.
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush, to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise.
Then for the threadbare joke of cit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echoed from the pit,
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the critics with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire:
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Though talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies.
If these, he cried, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none for me.
Lord, sir, says I, the gallery will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cried, a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in,
Zounds! when the play is ended—Drop the curtain.

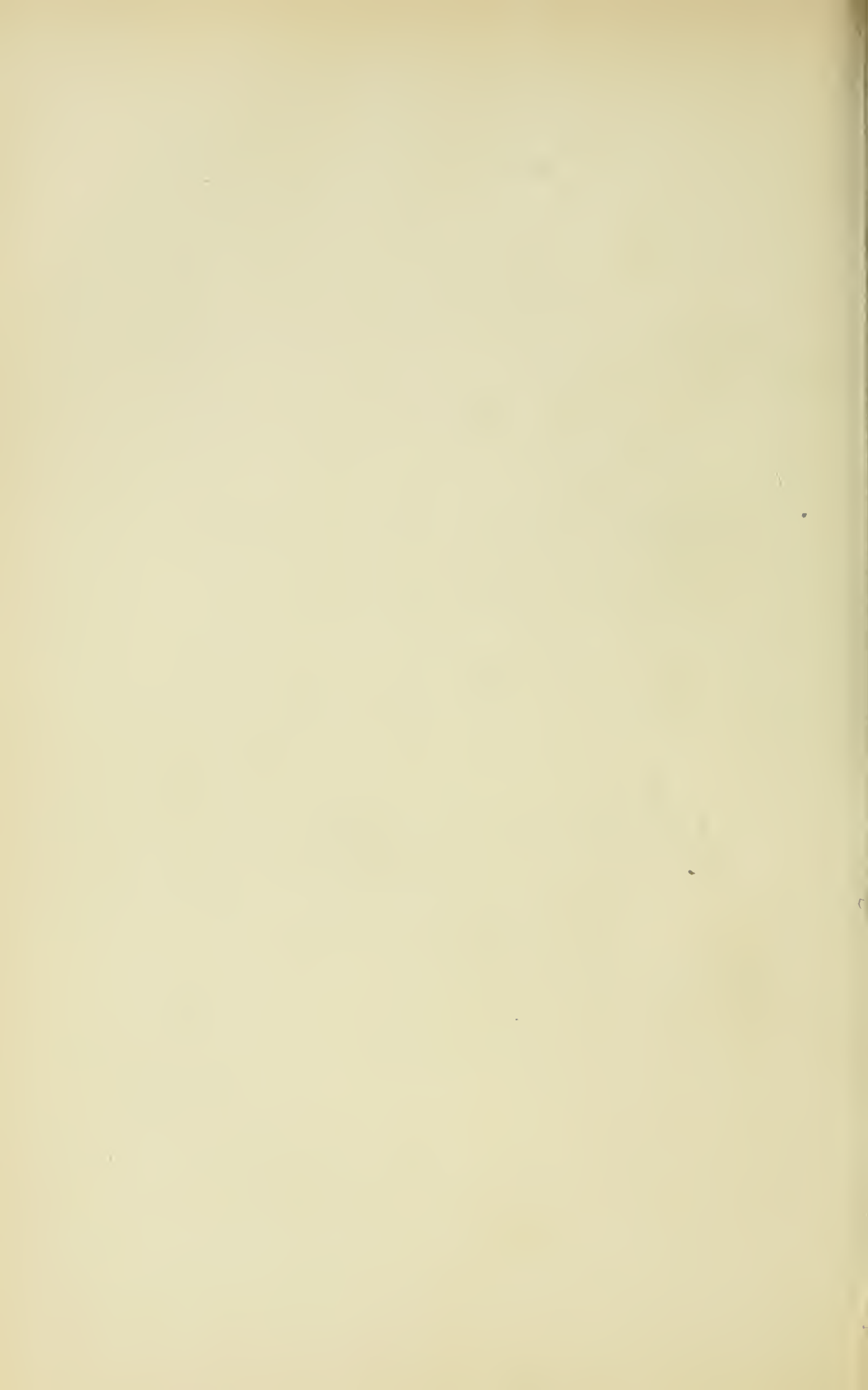
THE INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, 1733.

*“Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.”—MARTIAL.*



AN EPISTLE TO MRS. CLIVE

MADAM,—If addresses of this nature (notwithstanding the base purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour received, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend, I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyrics, have been generally confined to persons in high life; not that good qualities are so; but as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to inquire who best deserves praise, as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen, it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyric stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing

themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left, as sometimes to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you extort, by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting with some pleasure that the town, that part of it, at least, which is not quite Italianised, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on any thing so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits, which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you, who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees, is so full of honour, that had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distressed; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact

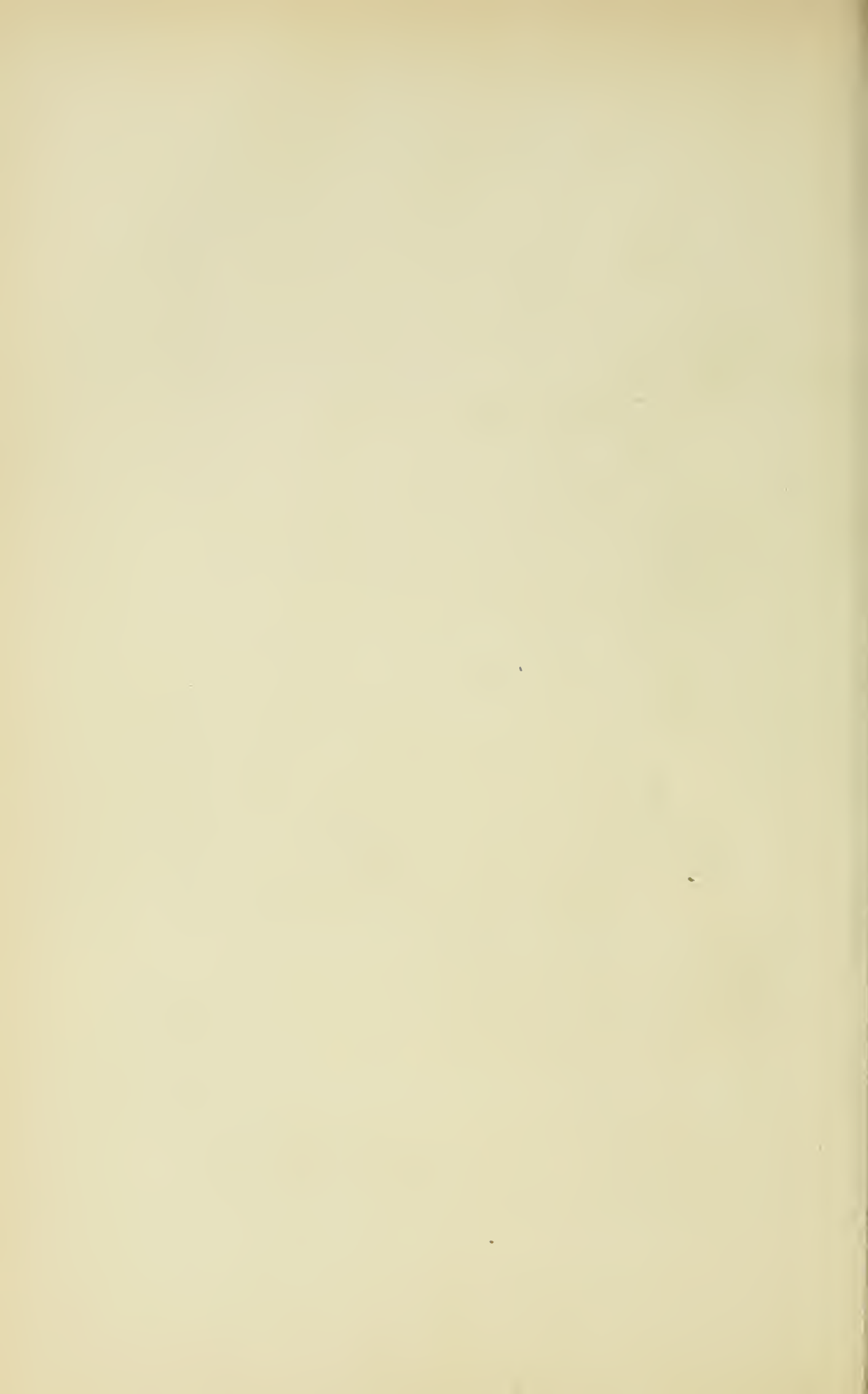
an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injured by the dismissal of the audience.

In short, if honour, good nature, gratitude, and good sense, joined with the most entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to public esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least, I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.



TO MR. FIELDING,

OCCASIONED BY

THE REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

WHILE wit, like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious inquisition fall,
Untried, unheard : while guiltless crowds expire,
Martyrs to spleen! in each poetic fire ;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor sex, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage ;
Against example who shall dare commend ?
Avow good-nature or confess the friend ?

Hard is the task, in such a soil, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise ;
Where the sharp thistle springs t' implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the spiny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn the abuse I cannot right ;
Yet this remains——with cheerful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept then, Fielding! from a heart sincere,
 A gift commended by its being rare,
 Unfeigned applause! by no mean motive swayed,
 Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
 Unhelped, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
 To form our manners and amend our laws,
 And aid, with artful hand, the public cause.

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
 With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
 Tied to old rules, though Westminster must aid,
 The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
 Thy equitable muse asserts her claim,
 To mark the monster with eternal shame,
 Thy brute appears, in the most just decree,
 Triumphant only in his infamy.

But see! the politician mounts the stage,
 The bane and weakness of our clime and age!
 Who can unmoved behold th' instructive scene?
 Indulge his laughter? or contain his spleen?
 When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
 Controlled our senate, and inflamed our state!

Oh! had the muse a due attention found,
 Her flights encouraged, and her labours crowned;
 Each busy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
 And laughter branded whom the laws should brand!

In vain we wish!—and the compliant bard,
 The public taste must sway, that must reward;
 To that conforming, he must fill the scene,
 With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;
 Farce, mask, and opera, Grub Street and the Court,
 Linked of nonsense must club to make us sport.

Yet here, even here, what sense! with how much art,
 He courts the head, since we deny the heart;
 Mark, in his mirth how innocent he plays!

And while he mimes the mimic, hurts not Bayes——
Though much provoked, no base ill-nature stains,
With murderous dye, his unpolluted strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, blessed youth! to charm,
Divert our heats, and civil rage disarm,
Till fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil:
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme,
On which, in ease and affluence, thou mayst raise
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

PROLOGUE

UPON THE REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

AS when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has given the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drowned
All sorrowing thoughts, while mirth and joy went round,
Is by some wanton worthless heir destroyed,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void ;
With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place ;
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear ;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in crowds repaired each day,
And went well pleased and entertained away.
While Oldfield here hath charmed the listening age,
And Wilks adorned, and Booth hath filled the stage ;
Soft eunuchs warbled in successful strain,
And tumblers showed their little tricks in vain.
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts received their homage there.

But now, alas ! how altered is our case !
I view with tears this poor deserted place ;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we see our crowded door
Send the late comer back again at four.

At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve-pennyworth of wit.
—Our author, of a generous soul possessed,
Hath kindly aimed to succour the distressed:
To-night, what he shall offer in our cause
Already hath been blest with your applause.
Yet this, his muse maturer hath revised,
And added more to that which once so much you prized.
We sue, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust,
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, town
Will join to crush us, when we're almost down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

GOODALL	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
VALENTINE	<i>Mr. Stoppelaer.</i>
LORD PRIDE	<i>Mr. Hewson.</i>
LORD PUFF	<i>Mr. Charles Jones.</i>
COLONEL BLUFF	<i>Mr. Mecklin.</i>
OLDCASTLE	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
RAKEIT	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
MARQUIS	<i>Mdlle. Grognet.</i>
SLAP	<i>Mr. Topham.</i>
TRICK	<i>Mr. Hallam.</i>
SECURITY	<i>Mr. Giles.</i>

WOMEN.

MRS. HIGHMAN	<i>Mrs. Mullart.</i>
CHARLOTTE	<i>Mrs. Atherton.</i>
LETTICE	<i>Mrs. Clive.</i>

Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.

SCENE.—LONDON.

THE
INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Covent Garden.*

MRS. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Oh! Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

LETTICE. I am much at your service, madam.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Oh! madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it. But all the service, madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master—I desire, madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

LETTICE. Truly, madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray, what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all?

MRS. HIGHMAN. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven and my own prudence: but I know what he would do.

LETTICE. He would do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Oh! I dare swear, madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

LETTICE. You wrong my master, madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

MRS. HIGHMAN. You know!

LETTICE. Yes, madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessory to 'em: I love your niece too much, madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturned to bring them together.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Rare impudence! Hussy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

LETTICE. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

MRS. HIGHMAN. How, sauciness!

LETTICE. Yes, madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

AIR I. *Soldier Laddy.*

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad
 You match to a spark more fit for her dad,
 'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
 The young lover's business is happily done:
 Though it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,
 Yet my life for a farthing,
 Pursuing
 His wooing,
 The young fellow finds, though he go round about,
 It's only to come
 The nearest way home.

MRS. HIGHMAN. I can bear this no longer. I would advise you, madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [*Exit.*]

LETTICE. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

SCENE II.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE. So, Mrs. Lettice!

LETTICE. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

CHARLOTTE. Indeed!

LETTICE. Yes, madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

CHARLOTTE. I assure you! Do you think me so fond then?

LETTICE. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

CHARLOTTE. Then to show you, madam, how well you know me—the devil take me—if you are not in the right.

LETTICE. Ah! madam, to a woman practised in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing, as we have.

AIR II. *Bush of Boon.*

What need he trust your words precise
Your soft desires denying,
When, oh! he reads within your eyes
Your tender heart complying?

Your tongue may cheat,
 And with deceit
 Your softer wishes cover ;
 But, oh! your eyes,
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

VALENTINE. My dearest Charlotte, this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

LETTICE. It's very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

VALENTINE. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

CHARLOTTE. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turned out of doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

VALENTINE. The apprehensions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

CHARLOTTE. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

LETTICE. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shown, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or

gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

CHARLOTTE. Thy fortune?

LETTICE. My fortune! Yes, madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

VALENTINE. Oh, Charlotte, would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, Love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on his account.

AIR III. *Fanny, blooming fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie
 Within the warrior's mind;
 False honours let him buy,
 With slaughter of mankind:
 To crowns a doubtful right
 Lay thousands in their grave;
 While wretched armies fight
 Which master shall enslave.

Love took my heart with storm,
 Let him there rule alone,
 In Charlotte's charming form,
 Still sitting on his throne.
 How will my soul rejoice
 At his commands to fly;
 If spoken in that voice,
 Or looked from that dear eye!

To universal sway
 Love's title is the best;
 Well, shall we him obey,
 Who makes his subjects blest?

If heaven for human good
 Did empire first design,
 Love must be understood
 To rule by right divine.

LETTICE. Hist! hist! get you both about your business. Mr. Oldcastle is just turned the corner; and, if he should see you together, you are undone.

[*Exeunt Valentine and Charlotte.*]

Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely: for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumlbers to interpose in young people's sport.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

OLDCASTLE. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and, if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

LETTICE. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

OLDCASTLE. Your humble servant, madam: I ask your pardon; but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

LETTICE. Men of your figure, sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

OLDCASTLE. Oh! your very humble servant, madam; I hope your lady is well.

LETTICE. Hum! so, so. She sent me, sir, of a small message to you.

OLDCASTLE. I am the happiest man in the world.

LETTICE. To desire a particular favour of you.

OLDCASTLE. She honours me with her commands.

LETTICE. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

OLDCASTLE. What! what!

LETTICE. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natured lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolved to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do any thing, but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without, at least, a pair of flannel shirts.

OLDCASTLE. Hold your impertinent, saucy tongue!

LETTICE. Nay, sir, don't be angry with me. I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

OLDCASTLE. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

LETTICE. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and, if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her yet.

OLDCASTLE. What are those obstacles?

LETTICE. Why, sir, there is, in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

OLDCASTLE. It's a lie: I want several——months of it.

LETTICE. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

OLDCASTLE. We sha'n't fall out about that.

LETTICE. Well, sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible, ungentle air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune.—And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frightened.

OLDCASTLE. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress. I'll have you turned off.

LETTICE. That will be well repaying me, indeed, for all the services I have done you.

OLDCASTLE. Services!

LETTICE. Services! yes, sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband than a man of your age and taste? for I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV. *Hark, hark, the Cock crows.*

When a lover like you
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, sir;
If for better and worse
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, sir!

Though hugged to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes
Much hunger her stomach may prove, sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her food for her love, sir.

OLDCASTLE. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to—I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour. [Exit.

SCENE V.

LETTICE, RAKEIT.

LETTICE. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed.

RAKEIT. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you and the great Squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

LETTICE. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

RAKEIT. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten, for aught I know.

LETTICE. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death than my master should be robbed of his mistress?

RAKEIT. Your humble servant, madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but, hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-coloured regiment who has been even with his master.

LETTICE. Not with such gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, skipping beaus, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V. *As down in a meadow, &c.*

See John and his master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass:

Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big,
 Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig.
 Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
 When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
 Say then where the difference lies if you can.
 Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.

RAKEIT. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this match in our families.

LETTICE. Why so?

RAKEIT. You know how desperate his circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

LETTICE. She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

RAKEIT. She will be little the better for't.

LETTICE. Then there's the chance of both her brothers' death: besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath but five children only, one of which hath never had the smallpox: nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish barony.

RAKEIT. Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours——

LETTICE. Oh yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drowned if he attempts coming home. Hopes of the stars falling——

RAKEIT. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

LETTICE. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

RAKEIT. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

LETTICE. You are mistaken, sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman called an Upholsterer, who the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

RAKEIT. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

LETTICE. Saucebox! Do you think I'll have you?

RAKEIT. Unless I can provide better for myself.

LETTICE. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unless it be thy invincible impudence.

RAKEIT. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

AIR VI.

When modesty sues for a favour,
What answers the politic lass?

LET. That she mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an ass;
And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

RAKE. But when bolder impudence rushes,
And manfully seizes her charms!

LET. Lard! you're rude, sir, she cries, then she
blushes,
And folds the brisk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

VALENTINE, TRICK.

VALENTINE. You say I owe you five hundred pounds, principal and interest?

TRICK. Yes, sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

VALENTINE. I'll take your word for it, sir; and if you please to let me have five hundred more, I shall owe you a thousand.

TRICK. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, sir; he hath called it in.

VALENTINE. He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call it in, it will signify not much, sir. I have thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: lay me down the other five hundred, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

TRICK. I am quite out of cash, sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

VALENTINE. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

TRICK. I have called so often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

VALENTINE. So, honest Trusty, what success?

TRUSTY. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost an hundred pounds, but he refused to give me any more than fifty for it, so I e'en took that.

VALENTINE. Very well.

TRUSTY. As for the old silver bowl which your father valued at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said, there was so much reckoned for the fashion; and that it was so old and ungenteel, that he offered me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

VALENTINE. Very well.

TRUSTY. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into pinchbeck, that he had not disposed of two gold watches this month. However, he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

VALENTINE. Very well.

TRUSTY. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth Street, who offered me but sixteen pounds for the two suits of fine clothes, that I dare swear stood your honour in above an hundred pounds. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

VALENTINE. You should have taken the money.

TRUSTY. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which as I was just going to dispose of, a gentleman whispered in my ear, that a certain knight, that would be in town in a fortnight, would give six times as much for them.

VALENTINE. A fortnight! what of a fortnight! A fortnight's an age. I would not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

TRUSTY. But, sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet, if he does not, what you will do any longer Heaven knows.

VALENTINE. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [Exit Trusty.]

AIR VII. *Excuse me.*

Let misers with sorrow to-day,
Lay up for to-morrow's array,
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves
Drink, up to his chin in the waves.

But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
 And yield to your mind,
 To-morrow she goes,
 And on others bestows
 The blessing.
 The lover, who yields to the fair one's delay,
 Oft loses the day.
 Then fly to her arms,
 For we are sure of her charms
 When possessing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

VALENTINE. Show him in. [*Exit* Servant.] Would my dear Charlotte were here!

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, SLAP.

VALENTINE. Your most obedient servant, sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, sir.

SLAP. I believe you do not, sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

VALENTINE. A writ against me!

SLAP. Don't be uneasy, sir; it is only for a trifle, sir; about two hundred pounds.

VALENTINE. What must I do, sir?

SLAP. Oh, sir! whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

VALENTINE. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

SLAP. Oh yes, sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well used, and I'll take your word.

VALENTINE. Your house! 'sdeath, you rascal!

SLAP. Nay, sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

VALENTINE. Nay, then!—who's there——my servants.
[*Enter Servants.*] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

SLAP. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[*Slap is forced off by the Servants.*]

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, Valentine! what's the matter? I am frightened to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not hurt?

VALENTINE. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

CHARLOTTE. Heaven be praised! But what was the occasion of this bustle?

VALENTINE. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters—I happened to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

CHARLOTTE. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them I dread to imagine.

VALENTINE. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and, oh, Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

CHARLOTTE. Press me not, Valentine: for whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII. *Spring's a coming.*

Virgins wary
 Would ne'er miscarry,
 If lovers would take a denial or two :
 If he pursues her still,
 Can she refuse him still,
 What she herself hath a mind to do ?

VAL. Turtles, though with each other they die,
 Shall be less constant and fond than I :
 For April's soft showers,
 Nor June's sweet flowers,
 In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

CHARL. Turtles, though, &c.

CHARLOTTE. Could I be assured of your constancy ; could I find you always fond and endearing as now ; believe me, it would not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

VALENTINE. If thou canst place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already ; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money, is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty is commonly constant while that beauty lasts ; and a love that's fixed on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

CHARLOTTE. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me ; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train.

VALENTINE. Thou dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

AIR IX. *Polworth on the Green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
 Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;
 To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,
 To-day alone is ours.

Let fools for wealth
 Spend time and health;
 While we, more happy, try,
 In each soft kiss,
 Transporting bliss,
 Which treasures ne'er can buy.

CHARL. Let age grave lessons preach
 'Gainst what she cannot reach;
 Let prudes condemn what they esteem,
 All fools our joys impeach.

BOTH. Let fools, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—VALENTINE *and Company, seated as after dinner.*

VALENTINE. Call in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

MARQUIS. Je vous félicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine, mais allons! dançons nous mesmes.

VALENTINE. My father arrived, say you?

LETTICE. Yes, sir, and will be here instantly.

VALENTINE. Death and hell! What shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

LETTICE. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the meantime be not chagrined, enjoy your friends, and take no

notice of it. I will lie perdué for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison, and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

VALENTINE. Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you? are you for cards or hazard?

ALL. Hazard, hazard.

MARQUIS. Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

GOODALL, LETTICE, and Servant with a portmanteau.

GOODALL. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigued me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope: but, Heaven be praised, I am once more arrived within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleased my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

LETTICE. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [*Aside.*]

GOODALL. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home. I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

LETTICE. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. [*Aside.*] Bless me! what do I see? An apparition?

GOODALL. Lettice!

LETTICE. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, sir, is it positively you yourself?

GOODALL. Even so. How do you, Lettice?

LETTICE. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, sir, you ought to have stayed a little longer there for the sake of your health—and our quiet. [*Aside.*]

GOODALL. Well, but how does my son do? And how

hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

LETTICE. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

GOODALL. I warrant you he is every day in the Alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined! and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

LETTICE. Not a farthing, sir.

GOODALL. How, how, how!

LETTICE. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

GOODALL. How!

LETTICE. Put it out, I mean sir, to interest, to interest, sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

GOODALL. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [*To Lettice.*] Knock at the door.

LETTICE. He is not at home, sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

SCENE III.

SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

SECURITY. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

LETTICE. Your servant, Mr. Security.—Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

SECURITY. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum—

GOODALL. What, what, what's this I hear?

LETTICE. I'll explain it to you by and by, sir.

GOODALL. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

SECURITY. Your son, sir!

GOODALL. Yes, sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

SECURITY. Yes, sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

GOODALL. There go two words though to that bargain.

LETTICE. I believe, sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

GOODALL. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

LETTICE. Yes, sir, he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain.—I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. *[Aside.*

GOODALL. I am rejoiced at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

SECURITY. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum; and I am your very humble servant. *[Exit.*

GOODALL. Well, but tell me a little: in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

LETTICE. In what part of the town?

GOODALL. Yes, there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

LETTICE. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

GOODALL. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

LETTICE. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned?

GOODALL. Yes.

LETTICE. It is not that—and a little beyond, you see another very large house, higher than any other in the square.

GOODALL. I do.

LETTICE. But it is not that—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

GOODALL. Yes, indeed is it.

LETTICE. That is not the house——but you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

GOODALL. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

LETTICE. That's the very house.

GOODALL. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

LETTICE. It is impossible, sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

GOODALL. Out of her senses!

LETTICE. Yes, sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

GOODALL. Son! why she was not married when I went away.

LETTICE. No, sir; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three-and-twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

GOODALL. Oh, monstrous!

LETTICE. Ah, sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

AIR X. *Pierot's Dance.*

Were all women's secrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a son now bred to trade,
Then had shined in rich brocade.

Many cits
 Had been wits,
 In estate, though not in sense ;
 Many beaus
 Birthday clothes
 Had not worn at cits' expense.

For did our women, wise, indeed,
 Contrive no way to mend the breed,
 Our sparks such pretty masters grow,
 So spruce, so taper, and so low ;
 From Britons tall,
 Our heroes shall
 Be Lilliputians all.

GOODALL. Well, but I stand here talking too long :
 knock at the door.

LETTICE. What shall I do? [*Aside.*

GOODALL. You seem in a consternation! No accident
 hath happened to my son, I hope!

LETTICE. No, sir, but——

GOODALL. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in
 my absence?

LETTICE. No, sir: not absolutely robbed you, sir.—What
 shall I say?

GOODALL. Explain yourself: speak!

LETTICE. Oh, sir! I can withhold my tears no longer.—
 Enter not, I beseech you, sir, your house, sir; your dear
 house, that you and I, and my poor young master, loved
 so much, within these six months——

GOODALL. What of my house within these six months?

LETTICE. Hath been haunted, sir, with the most terrible
 apparitions that were ever heard or beheld.—You'd think the
 devil himself had taken possession of it! Nay, I believe he
 hath, too: all the wild noises in the universe; the squeaking
 of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the
 whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls,
 the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling

of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such sights! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

GOODALL. Heyday; the wench is mad. Stand from before the door; I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed!

LETTICE. Sir, I have a friendship for you; and you shall not go in.

GOODALL. How! not go into my own house?

LETTICE. No, sir, not till the devil is driven out on't: there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can. *[Laughing within.]*

GOODALL. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

LETTICE. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on. *[Shriek within.]*

GOODALL. Oh, Heavens! what monstrous squalling is that?

LETTICE. Why, sir, I'm surprised you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

GOODALL. I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

LETTICE. Oh, sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me——

GOODALL. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have, indeed, heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house, I can't imagine.

LETTICE. Why, sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it.

GOODALL. I must inquire into all these things: but, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

LETTICE. No, sir, that's a little improper at present.

GOODALL. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

LETTICE. No, sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

GOODALL. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

LETTICE. I wish, sir, for a day or two——

GOODALL. You throw me out of all manner of patience. I am resolved I will go thither this instant.

LETTICE. Here she is herself: but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN.

MRS. HIGHMAN. What do I see! Mr. Goodall returned?

LETTICE. Yes, madam, it is him; but, alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in this voyage have turned his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

MRS. HIGHMAN. I am heartily concerned for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

LETTICE. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

MRS. HIGHMAN. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wandering in his countenance.

GOODALL. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is altered! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

MRS. HIGHMAN. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant.

I am glad to see you returned, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

GOODALL. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

MRS. HIGHMAN. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

GOODALL. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I should be obliged to you, if you would let me order my portmanteau to your house.

MRS. HIGHMAN. My house is at your service; and I desire you would use it in the same manner as your own.

GOODALL. I would not, madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

LETTICE. She has some lucid intervals, sir; but her fit will soon return.

GOODALL. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed, had I not been so well assured of, I could not have believed. But I have known some in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talked very reasonably: therefore, give me leave to ask you the cause of your frenzy. For I much question whether this commission of lunacy, that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

MRS. HIGHMAN. A commission of lunacy against me! Me!

GOODALL. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagined.

MRS. HIGHMAN. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

GOODALL. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! this is turning the tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

MRS. HIGHMAN. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses? Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

GOODALL. Since you come to that, madam, I shall show you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things; for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

SCENE V.

LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN, SLAP, CONSTABLE,
and Assistants.

SLAP. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

LETTICE. What's to be done now, I wonder?

CONSTABLE. Open the door, in the King's name, or I shall break it open.

GOODALL. Who are you, sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that house?

SLAP. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him.

GOODALL. For what sum, sir? Are you a justice of peace?

SLAP. I am one of his majesty's officers, sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescued him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

GOODALL. What do I hear! But harkye, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

SLAP. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

LETTICE. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

COLONEL BLUFF, MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS, SLAP, GOODALL,
CONSTABLE.

COLONEL BLUFF. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

SLAP. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

COLONEL BLUFF. Damn your authority, sir! If you don't go about your business, I shall show you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

SLAP. It is he! I have a warrant against him too. I wish it was in my pocket.

CONSTABLE. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

SLAP. Sir, I desire you would give us leave to enter the house, and seize our prisoner.

COLONEL BLUFF. Not I, upon my honour, sir.

MONSIEUR. Que veut due cette bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pousson ventre bleu! Allons! Monsieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

SLAP. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

COLONEL BLUFF. If you love force, I'll show you the way, you dogs. [Colonel *drives them off.*

GOODALL. I find I am distracted! I am stark raving mad! I am undone, ruined, cheated, imposed on! But, please Heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

COLONEL BLUFF. Hold, sir, you must not enter here.

GOODALL. Not enter into my own house, sir?

COLONEL BLUFF. No, sir; if it be yours, you must not come within it.

MONSIEUR. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

GOODALL. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

COLONEL BLUFF. Sir, the master of the house desires to

speaking with no such fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

GOODALL. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

COLONEL BLUFF. Sir, your most obedient humble servant: I am overjoyed to see you returned. Give me leave, sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis, quelque chose, le père de Monsieur Valentine.

MONSIEUR. Ah, Monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

GOODALL. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

COLONEL BLUFF. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man, so accomplished, so well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never would part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket; nor, indeed, while he could borrow one.

GOODALL. I believe it, indeed, sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

COLONEL BLUFF. Be not in such haste, dear sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the Company handsomely; and made an immense fortune.

GOODALL. I have no reason to complain.

COLONEL BLUFF. I am glad on't, sir, and so will your son, I dare swear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine, sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It would do your heart good, if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, sir: a man would work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

GOODALL. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

COLONEL BLUFF. That you should, sir, long ago; but really, sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it; and that is so full of

company, that I am afraid there would be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

GOODALL. What, all my pictures gone?

COLONEL BLUFF. He sold them first, sir: he was obliged to sell them for the delicacy of taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women; you had, indeed, sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, COLONEL BLUFF, GOODALL, MONSIEUR.

VALENTINE. My father returned! Oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and, believe me, sir, I am at once overjoyed and ashamed to see your face.

COLONEL BLUFF. I told you, sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

GOODALL. You may very well be ashamed; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

VALENTINE. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

GOODALL. Oh, sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home.

COLONEL BLUFF. Harkye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

VALENTINE. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in——

GOODALL. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

MONSIEUR. Pardie voila homme extraordinaire. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Dining Room.*

LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &c.

LORD PRIDE. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappeared I thought the master would soon follow.

LORD PUFF. I helped him on with a small lift, the other day, at piquet.

LORD PRIDE. Did you do any thing considerable?

LORD PUFF. A mere trifle, my lord: it would not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

LORD PRIDE. Damn me, there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expenses of us men of quality.

LORD PUFF. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are obliged to pay their debts, should presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COLONEL BLUFF,
MONSIEUR, LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &c.

VALENTINE. Gentlemen and ladies, my father, being just now arrived from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

GOODALL. My good lords (that I may affront none, by calling him beneath his title), I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagances of my son; for which I am very much obliged to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your faces, again.

LORD PRIDE. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

LORD PUFF. Curse me if I know.

GOODALL. I am very glad that my son hath ruined himself in so good a company ; that, when I disinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

LORD PRIDE. Sir, any thing in my power he may always command.

LORD PUFF. Or mine.

LORD PRIDE. But let me whisper a word in your ear.—
Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

GOODALL. That's very true, sir! but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it ; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

LORD PRIDE. I don't understand you, sir.

GOODALL. Why then, sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

LORD PRIDE. Me, sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors ; but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera : I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

LORD PUFF. Canaille! [*Exeunt Lord Pride and Lord Puff.*]

GOODALL. S'bodikins! I am in a rage ; that ever a fellow should upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

1 LADY. My lord Pride and my lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up ; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 LADY. With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 LADY. Come, come, come ; away, away!

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

MONSIEUR. Allons, quittons le bourgion.

COLONEL BLUFF. Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son, I'd show you how you ought to treat people of fashion. [*Exeunt Colonel and Monsieur.*]

CHARLOTTE. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

GOODALL. Why don't you follow your companions, sir?

VALENTINE. Ah! sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

GOODALL. Who are you, madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

CHARLOTTE. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

GOODALL. Ah! madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determined to turn directly out on't.

CHARLOTTE. Then, sir I am determined to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine, I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

VALENTINE. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI. *The Lass of Patie's Mill.*

Thus when the tempest high
 Roars dreadful from above,
 The constant turtles fly
 Together to the grove:
 Each spreads its tender wings,
 And hovers o'er its mate;
 They kiss, they coo, and sing,
 And love, in spite of fate.

AIR XII.

My tender heart me long beguiled,
 I now first my passions proved ;
 Had fortune on you ever smiled,
 I'd known not how I loved.
 Base passions, like base metals, cold,
 With true may seem the same !
 But would you know true love and gold,
 Still try them in the flame.

SCENE X.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCASTLE,
 MRS. HIGHMAN.

OLDCASTLE. Here, madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

MRS. HIGHMAN. What do I see! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice?—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

GOODALL. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was imposed on by a vile wretch who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

CHARLOTTE. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of: and I dare appear before any one's face.

GOODALL. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

MRS. HIGHMAN. She was, before your son had accomplished his base designs on her.

CHARLOTTE. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

VALENTINE. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

MRS. HIGHMAN. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

GOODALL. Is this lady your heiress?

MRS. HIGHMAN. I once intended her so.

GOODALL. Why then, madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

MRS. HIGHMAN. Won't you? And I see she is so entirely his, in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

VALENTINE. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am blessed indeed.

OLDCASTLE. And pray, madam, what's to become of me?

MRS. HIGHMAN. That, sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know, I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

OLDCASTLE. Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolved. *[Exit in a pet.*

MRS. HIGHMAN. No imprudent resolution.

GOODALL. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from your former extravagances be a warning to you for the future

VALENTINE. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice whereby this lady might be a sufferer:

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest dart
Unmoved; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart?

EPILOGUE.

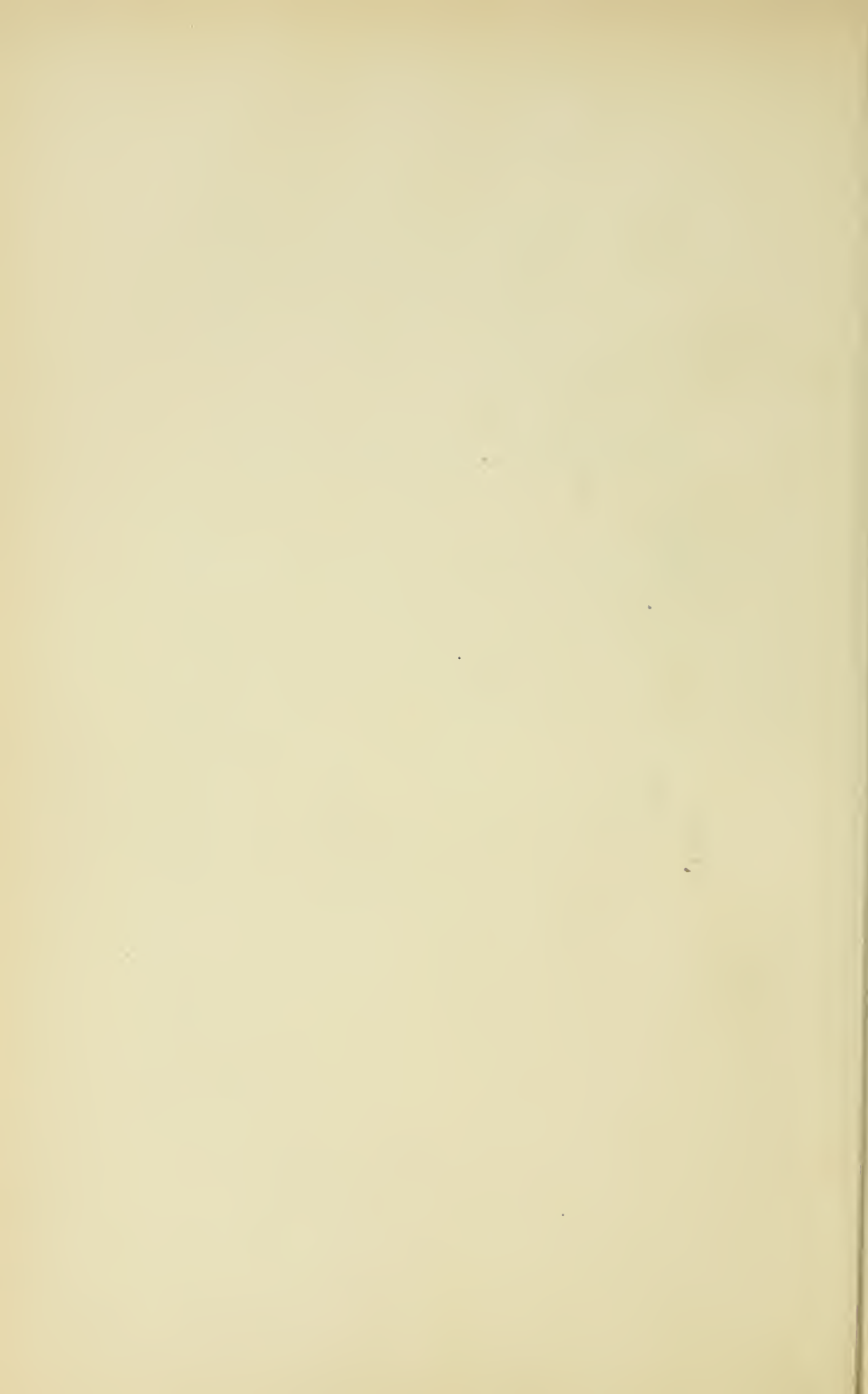
SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

A POET should, unless his fate he guest,
Write for each play two epilogues at least.
For how to empty benches can we say,
“What means this mighty crowding here to-day?”
Or should the pit with flattery be crammed,
How can we speak it, when the play is damned?
Damned, did I say?—He surely need not fear it.
His play is safe—when none will come to hear it.
English is now below this learned town,
None but Italian warblers will go down.
Though courts were more polite, the English ditty
Could heretofore at least content the city:
That for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dimi Cara rings through every shop.
What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish
Of us, where rival operas can flourish.
Let France win all their towns, we need not fear,
But Italy will send her singers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
While in their own the angry cannons roar:
Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.
Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song,
These can do more, they draw our gold along.
—But though our angry poets rail in spite,
Ladies, I own, I think your judgments right:

Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;
Those soft Italian warblers have no sting.
Though your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
You're still secure to find no harm within.
Wisely from those rude places you abstain,
Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
As boys are forced to buy the rods they feel.
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

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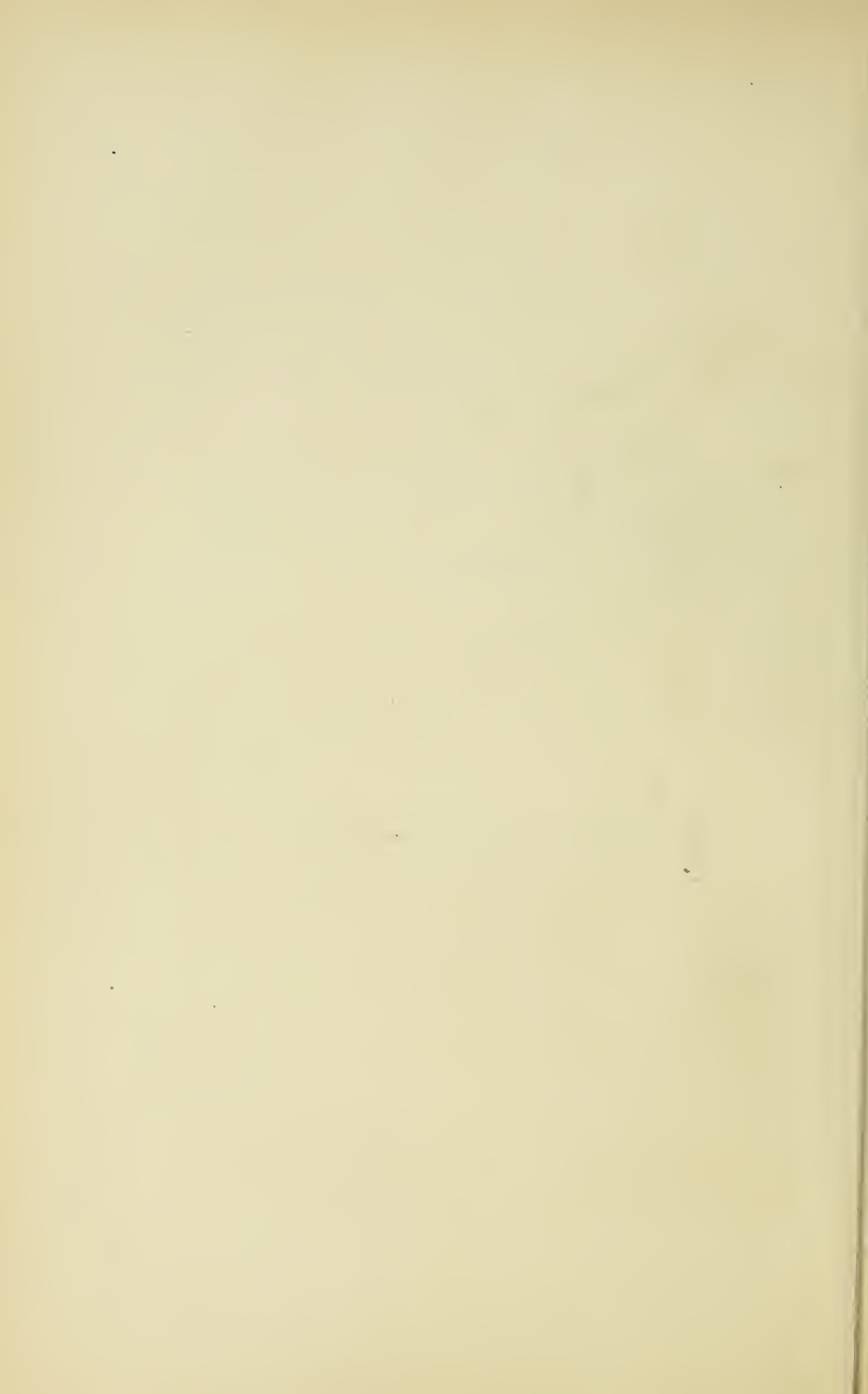
DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET, 1733.

“———*facile quis*
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem ———.”—HORACE.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,—However unworthy these scenes may be of your Lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your Lordship, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my Lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but surely,

what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them; and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be you, my Lord, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom your Lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others: for the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered, too, that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury Lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action ; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors' benefits would have put it off till the next season, had I not brought it on where now it appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

INTRODUCTION

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER. No prologue, sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

AUTHOR. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

MANAGER. Why, sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

AUTHOR. Yes, sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

MANAGER. How so?

AUTHOR. Because they have been all spoke already twenty times over.

MANAGER. Let me see them, pray?

AUTHOR. They are written in such damned cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

MANAGER. Well, and a very good scheme.

AUTHOR. May be so; but it hath been the subject of

almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast: the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines show you what it is.

MANAGER. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

AUTHOR. Why, the third has some wit in it; and would have done very well but for a mistake.

MANAGER. Ay! what mistake?

AUTHOR. Why, the author never read my play: and taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the stage.

MANAGER. But don't you think a play, with so odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explained? May they not be too much surprised at some things?

AUTHOR. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the character of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surprised that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone: for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a PLAYER.

PLAYER. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of humour: for there are two

or three of the loudest catcalls in the gallery that ever were heard.

AUTHOR. Be not frightened at that: those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

MANAGER. Order them to play away the overture immediately. Come, sir, what do you do with yourself?

AUTHOR. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, sir, if the audience are but half as well entertained with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON QUIXOTE	<i>Mr. Roberts.</i>
SANCHO	<i>Mr. Mullart.</i>
SIR THOMAS LOVELAND	<i>Mr. Machen.</i>
SQUIRE BADGER	<i>Mr. Macklin.</i>
FAIRLOVE	<i>Mr. Warwell.</i>
MAYOR	<i>Mr. Turbutt.</i>
VOTER	<i>Mr. Machen.</i>
GUZZLE	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
JOHN	<i>Mr. Hewson.</i>
MR. BRIEF, a Lawyer	<i>Mr. Topham.</i>
DR. DRENCH, a Physician	<i>Mr. Hallam.</i>
MR. SNEAK	<i>Mr. Hicks.</i>

WOMEN.

DOROTHEA	<i>Miss Atherton.</i>
JEZEBEL	<i>Mrs. Hide.</i>
MRS. GUZZLE	<i>Mrs. Martin.</i>
MRS. SNEAK	<i>Mrs. Egerton.</i>
MISS SNEAK	<i>Miss Jones.</i>

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

SCENE.—AN INN IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE. Never tell me, sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub : here 's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant. He is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

SANCHO. My master fears no warrant, friend ; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

GUZZLE. Tell me not of Spain, sir, I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me, I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place, which he shall find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

SANCHO. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is ; many are shut into one place and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and gaols to keep them in. He that's hanged for stealing a horse to-day, has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

GUZZLE. Sirrah, your horse, nor your ass neither, shall have any more oats at my expense ; never were masters

and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean ramscallion as his——what d'ye call him——his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own country rogues than foreign ones. [Exit.]

AIR I.

SANCHO. Rogues there are of each nation,
 Except among the divines;
 And vinegar, since the creation,
 Hath still been made of all wines.
 Against one lawyer Lurch
 A county scarce can guard;
 One parson does for a church,
 One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho!

SANCHO. An't please your honour——

DON QUIXOTE. Come hither, Sancho, I smell an adventure.

SANCHO. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

DON QUIXOTE. What landlord! what house! Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

SANCHO. No, marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

DON QUIXOTE. What dost thou mean, oaf?

SANCHO. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

DON QUIXOTE. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

SANCHO. Ay, sir; we are got into a terrible country. /
A man's quality here can't defend him if he breaks
the laws.

DON QUIXOTE. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no
use; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only
habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a
poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol
with him: but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand
poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base
squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an
adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the
united force of all the knights upon earth.

✓ Cf. *Journal*
1840

SANCHO. Ah, poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a
leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

DON QUIXOTE. There is now arrived in this castle one
of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He
marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in
an engagement.

SANCHO. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at
the head of his pack of dogs.

DON QUIXOTE. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

SANCHO. Why, sir, this giant that your worship talks
of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and
his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of
fox-hounds.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment!
Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of
the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of
above a thousand strong men.

SANCHO. Of above a thousand hogsheads of strong beer,
I believe.

DON QUIXOTE. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I
know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot! dost thou imagine
that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would
carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

SANCHO. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds
are as inseparable as your Spanish and his Toledo. He eats

with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

DON QUIXOTE. 'Tis pity then that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant, might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II. *Tweed side.*

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can be!
 Had I a great princess been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me.
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 In love there is nothing but charms;
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost;
 Well purchased may be the poor maid.
 Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
 We more real pleasures will prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravished?

GUZZLE. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

DON QUIXOTE. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle walls be utterly demolished.

GUZZLE. So! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find. [*Aside.*—But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here; I am in great necessity, I assure you.

DON QUIXOTE. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

GUZZLE. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but—

DON QUIXOTE. My lord, I see you are; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

GUZZLE. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

DON QUIXOTE. My lord, I am more confused than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso her fixt and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

SANCHO. If your worship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand:

where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

SANCHO. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again!

DON QUIXOTE. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plundered, should not have reserved enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; but, if you know any one who will disburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

GUZZLE. Do you make a jest of me, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Be not incensed; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

GUZZLE. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman, and my brewer, I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; in short, sir, I must and I will have my money.

SANCHO. You must get the philosopher's stone, before you can make any money of us.

GUZZLE. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house, till I am paid, that I'm resolved. [*Exit.*]

SANCHO. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why, let it be a blanketing. I have not ate any thing these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee my ambassador.

SANCHO. Why, truly, sir, that's a post I should like hugely well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

SANCHO. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for though my Lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being chanted, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

DON QUIXOTE. Reptile! reply not, on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.—But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. *Why will Florella, &c.*

[Dorothea sings within.]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,
 What language can deplore?
 For how should language have exprest
 A pain ne'er felt before?
 In other virgin wounded hearts,
 Love's cruel sport we see;
 But the most cruel of his darts,
 He has reserved for me.

DON QUIXOTE. Unhappy princess!

DOR. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
 Thy curse a bliss would prove.
 Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
 I could enjoy my love.
 Enchanted thus, romances tell
 Their moans poor virgins make;
 But where is found the powerful spell
 Can this enchantment break?

DON QUIXOTE. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, though most unhappy princess; look forth and behold whom fate hath sent to your relief; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de

la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserved.—Oh, cursed enchanter, dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes? Open the castle gates! open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiffs, that one single knight is too many for you all.

[He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.]

SCENE IV.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, and Mob.

GUZZLE. Heyday! What, in the devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

DON QUIXOTE. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the enchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

GUZZLE. Don't tell me of princesses and lords; I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

DON QUIXOTE. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

GUZZLE. Pay me my bill, sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals ate up, and drink drank out, and windows broke, and his walls shattered, and his guests disturbed for nothing.

DON QUIXOTE. Ungracious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment which thou art obliged to give men of my heroic profession.

GUZZLE. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

DON QUIXOTE. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldst have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robbed her of.

GUZZLE. Hear this, neighbours ; I am accused of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly ; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitiffs ? Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Chamber.*

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha ! In spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

JEZEBEL. Do you think, madam, this is the very same Don——what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories ?

DOROTHEA. The same ; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel ! I wish my adventure may end as happily as those of my namesake Dorothea's did ; I am sure they are very near as romantic ; but have not I reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him ? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires is slow indeed.

JEZEBEL. And let me tell you, madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

DOROTHEA. Oh, hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire ;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid
Who leaves me but time to desire.

Let prudes who leave lovers in anguish
 Themselves in their fonder fits stay ;
 But leave not the virgin to languish,
 Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl : don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me ?

JEZEBEL. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

SCENE VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

SANCHO. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess ; or are you both chanted princesses ?

JEZEBEL. What is it to you what we are, saucebox ?

DOROTHEA. Peace, dear Jezebel——This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the Princess Indoccalambria.

SANCHO. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough,) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head ; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows ; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment : if the glazier had hired him, he could not have done better.

DOROTHEA. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account ; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruised any more, for I am sufficiently assured this adventure is reserved for some other knight.

SANCHO. Nay, nay, like enough ; all men cannot do all things ; one man gets an estate by what another gets a

halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glass; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

SANCHO. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, madam, unless it were to see my Lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

DOROTHEA. Name it, and be assured of any thing in my power, honest Sancho.

SANCHO. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master, that I might not be sent home after my Lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer, that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

DOROTHEA. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V. *The King's Old Courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
 It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
 Oh the roast beef of old England,
 And old England's roast beef!

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
 Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
 And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.

Oh the roast beef, &c.

SANCHO. Oh the roast beef, &c.

DOROTHEA. I have been told, noble squire, that you once imposed a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

JEZEBEL. Who, I?

SANCHO. Adod your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body else that I can hear of; and who my Lady Dulcinea should be I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas, the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errandries so long.

DOROTHEA. Fie, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

SANCHO. Nay, madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I sha'n't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to 'un; and yet he has talked what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molchill, and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plums that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

JEZEBEL. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

DOROTHEA. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the Lady Dulcinea is in the castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

SANCHO. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a goose, will hardly

keck at a gander ; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. [Exit Sancho.

SCENE VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were described: we shall have rare diversion.

JEZEBEL. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

DOROTHEA. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Happy the animals who stray
 In freedom through the grove ;
 No laws in love they e'er obey,
 But those prescribed by love :
 While we, confined to parents' rules,
 Unfortunate, are told,
 None follows love's sweet laws but fools ;
 The wise are slaves to gold. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—*The Street.*

MAYOR, and a VOTER.

MAYOR. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town—Don Quixote, as he calls himself?

VOTER. Think, why, that he's a madman. What should I think?

MAYOR. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he has come to stand for parliament-man.

VOTER. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me he's a Spaniard?

MAYOR. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house, that's his fault.

VOTER. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promised Sir Thomas Loveland and Mr. Bouncer.

MAYOR. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

VOTER. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: but rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought Sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner, he should have no vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

MAYOR. Then suppose we were to go in a body and solicit Sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam it does not signify."

VOTER. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

MAYOR. What's that, pr'ythee?

VOTER. They say he has brought no money with him.

MAYOR. Ay, that indeed: but though he hath no money with him here, I am assured by his servant that he hath a very large estate: and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

VOTER. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

MAYOR. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

GUZZLE. Mr. Mayor, a good morrow to you, sir; are you for a whet this morning?

MAYOR. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller?

GUZZLE. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him I can't tell.

MAYOR. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration whether we should not ask this Sir Don to represent us.

GUZZLE. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

MAYOR. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the Court interest.

GUZZLE. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the Court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

MAYOR. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

GUZZLE. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

RETAIL. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him; for then, you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be obliged to choose him.

MAYOR. Brother alderman, I have reprov'd you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore, when we invite a gentleman to stand, we invite him to spend his money for the honour of his party; and, when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

GUZZLE. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

MAYOR. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and, first of all, I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning, that he that serves me best will serve the town best; and he that serves the town best will serve the country best.

GUZZLE. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

MAYOR. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Inn.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou hast, by this time, fully perceived, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

SANCHO. Ay, and of squire errantry too, an't please your worship.

DON QUIXOTE. But virtue is its own reward.

SANCHO. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak——

DON QUIXOTE. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

SANCHO. Then, if your worship would be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

DON QUIXOTE. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch?

SANCHO. Any thing to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I durst speak it——

DON QUIXOTE. Speak fearlessly—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

SANCHO. Why then I find, sir, that we are looked on here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, I am not concerned at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often called an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? But why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore,

instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay, and that which is professed to be paid to virtue is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natured man? Why, one who, seeing the want of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

SANCHO. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.

GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

DON QUIXOTE. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the meanwhile, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and Heaven prosper thy embassy!

SANCHO. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

MAYOR. I am your honour's most humble servant.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

MAYOR. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor

of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

DON QUIXOTE. Be seated, sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

MAYOR. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purse, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your success.

DON QUIXOTE. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Though he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

MAYOR. This is a special stick of wood, I find.—A benefit ticket, adod. [*Aside.*

DON QUIXOTE. I see the reason of your apprehension; you have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*

MAYOR. I see he has been thrown out at some place already.—I don't in the least, sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

MAYOR. Be not so passionate, sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town?

DON QUIXOTE. Be assured it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

MAYOR. I assure you, sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, sir; a little circulation of money among us would—

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, you make me concerned that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend that shall not within this twelvemonth be governor of an island.

MAYOR. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises.

[*Aside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

MAYOR. Yes, sir, he is now at Loveland Castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

DON QUIXOTE. Humph! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain.—How are they armed?

MAYOR. Armed, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

MAYOR. Ha, ha! your honour is pleased to be merry: why truly, sir, they were pretty well armed when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

DON QUIXOTE. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, sir; within these two days not one of them shall be alive.

MAYOR. Marry, Heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives—

MAYOR. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natured, civil a gentleman, as a man may say—

DON QUIXOTE. Why then do you petition me against him?

MAYOR. Nay, sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least chance.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! caitiff! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle but dangers, difficulties, toils and enchantments? Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour.—Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of la Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile necessaries of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

SCENE IV.—*Another Chamber.*

SQUIRE BADGER, SCUT, *his* Huntsman, and GUZZLE.

SQUIRE BADGER. That's it, honeys! Oh! that's it.—What, have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

GUZZLE. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship would have liked him hugely; he is rare good company.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, but hang it, hast thou nobody?

GUZZLE. I have not one guest in the house, sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

SQUIRE BADGER. Squire! Who, pr'ythee?

GUZZLE. Squire——It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember it. Squire Pancho Sancho——he calls himself.

SQUIRE BADGER. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey?

GUZZLE. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master both.

SQUIRE BADGER. What, has the squire a master?

GUZZLE. I don't know which is master nor which is man, not I: sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other.—I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but, if you turn your back, slap he has it up.—As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows than eating: would I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the yard, to guard the castle, as he calls it; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house, if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanterers, and magicians, and Dulcineas: he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

SQUIRE BADGER. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him; tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

GUZZLE. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubbed just now.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is some of the best physic for him. Come, Scut, sit down, and sing that song once more.

AIR VII. *Mother, quoth Hodge, &c.*

SCUT. The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;

Of all the best drugs the Dispensaries taught,
 'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.
 But here's the juice
 Of sovereign use,
 'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be :
 In body, or spirit,
 Wherever you bear it ;
 Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors if tricked of your pelf,
 Your losses a dose of good claret can heal ;
 Or if you have been a director yourself,
 'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel :
 Stocks fall or rise,
 Tell truth or lies,
 Your fame and your fortune here remedy find ;
 If Silvia be cruel,
 Take this water-gruel,
 'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, *and* SQUIRE BADGER.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

SQUIRE BADGER. Your servant, sir, your servant—A devilish odd figure this. *[Aside.*

DON QUIXOTE. To meet a person of your distinction is a happiness I little expected ; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

SQUIRE BADGER. Or of the Black Cap, sir, if you please.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle ; and I wish the achievements of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by

the cursed power of enchantment, foiled, may be reserved for you.

SQUIRE BADGER. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March hare. [*Aside.*]

DON QUIXOTE. Would you guess, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls the most beautiful princess in the universe?

SQUIRE BADGER. The devil he does.

DON QUIXOTE. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that enchanter Merlin; I humbly suppose, the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, ay, sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: but come, sir,—pray, sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

DON QUIXOTE. I am known, sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in these parts?

DON QUIXOTE. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourned longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

SQUIRE BADGER. Oh! numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

DON QUIXOTE. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

SQUIRE BADGER. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song.—Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country seat. Come, Scut, sing away.

AIR VIII. *There was a Jovial Beggar, &c.*

SCUT. The dusky night rides down the sky
 And ushers in the morn :
 The hounds all join in glorious cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn :
 And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, and begs his stay ;
 My dear it rains, and hails, and snows,
 You will not hunt to-day.
 But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood
 Secure to find we seek ;
 For why, I carried, sound and good,
 A cartload there last week.
 And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
 Their steeds all spur and switch ;
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch :
 But a hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night :
 Then a drinking we will go.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ha, ha, ha! Sir knight of the Woeful Figure ; this is the life, sir, of most of our knights in England.

DON QUIXOTE. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a knight-errant to rid the world of other sort of animals than foxes.

SQUIRE BADGER. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha, caitiff! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

SQUIRE BADGER. Throw by your spit, sir: throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you rascal!

[Squire Badger *offers to strike* Don Quixote.

GUZZLE. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! Dear squire, let him alone.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! have I discovered thee, impostor? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, SQUIRE BADGER.

SANCHE. Oh, sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

SANCHE. My lady Dulcinea, sir——

DON QUIXOTE. Has been abused, has been injured, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

SANCHE. But, sir——

DON QUIXOTE. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word till that caitiff hath felt thy fist.

SANCHE. Nay, sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.—I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

SQUIRE BADGER. I'll box you first one hand, second

with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you—If I don't lamb thee!

[*They both strip.*]

SANCHO. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carried out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, though not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.

MRS. GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, SANCHO.

MRS. GUZZLE. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pickpockets as you are.—Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

SQUIRE BADGER. Stand away, landlord, stand away!—If I don't lick him!

SANCHO. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

MRS. GUZZLE. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you: I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain you; I'll curry you, sirrah.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER.

FAIRLOVE. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

SQUIRE BADGER. I hope you are no knight-errant, sir.

FAIRLOVE. Sir!

SQUIRE BADGER. I say, sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, sir?

FAIRLOVE. You are merry, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps he is your rival, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

FAIRLOVE. Ha!

SQUIRE BADGER. As sure as a gun—this is he—Odsbodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

FAIRLOVE. Do you travel towards London, sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

SQUIRE BADGER. No, sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's.

SQUIRE BADGER. Do you know Sir Thomas then, sir?

FAIRLOVE. Very intimately well, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Give me your hand, sir.—You are an honest cock, I warrant you.—Why, sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

FAIRLOVE. You can't avoid that, sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

SQUIRE BADGER. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit: Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX. *Lillibulero.*

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.

FAIR. The fault's in the miser, and not in the mass ;
He knows not to use so precious a thing.

BADG. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow ;
A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.

FAIR. But wit will conceal it ;
And if you don't feel it,
A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN.

JOHN. Sir, sir !

FAIRLOVE. Well, what now ?

JOHN. [*Whispers.*]

FAIRLOVE. How ! here ?

JOHN. I saw her, sir, upon my honour.

FAIRLOVE. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*]
Brother traveller, farewell.

SQUIRE BADGER. What, sha'n't we drink together ?

FAIRLOVE. Another time, sir ; I am in a little haste at present—[*Aside.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with my rival : I need say no more.—Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X.

JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

SQUIRE BADGER. Harkye, mister ; what is your master's name, pray ?

JOHN. Master, sir ?

SQUIRE BADGER. I say, your master's name.

JOHN. What do you see in me that should make you ask me my master's name ? I suppose you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your master's name

is. Do I look so little like a gentleman to stand in need of a master?

SQUIRE BADGER. Oh, sir, I ask your pardon; your dress, sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

JOHN. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

SQUIRE BADGER. May be, sir; then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

JOHN. A travelling acquaintance.

SQUIRE BADGER. May I crave his name, sir?

JOHN. Oh, sir, his name, his name, sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonzezzer. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, sir, universally esteemed in the *beau monde*.

SQUIRE BADGER. *Beau monde!* Pray, what's that?

JOHN. *Beau monde*, sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure; when you say, he is a man of the *beau monde*, you mean just such another person as I am.

SQUIRE BADGER. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

JOHN. Oh, sir! we of the *beau monde* are never offended at ignorance.

DON QUIXOTE. [*Within.*] Avaunt, caitiffs!—Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

SQUIRE BADGER. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad?

DON QUIXOTE. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to be opened at your peril.

JOHN. One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera House at a *ridotto*.

SCENE XI.

MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER.

MRS. GUZZLE. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage coach to come into the yard. Dear good gentlemen, come and speak to him.—Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

JOHN. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress—Come, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. After you, sir; I am not quite unbred.

JOHN. Oh, dear sir.

SCENE XII.—*A Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, *armed cap-à-pie, his lance in his hand*; SANCHE, GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN, MRS. GUZZLE.

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] If you don't open the gates this instant, I'll go to another inn.

MR. BRIEF. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

GUZZLE. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard.—Will you let me open the gates or no, sir?

DON QUIXOTE. Open them, and I will show thee that I want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say.—You shall see the force of one single knight.

MRS. GUZZLE. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

JOHN. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [*Aside.*]

SQUIRE BADGER. If I have any thing to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment.

GUZZLE. There, the gates are open.

DON QUIXOTE. Now, thou peerless princess, Dulcinea,

[*Exit.*

COACHMAN. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [*Exeunt* Sancho, &c.]

SCENE XIII.

MRS. GUZZLE, MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, MR. SNEAK, MRS. SNEAK, MISS SNEAK; *Maid with candles.*

MRS. SNEAK. Don't be frightened, my dear, there is no danger now.

MR. SNEAK. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advised, we had been in a fine condition.

MR. BRIEF. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caused all this rout?

MRS. GUZZLE. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits: he is the devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my house.

MR. BRIEF. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of the peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

DR. DRENCH. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself, after supper.

MRS. SNEAK. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

MR. SNEAK. Yes, my dear. [*Exit.*

MR. BRIEF. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.—Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

MRS. SNEAK. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor. Come, child.

MRS. GUZZLE. This way, ladies. [*Exeunt* Women.]

SCENE XIV.

MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, SQUIRE
BADGER, JOHN.

SQUIRE BADGER. Huzza! Hark! hark!—Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

DON QUIXOTE. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

DR. DRENCH. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

MR. BRIEF. His frenzy! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments.—Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter: but be not alarmed at it; for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Toboso.

DR. DRENCH. Galen calls this frenzy the phrenabracum.

MR. BRIEF. My Lord Coke brings these people into the number of common cheats.

DR. DRENCH. I shall order him bleeding, glistening, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

MR. BRIEF. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him.—In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds I don't question but to action him out on't—Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*

SQUIRE BADGER. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes?

DON QUIXOTE. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

SQUIRE BADGER. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

DON QUIXOTE. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at last. [Exit.

JOHN. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

SQUIRE BADGER. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

JOHN. With all my heart, sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champagne in his house. [Exeunt.

SANCHO. Hey! is the coast cleared? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin! And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government.—Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors, fall to plundering as fast as I can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. *Black Joke.*

The more we see of human kind,
 The more deceits and tricks we find,
 In every land as well as Spain:
 For would he ever hope to thrive,
 Upon the mountains he must live;
 For nought but rogues in vales remain.
 The miser and the man will trick,
 The mistress and the maid will nick.

For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore ;
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

FAIRLOVE. Depend on it, you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustained from this heroic knight and his squire.

MRS. GUZZLE. You look like a very honourable gentleman, sir ; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

DOROTHEA. But, pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the Lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited ?

MRS. GUZZLE. About a month ago, madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they stayed for above a fortnight acting their shows : but I don't know how it happened, the gentry did not give them much encouragement ; so at last they all run away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to show for their whole reckoning.

DOROTHEA. Ha, ha, ha ! poor queen ! poor travelling princess !

MRS. GUZZLE. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me any thing but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again ; would your ladyship think it, madam ? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

DOROTHEA. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

SANCHO. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso.

FAIRLOVE. Is the knight apprised, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his mistress?

SANCHO. Yes, sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a hug, that I thought I should never have fetched breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the Lady Dulcinea herself.

DOROTHEA. But why booted and spurred, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

SANCHO. Yes, madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my Lady Dulcinea; so what does me I, but rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and spurred about a sirloin of roast-beef for a full half hour. Then slap I returned to my master, whom I found leaning upon his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as soon as he sees me, Sancho, says he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never set out for Toboso? Heaven bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses, says I; I am just returned from thence; I am sure if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by chantment, but this I know, that about five miles off I met my Lady Dulcinea. How! says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, says I, sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory

ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman who walks the streets ought to know whether they are paved or no.

JEZEBEL. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

SANCHO. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high-bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

JEZEBEL. Should he offer to touch me, I should faint.

SANCHO. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

MRS. GUZZLE. I'll go see this show, I am resolved; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

DOROTHEA. Shall we follow to the window and see the sport?

FAIRLOVE. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

DOROTHEA. Had I found you at my first arrival I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

FAIRLOVE. Why should we not fly away this instant: who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

DOROTHEA. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures I shall not be missed till then; besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy:

but when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

FAIRLOVE. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI. *Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty?*

Would fortune, the truth to discover
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover,
No princess would Billy pursue.

DOR. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch should meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

FAIR. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a feast that could never be cloying;
With thee, while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.

DOR. With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.

BOTH. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.

Servants *with lights before* SIR THOMAS LOVELAND *and*
GUZZLE.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

GUZZLE. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Better times are a coming; a new election is not far off.

GUZZLE. Ay, sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Once a year! why thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But pr'ythee, whom hast thou in thy house? any honest fellows? Ha!

GUZZLE. Here's Lawyer Brief, sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; then there's one Squire Badger of Somersetshire.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

GUZZLE. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit.*]

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see. I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and if he be described right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, SQUIRE BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

GUZZLE. Here's the squire, an't please your honour.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Mr. Badger, I am your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

SQUIRE BADGER. I suppose, sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. At your service, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ha, ha! you are merry, sir.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, sir, and you would have been merry if you had been in such company as I have been in.

My lord. 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas, my Lord Slang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories.

JOHN. I protest, sir, you are so extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

SQUIRE BADGER. I wish, my lord, you would tell Sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what d'ye call her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——

JOHN. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

SQUIRE BADGER. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, sir, if I was not partly engaged in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I should scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says, here, a man may have your great sort of ladies, only for wearing a brodered coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I believe, sir, my daughter won't force ye against your inclination.

SQUIRE BADGER. Force me! no; I believe not, icod! I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*] You misunderstand me, sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

SQUIRE BADGER. Nay, sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to

a cherishing cup; and you shall hear some of my lord's stories?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. As far as one bottle, squire; but you must not exceed.

SQUIRE BADGER. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here, are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. *[Exeunt.]*

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. A very hopeful spark this. But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI.—*The Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DON QUIXOTE. How far do you think the advanced guards are yet from the castle?

SANCHO. Sir!

DON QUIXOTE. But, perhaps, she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those cursed, useless, heavy troops, her horse-guards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

SANCHO. Truly, sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round baker's dozen, at least.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm——

SANCHO. Oh, spare me, spare me!——And if ever I offend your worship any more, if ever I crack a jest on my Lady Dulcinea——

DON QUIXOTE. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

SANCHO. They make such a glittering, sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world, at a distance, like a flock of sheep.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! again!

SANCHO. Nay, sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

DON QUIXOTE. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there!

SANCHO. Ay, marry is he, sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, sir, cheek by jole, sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my Lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twould have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like——

DON QUIXOTE. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight of crows.

SANCHO. To all the world, like a new half-crown piece amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.

Drawer *with a light*, MR. BRIEF, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DRAWER. This way, sir, take care how you tread.

DON QUIXOTE. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee!

MR. BRIEF. Let me alone, pr'ythee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey?

DON QUIXOTE. Is it possible the mighty Fulgoran should not know me?

MR. BRIEF. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, sirrah, you may be tried on the black act for going about disguised in this manner; and, but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment would lie on that act——

DON QUIXOTE. Behold, sir, my Lady Dulcinea herself.

MR. BRIEF. Light on, boy, the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, JEZEBEL.

DON QUIXOTE. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what looks shall I behold you? With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to your unworthy knight?

JEZEBEL. Rise, sir.

DON QUIXOTE. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; though to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness: for, O most adorable princess! this castle is enchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

JEZEBEL. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjured men.

AIR XII. *Cold and raw, &c.*

A virgin once was walking along,
 In the sweet month of July,
 Blooming, beautiful and young,
 She met with a swain unruly;
 Within his arms the nymph he caught
 And swore he'd love her truly;
 The maid remembered, the man forgot,
 What past in the month of July.

QUIXOTE. Eternal curses light on all such perjured wretches!

JEZEBEL. But though you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

DON QUIXOTE. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolved; perish first, all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

JEZEBEL. Could I always remain young as I am now; but, alack-a-day, I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young flesh. You all sing,

AIR XIII. *Gimnianis' minuet.*

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Though she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchased are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOROTHEA. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety but from your

victorious arm. This instant I am pursued by a mighty giant.

QUIXOTE. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

JEZEBEL. You can't oblige me more.

SANCHO. Nor me less. Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now shall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest, with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

DON QUIXOTE. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front, and receive the first onset of the enemy, that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

SANCHO. Ah, sir, I have been a squire-erranting to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

JOHN. Oh, sir, undone, ruined! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discovered, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

FAIRLOVE. We know it, we know it.

DON QUIXOTE. And were he to bring as many thousand—I'll show him one single knight may be too many for them all.

FAIRLOVE. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side, before I'll lose her.

DON QUIXOTE. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. [*Within.*] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

DON QUIXOTE. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice. Have at thee, caitiff!

DOROTHEA. Dear Jezebel, I am frightened out of my wits; my father, or Mr. Fairlove, will be destroyed. I am resolved I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

JEZEBEL. Do so; and in the meantime I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frightened myself.

SCENE XI.

SANCHO. [*Solus.*] There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knocked on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again. I begin to think this house or castle is charmed; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like——what is it like? Ecod, 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day, you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you are well drubbed, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess, and be hanged to her! Besides, I verily believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity; and while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry, and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, DOROTHEA.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasioned!

DOROTHEA. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery; if Fairlove be destroyed, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner, that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

DOROTHEA. Thus on my knees, sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever professed to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment on him but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding, from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Away, you're no child of mine!

DOROTHEA. Would you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence.—I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! Were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.

GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, CONSTABLE,
DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

GUZZLE. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

MRS. GUZZLE. Our house is ruined for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears he'll never bring a company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this.—As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Harkye, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

DON QUIXOTE. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserved for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Do you banter me, you rascal?

DON QUIXOTE. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

DON QUIXOTE. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo?—Yet, think not, because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

MRS. GUZZLE. Do you hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship than if he were talking to a fiddler.

GUZZLE. I wish your worship would send him to gaol;

he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

FAIRLOVE. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and though my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assured if you do you shall answer for it.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ay, ay, sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

SQUIRE BADGER, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, MRS. GUZZLE.

SQUIRE BADGER. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn, that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table, as if I had been in a feather bed.—'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my Lord Slang?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

SQUIRE BADGER. Oons, sir, do you say that I am drunk? I say, sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, ain't I——sober now?

DOROTHEA. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

SQUIRE BADGER. 'Fore Gcorge, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife, that is to be.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Hold, dear sir, this is my daughter.

DOROTHEA. For Heaven's sake, somebody defend me from him.

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

FAIRLOVE. Let me go, dogs!—Villain! thou hadst better eat thy fingers than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

SQUIRE BADGER. Well, sir, and ain't I making addresses to her, sir, hey?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Let me beseech you, sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

SQUIRE BADGER. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy if thou didst know who I was, thou wouldst not talk to me so; if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, madam, since I have promised to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, one word with you, if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of person?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What?

DON QUIXOTE. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Hey!

DON QUIXOTE. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thousand to one.

DON QUIXOTE. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake, or your own? If for hers, 'tis sure something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What have we here? A

philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

DOROTHEA. You are my eternal aversion.

SQUIRE BADGER. Lookye, madam, I can take a joke or so; but if you are in earnest——

DOROTHEA. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

SQUIRE BADGER. Do you? Then you may kiss—— 'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here, sir what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

DON QUIXOTE. Oh that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. My daughter, sir——

SQUIRE BADGER. Sir, your daughter, sir, is a son of a whore, sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my Lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too! I'll have satisfaction. [*Exit.*]

DON QUIXOTE. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shown you on this wretch's account?

FAIRLOVE *and* DOROTHEA. Ha!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; hers, I believe, you have already.

FAIRLOVE. O transport! O blest moment!

DOROTHEA. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

FAIRLOVE Thus the merchant, who with pleasure
Long adventured on the main,

Hugging fast his darling treasure,
 Gaily smiles
 On past toils,
 Well repaid for all his pain.

DOR. Thus the nymph, whom death affrighting,
 With her lover's death alarms,
 Wakes with transports all delighting ;
 Madly blest,
 When carest
 In his warm entwining arms.

MRS. GUZZLE. Lard bless 'em ! Who could have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak !

DON QUIXOTE. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind.—I find some adventures are reserved for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Don Quixote de la Mancha ! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha ?

DON QUIXOTE. Truly, sir, I have had so much ado with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great achievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don ?

DON QUIXOTE. A search of adventures, sir ; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters ; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.

DON QUIXOTE, SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, FAIRLOVE,
 DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH.

MR. BRIEF. I'll have satisfaction ; I won't be used after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or

justice, or jury, or crown office, or actions of damages, or on the case; or trespasses, or assaults and batteries.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. What's the matter, Mr. Counsellor?

MR. BRIEF. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abused, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismembered, killed, massacred, and murdered, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I sha'n't be able to appear at Westminster Hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

DR. DRENCH. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blistered, vomited, purged, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of frenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

MR. BRIEF. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am. —I should be finely off if he could be proved *non compos mentis*; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness, *ex post facto*.

DR. DRENCH. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, sir.

MR. BRIEF. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that.

DR. DRENCH. Very plain symptoms of madness, I think.

MR. BRIEF. Very fine, indeed; very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating of another is a proof of madness. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead *non compos mentis*, and he's acquitted of course: so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE *the last.*

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DR. DRENCH, Servants *hauling in* SANCHO.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COOK. Bring him along, bring him along! Ah, master, no wonder you have complained so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he could not eat he has crammed into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

DON QUIXOTE. Thou scoundrel to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

SANCHO. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox! are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

DON QUIXOTE. Slave! caitiff!

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire.

SANCHO. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish he would make me his squire.

DON QUIXOTE. I'm pacified.

FAIRLOVE. Landlord, be easy; whatever you may have suffered by Mr. Sancho, or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

DON QUIXOTE. Sir, I accept your offer ; and unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

SANCHO. Oh rare Sancho ! this is brave news i' faith ! Give me your wedding adventures, the devil take all the rest !

DR. DRENCH. Sure, Sir Thomas, you will not take a madman home with you to your house ?

DON QUIXOTE. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas ! could it be proved, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degree deserve ? Who would doubt the noisy boisterous squire, who was here just now, to be mad ? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch ? You, doctor, are mad too, though not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he would not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

SIR THOMAS LOVELAND. Ha, ha, ha ! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself.

FAIRLOVE. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no such difficult point.

AIR XV. *Country Bumpkin.*

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain ;
 Some for places,
 Some embraces ;
 Some are mad to keep up gain,
 And others mad to spend it.
 Courtiers we may madmen rate,
 Poor believers
 In deceivers ;
 Some are mad to hurt the state,
 And others mad to mend it.

DOROTHEA. Lawyers are for Bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the rogueries to commit
Which we're so mad to let 'em.
Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors,
And directors;

FAIRLOVE. Women all are mad throughout
And we more mad to get 'em.
Since your madness is so plain,
Each spectator
Of good-nature,
With applause will entertain
His brother of La Mancha :
With applause will entertain
Don Quixote and Squire Sancho.

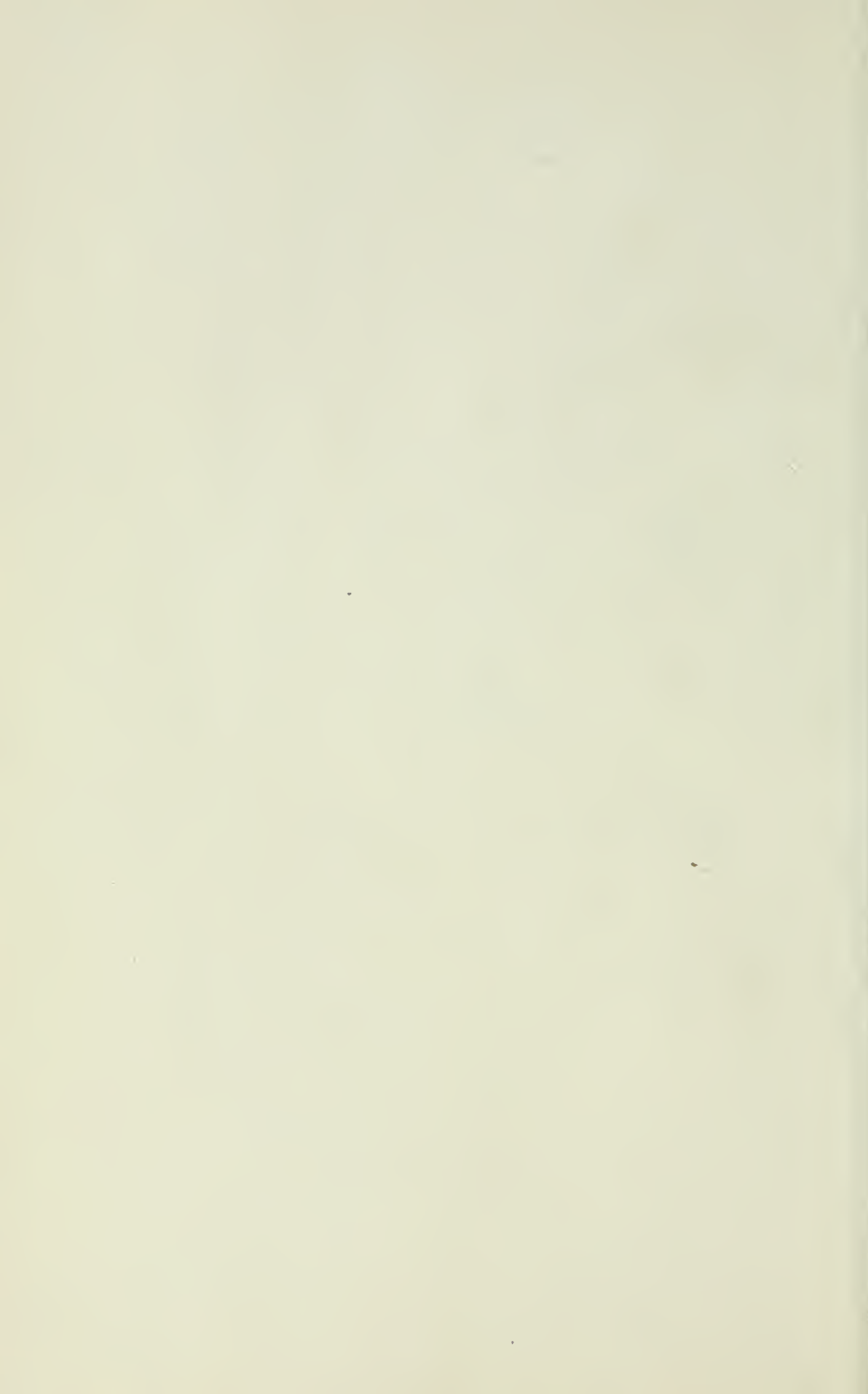
A TABLE OF THE SONGS.

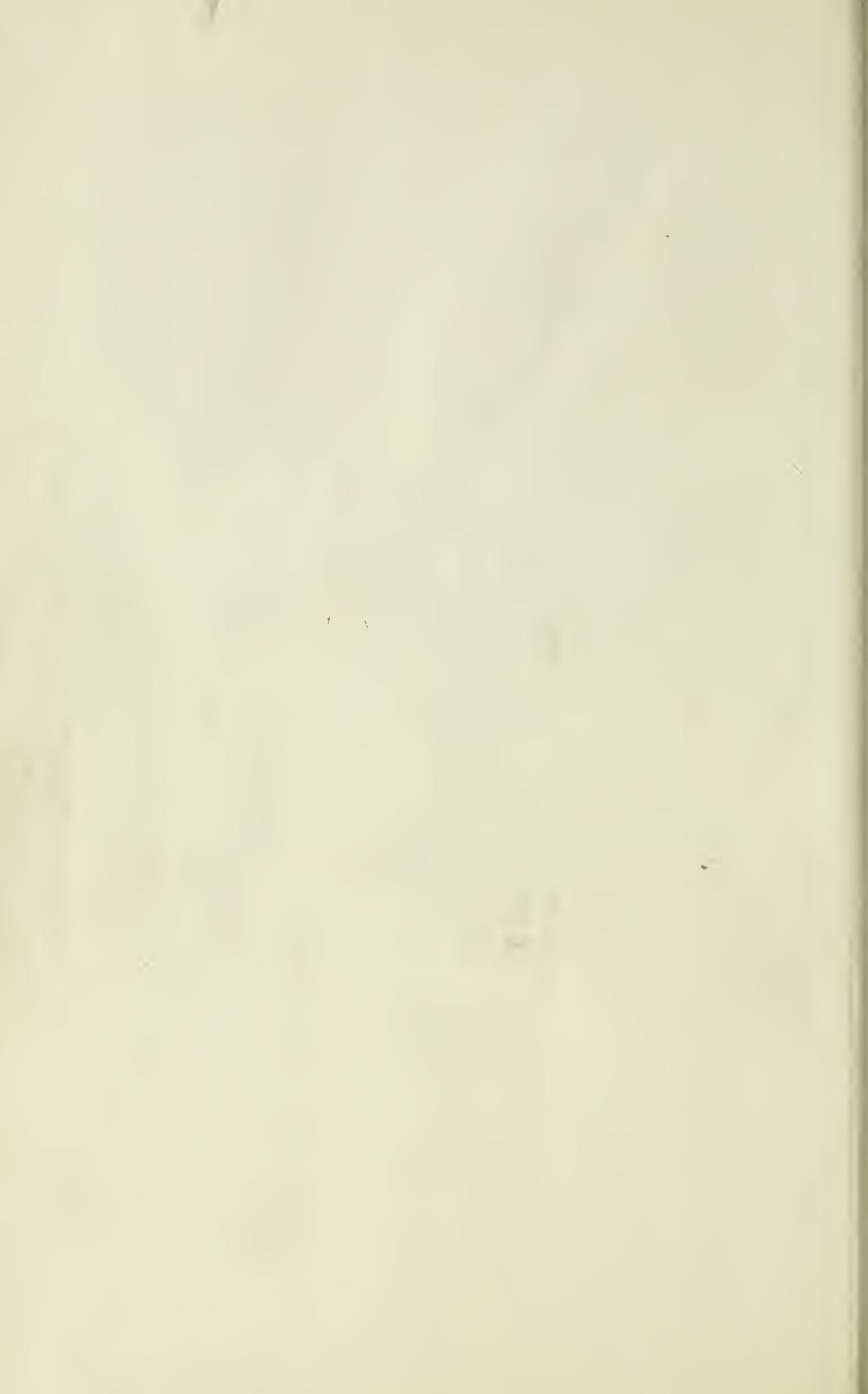
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